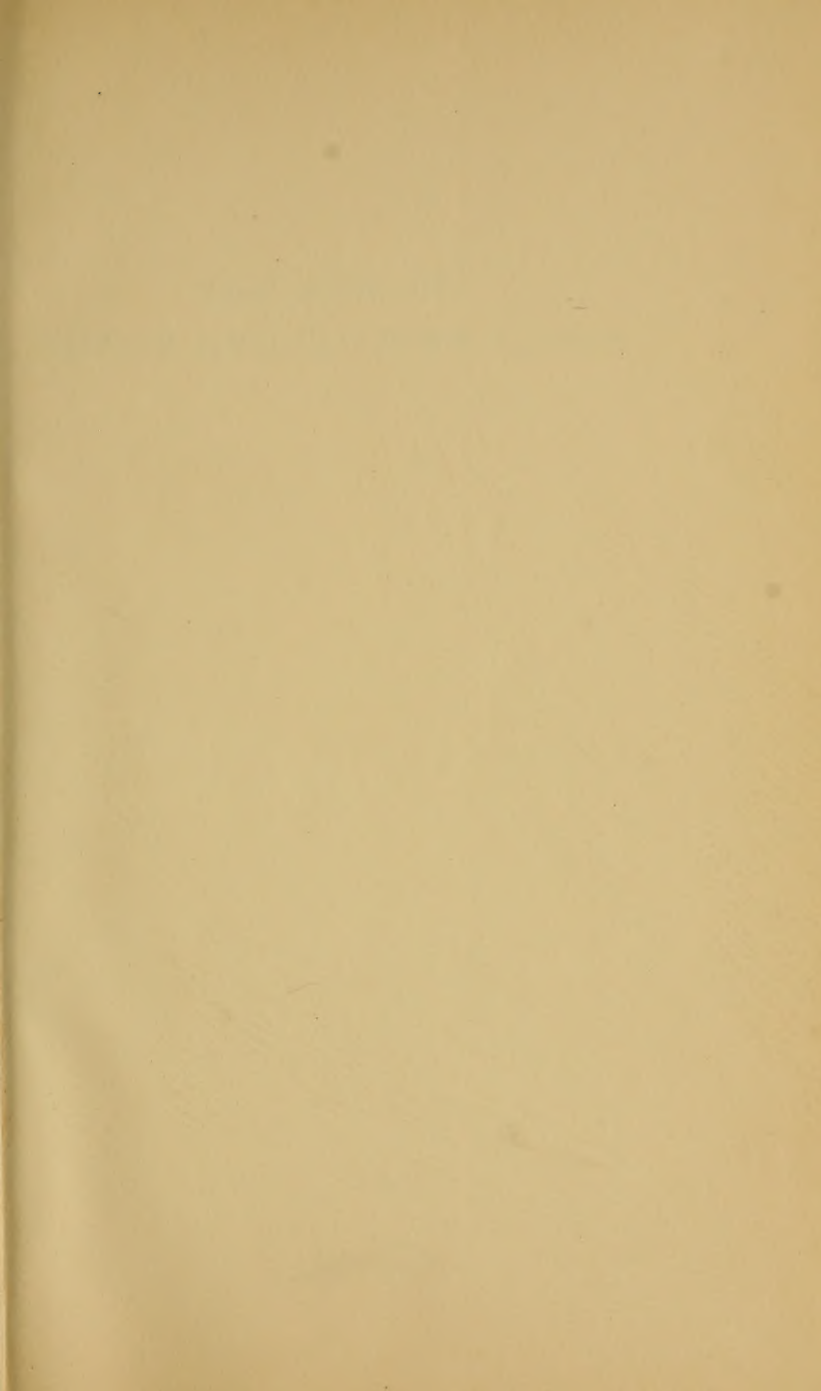




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THE BOOK OF
INDOOR AND OUTDOOR GAMES

OTHER BOOKS BY
MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

THE BOOK OF WEDDINGS

THE BOOK OF GOOD MANNERS



From a German print by Joseph Nuch

TWELFTH-NIGHT GAMES IN OLDEN DAYS

THE BOOK OF INDOOR AND OUTDOOR GAMES

WITH
SUGGESTIONS FOR ENTERTAINMENTS

BY
MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

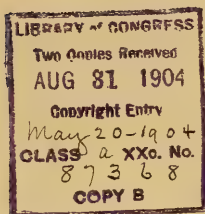
"No pursuit or pleasure can be carried on in the best spirit
without being unselfish if it conduces to the pleasure of others."—
LORD CHESTERFIELD



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A FOREWORD

IN PRAISE OF GAMES

WE are probably all believers that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," or to paraphrase it—that "Merriment is the best medicine," and hold that fun enjoyed in common exorcises bad tempers, banishes blues, and "happifies" people generally. We may therefore find it time not ill employed to consider such games and pastimes as may prove conducive to these beatific results.

Wellington's famous statement that the battle of Waterloo was first won on Eton playground has been often quoted, but not every one realises how essentially play is youth's rehearsal for the acts of mature life.

A boy that is earnest in play is apt to be earnest in work, and games of skill aid much in his development. They quicken the perceptive faculties, sharpen the wits, increase the imaginative powers, and social games that involve intelligence and information stimulate ambition to excel in these lines.

One meets obstacles, and is taught patience in overcoming them—the pleasure of success leading to renewed effort. When sides are taken, the mistake of one is the common loss of all—and *esprit de corps* is educated. New problems are continually arising, the conditions are never quite the same, and ingenuity is called upon to meet them. One must keep one's temper, play absolutely fairly—careful to take no unlawful advantage—

and as umpire be strictly impartial to friends and foes alike, and never lose one's wits for a moment.

One not too timid to make a venture but careful not to be rash or over-confident, amiable under defeat, and a generous antagonist—ready to acclaim the victor whoever he be, is one to be trusted in matters of graver import.

On the other hand, games of chance, where there is any material advantage to be won, have, as we know, the contrary effect. The easy success encourages a love of accumulation without effort, the excitement of the hazard fosters the greed of gain that costs nothing and makes no demand upon the will-power—relegating the responsibility of success or failure to "luck."

But aside from moral effects, fun—sheer fun—is part of the heritage of the human race, an instinct when we are happy, and few things at our command call forth such spontaneous, fresh-hearted laughter as a good game.

As a means of bringing the members of a household together, establishing companionship between old and young, there is nothing more effective than the common interest and merry emulation enlisted in favourite games.

No parents can afford to let any other place contain more attractions for their children than their own home, nor should they fail to make themselves a part of those attractions. The family fireside on long winter evenings, or moon-lit gatherings on home piazzas in the pleasant summer air, have been the scenes of frolics, tussles of wits and plays of fancy that have helped to endear home life and to lay up happy memories.

The entertainment of many guests for a week or more at a country house is with us a comparatively

recent custom. In our grandmother's day a lavish hospitality was shown, but it was chiefly confined to relatives near or remote, and was expressed in the good cheer at table—represented as “groaning under the weight” of the hospitable provision—rather than in other any form.

Now however we accept the responsibility for the happiness of our guests while under our roof, and suggestions for their amusement are cordially welcomed by the hosts.

Nothing so quickly breaks down barriers between new acquaintances and thaws the ice of formality as playing at games. Beguilement into participation in the amusements of the children of the household before their bed-time arrives often makes a good beginning of which the most serious-minded of “grown ups” seem pleased to avail themselves and continue with infinite gusto. Victor Hugo says—“The child sleeps in every man, other children wake it up.” An old gentleman, who had known many sorrows, asked during one of the panting pauses of a round game, the following impromptu riddle: “What are the pleasant times that we never forget?” and answered it himself—“Those in which we forget ourselves.”

The average hostess is not very inventive; there is a depressing uniformity about most entertainments, but she is quick enough to recognise when boredom threatens her guests. In Part II. I hope to come to her aid. In the interchange of simple hospitalities among friends—as one young woman remarked—“Just feeding people is not enough.” After a little dinner, for instance, a lively contest of wits—with, perhaps, a trifling prize to make the victory more conspicuous—adds zest and sparkle and gives one's friends the feeling of having had “a good time.”

The collection in this little volume is the harvest of the years—from the nursery-days when I learned to depend upon games and plays to teach valuable lessons—sugar-coating the pill—to the present, when I claim to be a veteran hostess of house-parties; and I offer it with the sincere wish that it may carry the same pleasure to others that it has so often given to us.

I apologise for the personalities, but thus only can I explain the circumstances under which I learned of some of these games, which were the suggestions of our guests, and I am ignorant otherwise of their source. Some came to me as foundlings and I was obliged to give them names. I hope that I have not trespassed on the preserves of others. Many of the games are original. Some are old ones made over, and others, the heritage of the ages, are too good to be omitted. The entertainments, with very few exceptions, are personal experiences, and are therefore known to be practical.

The wisest of mankind has said that "there is nothing new under the sun"; but, despite this discouraging statement, we may take heart, for he made the remark a long time ago.

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PART I



THE BOOK OF INDOOR AND OUTDOOR GAMES

CHAPTER I—GAMES OF THOUGHT, WIT AND MEMORY

With Pen and Pencil

THE GAME OF DEFINITIONS

THIS game was played at the Court of Charlemagne, and it is said that even the learned Alcuin did not disdain to take part in it. It is not therefore claimed to be new, but, though popular in France, it is little known elsewhere.

In its modern form, pads and pencils are distributed to the players and each is asked to write a question or ask for a definition. The papers are folded and thrown into a basket, from which they are withdrawn at hazard, and each person must write an answer to the question that has fallen to his or to her lot.

The privilege of taking refuge behind a pseudonym is accorded to the writers. When, at each round of the game, the questions and answers are read aloud by the leader or hostess and voted upon, the incognito is not unwelcome. The one whom popular acclaim marks out as the cleverest in definition "stands confessed"—and is awarded a prize.

The following examples—chosen from answers written by persons of average wit—will make the explanation clearer:

What is love? Heart-disease.

What is the heart? A pendulum.

What is luck? Other people's success.

What is pluck? Fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken.

What is a good intention? A ladder that is too short.

What is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee? Just the difference between u and mee.

Are you always of your own opinion? Yes, when I begin to talk.

How can one best keep a secret? Forget it.

What is a hobby? A horse that often rides his rider.

What are ancestors? Somebodies that make nobodies somebodies.

Sometimes one person only will write the question, and each of the others writes an answer. For instance:

What is life? A sentence of death. Purgatory. Opportunity.

What is a honeymoon? The dessert that begins the meal. A trip to Paradise—with a return ticket.

What is ennui? The trouble of those who have no troubles. Idleness, punished by itself. The child of wealth and the mother of mischief.

What is a nose? A trumpeter. Our National mouth.

Why is there "nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream"? Because it has not yet become an old nightmare.

Signed

MR. CAUDLE.

The fun is increased if the company try to guess the writers of the definitions, since personality is often unconsciously revealed.

BLIND ILLUSTRATION

The players may "match for partners," drawing from two bowls filled with bits of paper, or cards, inscribed with the names of ladies and gentlemen.

Or the hostess may pair her guests with a view to their congeniality by giving to each man upon arrival a card bearing a lady's name and a number.

Chairs are set about the room in couples, back to back or side by side, facing in opposite directions, and upon one of each pair is placed pad, pencil and India-rubber.

The players take their seats and it is then explained to them that one of the partners must think of some simple object which he or she shall describe in such fashion as to enable the other to draw it. No hint or help is to be given, except the bald but accurate description of its outlines.

On no account must the sketch be seen by the coadjutor until, upon its completion, the name of the object thought of is written at the foot of the paper and the number added which shall identify the artist.

The question as to which one shall make the drawing and which describe the object to be represented must be a matter for the partners themselves to decide.

At the end of fifteen minutes, the hostess rings a bell as a signal for all to hand in their sketches. They are then placed on exhibition, and cards with numbered lines are distributed upon which each person writes his or her vote as to which drawing best depicts the object, the name of which is written beneath it. When the votes are counted, the first prize is awarded to the most successful artist, the second, to his or her partner, in recognition of that person's powers of description.

ALLITERATIVE HISTORY

To play this game, provide the company with pads and pencils and request that each one shall write an account of some historical event, familiarly known, every word of which shall begin with the same letter. It will be found an easier task if the letter chosen be the initial letter of the subject. A time-limit is set, and at its expiration the essays are read aloud. A secret ballot is taken to determine which narrative is thought to be the most clever. The votes are printed to avoid the recognition of handwriting. These are collected and counted and the writer of the most successful essay is pronounced victor or awarded a prize.

The following examples will explain the *modus operandi*:

Pocahontas and Captain John Smith: Popular pioneer prostrate, pallid, palpitating. Penalty pending Powhatan's pleasure. Perilous position!

Powerful pagan prince, pugnacious, pig-headed, prejudiced, promptly pronounces "Peeled poll!"

Pathetic plight!

Pocahontas—peerless princess—pale, panting, perturbed, parts populace, prays piteously proud parent—"Please, papa, pardon poor pilgrim!"

"Pooh," protests Powhatan. "Paltry plunderer! plague! poltroon! Perish pernicious pirates!"

Pocahontas, prone, persists persuasively, plucky partisan! "Promise, papa, please pronounce pardon!"

Powhatan profoundly perplexed.

Praise Providence! pity prevails!

Powhatan proclaims pardon.

The Discovery of America: Christopher Columbus

commanding caravels, continues course—cleverly, courageously, conducting cruise.

Crew, chiefly Catalonian criminals—corrupt cravens—challenge Captain's competence, chafe, complain clamorously—cowardly credulous concerning compass, curiously changed.*

Columbus consults chart carefully, critically consults compass. Consternation concerning compass, curiously changed! Constantly contemplates constellations.

Cantankerous crew congregate cautiously, call Captain "charlatan!" conspire craftily Columbus's capture.

Columbus, chagrined, chapfallen, convenes crew, concealing choler.

Calmly courteous, counsels courage, claims consideration, cleverly counterfeits cheerful confidence. "Comrades, cowardice creates calamity!" cries Columbus.

Contumacious crew churlishly concede compliance.

Caravels continue course. Columbus controlling conditions.

Competent Captain's calculations completely confirmed! Courage crowned!

Continental coast clearly conspicuous!

Columbus calls clarion-clear, "Cathay. Cathay! Comrades, come contemplate Cathay!"

Crew crowds, clamorously crying, "Caramba! Caramba!"

Contrite crew cheers Columbus!

* NOTE.—Be it explained to any who may not have heard of the circumstance, that John Fiske and others mention that Columbus, having sailed into "the region of no variation," the sailors, and he as well, were dismayed at the action of the compass.

PARODIED PROVERBS

This is a game for nimble wits, but it is astonishing how nimble very ordinary wits grow in the stimulating society of other wits, when made aware that something is expected of them. Each person is asked in turn to write a new version of an old saw, signing a pseudonym. The papers or cards are then tossed into a basket, from which they are withdrawn by the hostess or leader, who reads them aloud. A vote is then taken by secret ballot as to which parody is the best, and the appreciation of the company then naturally demands the revelation of the incognito.

A little company recently evolved the following—all original but the fifth:

“Too many girls spoil the ball”—Wallflower.

“A rolling gait gathers remorse”—Bacchus.

“Worry makes the hair go”—Elijah.

“All is not youth that titters”—Old Maid.

“A hair in the head is worth two in the brush”—Old Bachelor.

“One swallow does not make a supper”—Hungry Guest.

“Marry for pelf, and divorce at pleasure”—Girl of the Period.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

The players are provided with pencils and sheets of paper, and the leader, after telling the limit of time allowed—usually ten minutes—announces a word which each proceeds to inscribe at the top of his or her paper as a starting-point. Then, in perfect silence, each writes down in a column under this word a series of others suggested by it—that is, the second is to be suggested

by the first, and the third by the second, and so on, thus following out a definite train of thought. At the end of the allotted time the papers are handed in to the leader, who reads them aloud, and much merriment is the result, particularly if guesses as to the authorship be requested.

That it is possible for two people to start at the word "Boston" and land, the one in "Armenia" and the other in "Russia," may be seen from the subjoined examples:

1—Boston	2—Boston
Culture	Beans
Joseph Cook	Pork
Evolution	Chicago
Darwin	Divorce
"Origin of Species"	"A Modern Instance"
Monkey	The American People
Africa	Equality
Egypt	Democracy
Emin Pasha	Aristocracy
Stanley	A fine lady
Gordon	A pug dog
Heroism	Luxury
Arctic expeditions	Travel
Whales	The Eiffel Tower
Whalebone	Paris
Dressmaker	The French Revolution
Dress	The guillotine
Girl	Marie Antoinette
Boy	France
School	Napoleon Bonaparte
Teacher	St. Helena
Cane	Exile
Tree	Siberia
Forest	Czar of Russia
Jungle	Assassination

1—Tiger	2—Abraham Lincoln
Africa	The Union
Gold-fields	Stars and Stripes
Livingstone	Flag
The Congo	War
River	Soldier
Water	Army
Ice	March
Snow	Battle
The Alps	Hospital
Mountains	Nurse
Ararat	Florence Nightingale
Noah's Ark	The Crimea
Armenia	Russia

“THE WEDDING OF THE OPERAS”

In this guessing contest, the introduction of music gives variety.

Each player is given a doubled card or booklet, the cover representing a miniature sheet of music. Upon one page is a list of numbered questions, the answers to be written upon the opposite page, suggested by selections from well-known operas and operettas played in turn upon the piano, or other instrument.

The following was the program:

1. Who were the bride and groom?
2. What was the bride called—from the circumstances of her wedding?
3. At what sort of entertainment did they meet?
4. He went in the character of a minstrel—what was he called?
5. She went as a sort of gypsy—what was she called?
6. What Spanish girl was maid of honour at the wedding?

7. What noted Swiss was best man?
8. What two ladies (friends of Donizetti's) were bridesmaids?
9. What four Germans acted as ushers?
10. What mythological personage presided over the music?
11. Who sang at the ceremony?
12. What noted person from Japan was present?
13. What famous bells were rung?
14. What ship did they take for the wedding trip?
15. When on the voyage, who captured them?
16. What virtue did they practise in captivity?
17. What gentleman of dark complexion rescued them?
18. What historical people entertained them in France?
19. In Northern Italy what grand affair did they attend?

20. Who showed them the sights of Venice?

And the music gave answer, as follows:

1. Romeo and Juliet.
2. The Runaway Girl.
3. A Masked Ball.
4. Trovatore.
5. The Bohemian Girl.
6. Carmen.
7. William Tell.
8. Lucia di Lammermoor and Linda di Chamounix.
9. Lohengrin, Faust, Tannhäuser, Siegfried.
10. Orpheus.
11. The Meistersinger.
12. The Mikado.
13. The Chimes of Normandy.
14. H. M. S. Pinafore.

15. The Pirates of Penzance.
16. Patience.
17. Othello.
18. The Huguenots.
19. The Carnival of Venice.
20. The Gondoliers.

JUGGLING WITH AUTHORS

A hostess—with a party of friends on her hands, for whom to find amusement on a hopelessly rainy day—suggested that each one should write a question, bringing in a punning reference to an author's name. These, thrown into a basket, were to be withdrawn at random, and each person was to answer the question on the paper that fell to his or her lot, incorporating in the reply the name of another author.

For their encouragement she cited an example that she had read, which had given her the idea. Once started, they became enthusiastic, and the result of their efforts is here given:

Why did Mark Akenside? Because he let Rose Terry Cooke.

Where did Henry Cabot Lodge? In Sir Walter Scott.

What did Harriet Beecher Stowe? Something that should make Leigh Hunt.

Where did E. P. Roe? To a Shelley shore.

What did Richard Steele? The same that John Horne Tooke.

When does Lewis Carroll? When William Dean Howells.

What started Walter A. Wyckoff? The same thing that made Victor Hugo.

When Ouida asks does Samuel Lover, what does he do? Samuel Smiles.

Why did not Doctor Johnson Marie Corelli? Because he loved Hannah More.

What makes Thomas Hardy? The same régime that makes Edward Everett Hale.

What made Edward Whympers? Lang pulled Augustus Hare.

What agency made Captain Charles King? The enthusiasm that made Alexander Pope.

What happens when John Kendrick Bangs? It makes Richard Savage and drives Oscar Wilde!

What makes Rider Haggard? A little too much "Holland."

What does Anthony Hope? For the social entrée to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Can George Augustus Henry Sala boat? Yes, so as to make Ik Marvel.

What made Mary Mapes Dodge? Why did not Charles Dudley Warner!

What did T. Buchanan Reid? Mark Twain, but thought John Greenleaf Whittier.

What makes Marian Evans Cross? She is suffering from a Bunyan.

The material seems to be inexhaustible.

AUTOGRAPHS

In entertaining a party of young persons, where some are diffident and require to be drawn into sociability, some plan of amusement that necessitates moving about will be found promotive of enjoyment.

Provide each guest with a large card with pencil attached and announce that a prize will be given to the one who succeeds in obtaining the most autographs of those present in a given time.

Should there be fifty guests, the time allowed might be twenty minutes—marked by the touch of a bell.

Each one will be so eager to secure his neighbour's autograph, who in turn is seeking another's, that it will be difficult to obtain as many as one might suppose. The general hilarity occasioned will be gratifying to the hostess.

CRAMBO

This is an old French game, called in the land of its birth, "*Bouts-rimés*"—(Rhyme-ends), and said to be the invention of a poor poet whose talent was employed by other poets to find rhymes for them.

Each player is provided with three bits of paper—one larger than the other two. On the larger piece he writes a question and upon each of the small bits a word.

These are folded so as to conceal the writing and dropped into a basket. After a vigorous shaking, the basket is presented to the players in turn, who draw at random a large paper and two small ones. It facilitates the choice if the large pieces are in one receptacle and the smaller ones in another.

The questions must be answered in rhyme, introducing the two words that have been drawn.

Great dismay is usually expressed on all sides when the difficulty first presents itself of bringing utterly incongruous subjects into harmonious relations, but people do not know how clever they are until they are put to the test—and Crambo has revealed many a poet to himself. The game best fulfils its mission if the rhymes are but doggerel that will amuse, and the effort

to make them tax the wits is pleasant. For example, the question may be, "What pleasure lasts the longest?" The words drawn, "self" and "apple-pie." The following nonsense incorporates them:

Some persons get their chief pleasure from books,

Others appear to care most for their looks.

Pleasure at best seems a kind of a dream;

But the gratification of self-esteem

Has a lasting charm until we die.

A tramps ideal might be apple-pie!

ILLUSTRATED SONGS

This game has the advantage that no preparation is required, except the distribution of pads and pencils among the players. Each person is requested to draw three pictures illustrating as many familiar songs, old or new. The worse the drawing, the better the fun. Twenty minutes is the prescribed limit of time, at the expiration of which the productions are signed by their authors and numbered. The papers are then collected and ranged about the room, pinned to curtains, tucked into photograph frames, etc. The players go about the room examining this art collection, and noting on their pads what song they think each drawing is intended to illustrate.

For example: Two modest houses in duplicate, drawn in the style of architecture popular in children's first attempts, and between them a large pot marked "sugar," stands for "Home, Sweet Home."

An attempt at the representation of lilacs, daffodils and pansies (each may be labelled if the artist is dissatisfied with his work) may suggest "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

“IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN”

This game was suggested by Thackeray's clever narrative of the fate of *Ivanhoe* as “it might have been,” in which that hero marries the gentle Rowena—according to the wishes of so many readers—and lives to repent it.

Each player selects his subject from some well-known novel or tale and takes what liberties he chooses with its characters. All are provided with pads and pencils, a time limit agreed upon, and all set to work. At the end of the allotted period, the papers are signed by pseudonyms and handed to the hostess to be read aloud, or to some one whom they think qualified to give each tale its due expression and set it forth with fine effect. At the conclusion of the reading, every one prints upon slips of paper—that the hand-writing may not be recognised—his or her vote as to which narrative is the cleverest, and to its writer is given that award of honour or a prize.

For example, at a recent assemblage of choice spirits where this game was played, one paper told the story of *Trilby* as “it might have been” if she had married Little Billee.

She is introduced into the dull routine of life in a sleepy little English hamlet where she is bored to the verge of desperation. The provincial mind does not feel the charm of her personality and distinctly disapproves of “her ways and her manners.”

The family of Little Billee champion her at first for his sake, but, like many another family in like case, wonder what he could have seen in *Trilby* to fascinate him, when they know of so many other girls infinitely more attractive—and when she exclaims “maïe aïe!”

(my eye) it jars upon all their conventional sensibilities.

Little Billee, having won his inamorata, absorbed in his art, feels that his whole duty is done when he supplies her material wants and provides the society of his beloved mother and sister for her companionship.

It all grates upon Trilby's nerves, and she loathes the smug proprieties and narrow horizon and only gets a glimpse of fun now and then when she ventures to shock them. The atmosphere is suffocating and she finally runs away, and in her beloved Paris meets with Svengali. With him she "stars" it through Europe, her voice creating a great sensation—a Bohemian and a vagabond, but happy in her own way—a "reversion to type."

Another drew the picture of Maud Muller as the wife of the Judge. Her lack of education and training in the conventions of his social environment lays her open to a criticism that constantly wounds her, the more so that the Judge himself grows impatient at her lapses, and, seeing her in different surroundings, wonders at his former infatuation.

Little by little his hurt pride grows so sensitive that the love dies out of his heart as suddenly as it came, and Maud goes back to her native village, maintained in the state becoming her new position, but with no communication with the Judge except through his lawyers.

One would think that the company were possessed by the belief that when an author disposes of the creatures of his imagination he is all-wise in the apportionment of their destinies, and that others could not improve upon them, had not one writer of the party which I am recalling drawn a radiant picture of the happiness of Owen Meredith's "Lucile" as the wife of Alfred

Vargrave and the mother of "the darling of young soldier-comrades" whom it will be remembered that she nursed as a Sister of Charity after the field of Inkerman.

Younger players might like to try what they can do with "Jo" as the wife of "Laurie" in Miss Alcott's matchless "Little Women."

SEQUELS

A game somewhat on the order of the last is called "Sequels."

To the company it may be explained that, as the average novel-writer conducts the hero and heroine to the altar and there rings down the curtain, trusting to the optimism of human nature to accept the pleasant conclusion that "they lived happy forever after"—it might be interesting to lift that curtain.

With the knowledge of the characters of the young couple given by the author, it would not be difficult in many cases to carry on the narrative and make a pretty shrewd guess as to what their lives would be if prolonged beyond the wedding day. Not necessarily unhappy—far from it. The action of one temperament upon the other is likely to develop strength and give value to character, which often deepens affection and inspires a better-founded admiration.

In lighter vein and more in the nature of a game "for fun," the familiar jingles of "Mother Goose" offer opportunities for carrying on the story—which are briefly suggested—to various conclusions.

Each player may have a separate problem set before him, the subject of which the hostess or leader writes at the top of a sheet of paper or pad, which the player must carry out in rhyme so as to suggest a sequel.

Or, a subject may be given to the company collec-

tively, and each one writes a different version of what might have resulted from the narrative as originally given by the famous Dame Goose.

For instance, here are two views of the future of Jack and Jill:

That accidental stumble
That caused young Jack to tumble
And little Jill to follow down the hill,
Was really but a sample
Of his subsequent example,
For she followed him through life for good or ill. And
At the foot of the hill, poor Jack lay still
His face looked pale and drawn and ill
And never a word he spake, until
There rolled down beside him his little friend Jill.
Then he said in a voice in which was a thrill
Of love and tenderness—"Good-bye Jill."
But she answered not, nor ever will,
For she, too, lay stiff and stark and still;
And the little birds, each with a leaf in its bill,
Covered over the bodies of poor Jack and Jill.

LITERARY INTRODUCTIONS

Unconsciously or otherwise, an author's works determine in the reader's mind his or her personality, and oftentimes very far from correctly. From this fact doubtless was conceived this following entertainment, the requirements for which are simple and easily arranged.

The hostess collects from various sources—advertisements, old magazines and periodicals—woodcuts, engravings and photographs of well-known persons in literature either in ancient or modern times. She makes a list of them, together with the work for which

they were especially noted, and afterward removes the names and numbers each one to correspond with the cards prepared for the guests. She then arranges them as a picture gallery, either by pinning them on the wall or on large screens.

In one basket are placed the cards to be distributed to the gentlemen players, in the corner of each a bow of baby ribbon in different shades, no two alike. A basket of pencils is passed to the ladies, tied with the same coloured ribbons as decorate the cards. The gentleman with the *blue ribbon card* finds the holder of the *blue decorated pencil*, etc. The matching pair become partners in the visit to the picture gallery, and in low tones discuss and decide the name and work of the author, and write it opposite the corresponding number on the card. When all have made the round of the pictures the names of the guessers are written on their respective cards and they are then collected and compared with the original list. The card with the greatest number of correct answers wins first prize, and so on. It is simply wonderful in this game to see how dependent cultivated people are upon the name underneath to determine the person. When removed, Shakespeare, Scott, Bunyan, Milton, Kipling, Mark Twain, Dickens, etc., get so mixed in each others society as to be very absurdly mistaken one for the other, so much so that they require a formal introduction to their most ardent admirers. This game may be varied and rendered still more puzzling by introducing the portraits of persons notable in different lines.

INITIALS

A set of cards with pencils attached is prepared, one for each member of the company, with as many

numbers on as the hostess has questions ready. These questions must be answered only by words beginning with the initials of the writer, in the order in which they stand in his or her name. The hostess reads the questions distinctly and a time-limit is given in which to answer each one.

A specimen set of questions and answers is appended, the answers being those of a gentleman whose initials were R. G. W.

What is your favourite drink? Rare Good Whiskey.

What is your favourite eatable? Rich Graham Wafers.

What is your favourite diversion? Rattling Good Waltz.

What is your pet vice? Robbing Grocery Wagons.

What is your greatest virtue? Reforming Grave Wrongs.

What do you most dread in the future? Raising Gray Whiskers.

What do you most hope for in the future? Real Gold Wings.

IDENTIFICATION

Slips of paper are prepared and disposed about the room so as to be conveniently read by the guests, who are provided with pads bearing numbers corresponding to the slips, with pencils attached. On the slips are written words the initial letters of which must correspond to the initials of the individual to be identified; the words must also convey a clue to the identity of the person to be guessed. For example:

A Liberator—(Abraham Lincoln).

Preached Brilliantly—(Phillips Brooks).

Rough Manager—(Richard Mansfield).

Lovely Lady—(Lily Langtry).

Never Beaten (but once!)—(Napoleon Bonaparte).

Inspiring Pianist—(Ignace Paderewski).

The Roughrider—(Theodore Roosevelt).

A time-limit is set by the hostess, and at its expiration the cards are collected and a prize is given to the person who has the most correct guesses.

The questions can be multiplied indefinitely at the discretion of the hostess, and at the conclusion the inevitable prize can be awarded by vote, the hostess reading all the papers to the company. They can either vote by acclamation or can put down on another card opposite each number what they think the paper is entitled to, ten standing for the very highest approval and so on down to one for the lowest grade. When all have voted the cards are collected and the mathematician of the company retires to seclusion to figure out who has the highest vote. The voting is generally the occasion of as much fun as the writing.

SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS

It is said that the first portrait was made by a youth who, seeing the shadow of his sweetheart cast upon a sunny wall, seized a sharp stone and gave permanence to the likeness by following its outlines.

A game very popular with the youths and maidens of our own day is based on this early attempt at portraiture.

Let the hostess use her best tact and powers of observation in pairing her guests, or she may leave it to the hazard of matching flowers, rosettes or what not for partners. To each pair are given two sheets of silhouette paper dull black on one side and white on the other, four thumb-tacks, a pencil, a pair of scissors, and a lamp

with reflector, if possible, or a lamp may be shared with another pair in the company.

One of every couple is first the artist and then the model—each drawing the other's silhouette.

A sheet of the silhouette paper with the white side out is attached to the wall and held in place by thumb-tacks at the four corners—or to a drawing-board set against the wall. The lamp is placed so that a person interposed between it and the wall, and within six inches of the latter, will cast a sharp, clear shadow when the other lights in the room are extinguished. It is then the simplest thing for one standing behind the model to trace the outline of his or her profile, if the sitter keeps perfectly still, and so secure an excellent likeness. The face is then cut out (the pencilled outlines carefully followed), and the black side of the paper being turned out, it is pasted on a sheet of cardboard and signed by the artist's name. When all are finished an exhibition of the silhouettes is given, after which slips of paper are distributed and each person is asked to write a vote naming the artist of the most successful portrait. This being the likeness of his or her partner, a prize is given to the artist and the model. The little instrument known as a "pantograph," for enlarging or reducing drawings, adds much to the pleasure of the game if it be desired to retain the silhouettes as souvenirs. The directions for its use come with it, and it is very simple to reduce the portrait from life-size to the proportions of the silhouettes that, before the days of photography and of Daguerre's invention, were the only likenesses obtainable other than miniatures or portraits in oils. The pantographs come at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars.

DOUBLETS

Two words are chosen containing the same number of letters, which are written, the one at the top, and the other at the bottom of the page. The puzzle consists in the merging of the one in the other by the interposition of other words, each of which, by the change of a single letter, shall form a link contributing to the result. The easiest doublets are made where the vowels and consonants correspond in number and position in both words.

The game is taken from a little volume by Lewis Carroll, the famous author of "Alice in Wonderland," called "Doublets, a Word Puzzler," in which the following rules are given:

"The words given to be linked together constitute a Doublet. The interposed words are the links, and the entire series a chain.

"Each word in the chain must be formed from the preceding word by changing one letter in it and one only. The substituted letter must occupy the same place in the word so formed which the discarded letter occupied in the preceding word, and all the other letters must retain their places.

"The score for the game is: the same number of marks will be apportioned to each doublet as equal the number of letters in the two words given. For example, for "head and tail" the number of marks obtainable would be eight; and this maximum will be obtained by the competitor who makes the change with the least number of changes. A mark in this case would be deducted for every link used beyond four. If it be assumed that in this instance the change cannot be made with less than four links, then those who complete it with four links

would receive eight marks. Any competitor using five links would receive seven marks, one using twelve would secure nothing.

For instance, to change a boy into a man, soup into fish, etc.:

Boy	Soup	Cat	Black	Flour
bay	soul	cot	slack	floor
may	soil	dot	slick	flood
man	sail	Dog	slice	blood
	mail		spice	brood
	mall		space	broad
	malt		spade	Bread
	mast		shade	
	fast		shale	
	fash		whale	
	Fish		while	
			White	

Strange to say, it seems impossible to change *wrong* into *right*—the words refusing to amalgamate.

SECRET HISTORY

Each player is requested to write, upon a card or folded paper, the name of some well-known woman, in history or fiction. The cards or papers are dropped into a basket, and all are then asked to write upon another set of cards the names of certain men whose names and careers are familiar to the average student of history or reader of popular literature. These cards are consigned to a second basket or receptacle of some kind. The baskets are violently shaken that the cards may be thoroughly mixed.

Each player is thereupon required to withdraw a card from each basket, the one bearing a man's and the other a woman's name, and cudgel his wits to write a

story in which these two persons shall form the leading characters or hero and heroine. The more divided by time and space from one another in reality, while they lived, the greater credit to the ingenuity of the writer for bringing them together.

One young woman felt some dismay at having drawn as her problem—Henry the Eighth of England and “Topsy” of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” The following narrative was her attempt to follow the rules of the game:

“From the Secret Annals of the English Court, the royal Harry was again a widower and soon gave evidence of the usual symptoms of men in like circumstances. He complained of loneliness, talked less and less of the dear departed and more and more of the living, breathing beauties of his court. Finally, as it was not seemly to replace the dear decapitated within too short a time, it was agreed to send a secret messenger to the Americas—famous for beautiful women—and thence bring a new wife, the marriage to be private until after the proper interval.

“‘Keep it dark’ was the royal Bluebeard’s last word as he bade his emissary God-speed—little thinking how significant the words would prove in their fulfilment.

“Many months elapsed and the faithful servant was unable to induce the liberty-loving daughters of the new world to risk their necks in such a matrimonial noose.

“His choice fell upon a young beauty of New Orleans, lovely as a dream, an orphan who was obliged to accept the grudging hospitality of an uncle. All possible coercion was employed to force her to accept the rôle of Bluebeard’s fourth wife, but, her affections being elsewhere engaged, she was adamant.

“Domestic persecution, however, finally seemed to

overcome her objection, and she promised her consent on condition that she might take with her her old 'Mammy,' also a maid- and man-servant of her own choosing, and that she might remain veiled until brought into the king's presence.

"A plot was conceived in the ingenious brain of the lover of the young woman, who saw therein his opportunity to carry off his bride. The young man, who had very 'winning ways,' induced a certain dame called Miss Ophelia to lend him a slave-girl named Topsy, who, bribed by a diet of unlimited chickens and water-melon, and the expected sight of new lands and people, agreed to personate the veiled beauty. A little walnut juice and wooly wigs transformed the young woman and her lover into the semblance of mulatto servants, and 'Mammy' was a born actress.

"Arrived in England, the interview was soon arranged with the impatient bridegroom elect. The supreme moment at length arrived. The door was thrown open, and Topsy, arrayed in sweeping garments, with enormous lace ruff, her hair braided in many pig-tails and broadly grinning, was ushered veiled into the royal presence.

"Bluebeard turned purple and roared like a bull of Bashan:

"'Off with her head!'

"Topsy lifted up her voice and howled. Her coloured escort turned pale under the walnut juice, but 'Mammy,' with blazing eyes, demanded indignantly:

"'Who done stole my lamb and sont dis yere nigger coon in her place? Some o' you uns has done dis yere dirty trick on me an' de King!'

"It was whispered to the irate Bluebeard that another decapitation so soon would be unpopular with his sub-

jects, and the story, become public property, might subject him to ridicule. It was decided to hush the matter up and send the whole party back to America.

“‘Mammy’ returned Topsy to her rightful owner and then joined the happy bride and groom on their honeymoon.”

Another player, who drew “Xantippe” and “Rip Van Winkle,” solved the difficulty by representing Rip’s wife as the re-incarnation of the virago that proved the curse of poor Socrates’ domestic life.

BOOK REVIEWS

To play this game, each person has a sheet of paper upon which, near the top, he writes the title of some well-known book—poem, story, novel, scientific treatise, etc. The sheet is then folded so as to conceal what has been written and is passed to his left-hand neighbour, with the request to write the name of an author. Again the paper is folded and passed to the left for an adverse criticism to be written upon the book and author, in the manner of newspaper reviews; and following this is a criticism in its praise. Each paper is then signed by a pseudonym, and all of them are read aloud.

It may be pursued further by adding what different classes of persons say of the book. When the papers are read the incongruous connection between author, book and public is likely to be amusing.

A typical paper is the following:

Author, Shakespeare; book, “*She*.” Criticism: “It is with reluctance that we admit even to ourselves that this author, like many of the craft, does not know his limitations. He is a man of one book, and it is matter for regret that he should not have been content with his first success.” The next “opinion of the press” is

favourable: "The announcement of a new book by this author always arouses pleasurable interest. He never repeats himself nor does he write like any one else. There are occasional traces of the amateur, but it is a purposeful book, more distinguished for earnestness and high sentiment than for artistic finish."

Criticism of the "girl of the period": "It is perfectly sweet. I just love his books."

Criticism of young man who has the reputation among his friends of being "literary": "Of all the men who have had 'greatness thrust upon them,' this author stands forth prominently. His characters are impossible; the style is stilted. Books of this calibre are as numerous as plans for regenerating the world."

CONTRADICTORY PROVERBS

The first player gives a well-known proverb, to which the next must present the opposite; as illustration: "Out of sight, out of mind," quickly offset by the equally familiar, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." A brief list of these seemingly contradictory proverbs might be written upon folded cards, and one given to each player, who must write on the opposite page the proverb that contradicts the one given; as for instance:

"A stitch in time saves nine." "A tear is the accident of a day, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

"Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." "One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure." "Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing."

"Discretion is the better part of valour." "Nothing venture, nothing have."

"All's well that ends well." "A thing well begun is half done."

"There is honour among thieves." "When thieves fall out honest men get their dues."

"Fine feathers make fine birds." "Handsome is that handsome does."

"A penny saved is a penny earned." "Penny wise, pound foolish."

"A man of forty is either a fool or a physician." "He who doctors himself has a fool for a physician."

ANDROSCOGGIN

No one can account for the name of this old favourite, but it has lived long in spite of it. A word is selected, preferably one containing many letters, which each player writes at the top of a sheet of paper.

Each contestant must try to make as many words as possible by combining the letters contained in the head word, within a given time. Five minutes is a good limit. The same letter may be used in a word only as often as it is repeated in the foundation word.

The most entertaining way to play the game is to make as many words as one may, beginning with the first letter of the main word; when all that are possible have been made, then beginning with the next, and so on.

The one whose list is the longest first reads aloud his words, the rest of the players crossing out all those which they have in duplicate, for only those that no one else has written count to the credit of the reader. The crossed words are the failures. The next player then reads the words that remain on his list unmarked by a cross, and so on around the circle. Every failure counts one to the person who alone has the word.

When all the lists of words beginning with the first letter of the main word have been read, each player adds up his failures, recording their number on the back of his paper, and marking his honours as well. These last are the words which he alone thought of.

The next letter in the foundation word is then taken up, and so on until each has formed the initial letter of a new list of words. When all the letters of the head-word have been used in this way, and all its resources and possibilities exhausted, the honours and failures are read aloud and the victor stands confessed.

Where there is a tie, the one whose words contain the most syllables wins the game.

From the word "incomprehensibility" — one of the longest words in the language—one hundred and eighty words were made by recombining the letters it contains.

A LITERARY LOVE TALE

Copies of the following tale are given to the players, who try to fill in the blanks with letters of well-known books:

A girl whose name was _____ (the title of a poem by Whittier) is the heroine of our story.

She was born in _____ (by Oliver Goldsmith), and was as good and beautiful as (Spencer's) _____. For the purpose of educating their daughter, her parents left their native town for a large city, where they rented _____ (by Hawthorne). Here they hoped their daughter would eventually become _____ (by Sir Walter Scott) of some worthy man, and would be able to furnish them with plenty of _____ (by Charles Reade). However, _____ (by Rider

Haggard) refused to carry out their wishes, and the family for a while had _____ (by Dickens), instead of having their _____ (by Dickens) realised. Her most intimate friend was a girl by the name of _____ (by Rider Haggard). As they both had some artistic ability they decided to keep a _____ (by Irving). This afforded them much amusement, as it did also for a young man to whom they often showed it, and whom they often styled _____ (by Dickens). However, our heroine became suspicious that the young man was more attentive to the friend than to her, and so began to play _____ (by J. Fenimore Cooper) upon him. _____ (by Charles Reade), and you can understand how he felt! Her worst fears were realised, for she saw the young man give her friend _____ (by Thackeray), and heard the young lady give permission to call in _____ (by Barrie). As they lived in a seaport town, the couple took one of the _____ (by Beatrice Harraden) and started _____ (by Charles Kingsley). Meanwhile, the parents of our heroine were compelled to keep an _____ (by Dickens) for a livelihood and toil from _____ (by Haggard) till night, and finally return to their native _____ (by Shakespeare). The girl was often _____ (by Harraden), but one evening she heard some one at her window singing _____ (by Tennyson). She went, and being very much taken with the singer, it was not long until a happy marriage put an end to all her woes. She was perhaps the fonder of the two, but he afterwards _____ (by E. P. Roe).

ANSWERS TO A LITERARY LOVE TALE

1. Maud Muller.
2. A Deserted Village.
3. Fairie Queen.
4. The House of Seven Gables.
5. The Betrothed.
6. Very Hard Cash.
7. She.
8. Hard Times.
9. Great Expectations.
10. Jess.
11. Sketch Book.
12. Our Mutual Friend.
13. The Spy.
14. Put Yourself in His Place.
15. The Rose and the Ring.
16. The Little Minister.
17. Ships that Pass in the Night.
18. Westward Ho!
19. Old Curiosity Shop.
20. Dawn.
21. Hamlet.
22. In Varying Moods.
23. Come into the Garden, Maud.
24. Fell in Love With His Wife.

THE PENNY PUZZLE

To play this simple little game so as to lend it the most interest and importance, give to each player a tally-card with pencil attached by a ribbon, and at the end of another ribbon a penny with a hole in it. Write at the top of the card the words, "A Penny for Your Thoughts" and below it the following questions, leaving space

between them for the answers to be written in. A time-limit is set and the one having the greatest number of correct answers may receive a prize—or at least the honour of success.

QUESTIONS

1. The symbol of eternity.
2. What goes before a regiment?
3. A messenger.
4. An Indian head-dress.
5. What should a soldier present to his foes?
6. A gallant.
7. A scion of one of the first families.
8. Emblem of victory.
9. Writings from the absent.
10. What does a prisoner pine for?
11. What number and kind of buildings are included?
12. Two sides of a vote.
13. A piece of armour.
14. A beverage.
15. A watchword.
16. What should a rogue possess?
17. One way of expressing matrimony.
18. A place of worship.
19. What our forefathers fought for.
20. Part of a hill.
21. What part of Boston?
22. What silver coin?
23. What part of wheat?
24. What represents youth and childhood?
25. The name of an ocean.
26. An emblem of royalty.
27. A scholar.
28. Part of a river.

- ✓ 29. Spring flowers.
30. The first pens.
31. Weapons.
32. A small animal.
33. A fruit.
34. An ancient mode of punishment.
35. The weapon of its infliction.

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Circle. | 19. Liberty. |
| 2. Band. | 20. Brow. |
| 3. One cent (sent). | 21. O, N, and T. |
| 4. Feathers. | 22. Crown. |
| 5. Face. | 23. The ear. |
| 6. Beau (bow). | 24. Youth, 19—04, Child- |
| 7. An Indian. | hood. |
| 8. Wreath. | 25. C (sea). |
| 9. Letters. | 26. Crown. |
| 10. Liberty. | 27. Pupil. |
| 11. Ten Mills. | 28. Mouth. |
| 12. Ayes and Noes | 29. Tulips (two lips). |
| (eyes and nose). | 30. Quills. |
| 13. Shield. | 31. Arrows. |
| 14. Tea (T). | 32. Hare (hair). |
| 15. Liberty. | 33. Date. |
| 16. Cheek. | 34. Stripes. |
| 17. United States. | 35. Lashes. |
| 18. Temple. | |

NAME—CHARACTERISTICS

This game will please those who like to tax their wits, and who enjoy a problem, especially when competition supplies a spur.

It consists in writing a descriptive account of well-

known authors, using only words beginning with the letters composing their names, and in the order of succession in which they stand therein. The writers may choose their own subjects or may dictate the choice to one another. They are signed with pseudonyms and given to the hostess or leader, who reads them aloud. The identity of the author whose effort is pronounced the best is alone divulged.

For example, the following attempts:

William Shakespeare

Whose immortal lines live in all memories. Sovereign honour, above kingly estate. Shakespeare's poetry exhausts all rivalry everywhere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

His extreme native refinement, yet willing adaptability, delighted Society wonderfully. Our retiring talented hermit loved only narration—gathering faithfully each local legend obviously well.

Robert Burns

Rollicking, overfull bard, ever ready to brighten undemonstrative ruminating native Scotsmen.

The names of the persons present may be chosen instead of those of authors, which usually adds interest and fun to the game.

A BOOK-TITLE ROMANCE

IN RHYME

A copy of the following poem (?) is given to each player, with blanks for the introduction of the title of a modern novel:

The charming heroine, my friends,
Was known as —— (“Alice of Old Vincennes”).

She lived when Indians were a power,
And not —— ("When Knighthood was in Flower").
And in those past times, quaint and olden,
She fell in love with —— ("Eben Holden").
Then, while her friends began to marvel,
A rival came, named —— ("Richard Carvel").
Each rival his keen sword did draw,
And heeded not —— ("The Reign of Law").
They slew each other, alas! and then
She married a man named —— ("Crittenden").
The merry bells rang loud in the steeple
And loudly cheered —— ("The Voice of the People").
The two rode away on a double bike
And lived in —— ("Stringtown on the Pike").
They did not gossip with each neighbour,
But each one did —— ("The Portion of Labour").

SYNONYMS

A young woman who was fond of introducing some little feature in her entertainments to "differentiate them" from those of every one else, invited a dozen friends to meet at luncheon. On the reverse side of the place-cards were written a dozen sentences, each one descriptive of the name of one of the guests present. These were to be guessed *viva voce*:

"The voice of a trumpet" was Blair.

"The progeny of Thomas"—Thomson.

"A native of Caledonia"—Scott.

"Profits"—Gaines.

"The one who gives us our flour"—Miller.

"The oldest family in the world."—Adams.

"The head of a monastery"—Abbott.

"Happiness"—Bliss.

"A conductor and a motorman"—Carmen.

"A barrel architect"—Cooper.

"A harbinger of summer"—Martin.

"A workman"—Smith.

The hostess chose for herself—

"The value of speech"—Wordsworth.

After luncheon cards were distributed bearing a list of words with a space under each one for the synonym to be written. A time-limit was set and the Century Dictionary accepted as authority for the correctness of the work.

The list with the fewest mistakes won for its writer the little prize of Roget's Thesaurus—a dictionary of synonyms and antonyms—valuable as an addition to any library.

TYPES IN TYPE

To those who enjoy taxing their ingenuity it is amusing to try to draw different types of mankind, using only the letters of the alphabet for all outlines at least—and it is within the possibilities to make excellent pictures in which letters figure exclusively, using large and small type placed at various angles, though the diaresis and comma are useful adjuncts, particularly for the hair. To make a clown's head, for instance, use an I slightly slanted, a V will form a sharp nose, an A for the mouth in profile and a smaller one for an eye. A C suggests an ear, a J the chin and jaw, a very large V forms the foolscap, a series of J's his ruffled collar, and an I the back of his head. For the front view of a face tiny A's at different angles make expressive eyes, or O's placed horizontally and elongated with a period or asterisk for the pupil will do as well. An L for a nose, a diminutive C and B for a mouth. U's to outline face and throat, diaresis for eyebrows—and something remotely resem-

bling a human being will be the result. The combination of a V set upside down on an S suggests a hat.

A prize should be given to the one whose attempt to delineate types by type is voted the cleverest.

AUTHOR'S SIGNIFICANCE

An author's name answers each question, which may be put to the company *viva voce*. Or cards may be prepared with the questions written thereon—leaving space between for the players to insert the answers. A time-limit should be set in the latter case.

1. A poet that takes precedence.
2. What all should have done in church.
3. A flowering tree.
4. A Scotch church and its colour.
5. An amateur of delicate fabrics.
6. The guardian of treasures.
7. One of the ills that flesh is heir to.
8. Two marks.
9. An inferior officer.
10. What best becomes a face?
11. One who foretells danger.
12. Convenient for mountain-climbing.
13. To wonder at.

ANSWERS

1. Prior (Matthew).
2. Praed (W. M.).
3. Hawthorne (Nathaniel).
4. Kirk White.
5. Lovelace (Richard).
6. Key (Francis Scott).
7. Paine (Thomas).
8. Mark Twain.
9. Sargent (Epes).

10. Smiles (Samuel).
11. Warner (Charles Dudley).
12. Muhlbach (Louisa).
13. Marvel (Ik).

TELEGRAMS

Each person of the company is furnished with a pad and pencil and all are in turn requested to suggest letters of the alphabet to the number of ten—which are duly written at the top of each sheet of paper, in the order in which they were given. The players are then invited to puzzle their wits to compose a telegram of ten words, each of which must begin with the letters in sequence that have been suggested.

Ten minutes is the time-limit, which, of course, may be prolonged to suit convenience.

Examples—The letters given are T, E, L, E, G, R, A, P, H, S.

“Thoroughly enjoying life. Everywhere good roads. Automobile perfectly howling success.”

“Theresa engaged Lord E——. Great rejoicings. Anticipating place high society.”

STORY-PLAY

The company agrees upon as many nouns as there are players—each in turn contributing one. Each person writes these words at the top of his sheet of paper; and the game consists in writing a short story, introducing the nouns in the order in which they have been given.

At the end of the time agreed upon, they are read aloud by the leader or hostess, while the others try to guess the authorship. For instance, the nouns proposed are, boy, favourites, horse, wood, girl, dragon, fire, flags, cigarette, photograph, prize, ring.

Another player, with the same nouns, will doubtless make an entirely different story.

"I took a *boy* to the circus the other day. Among *favourites* one *horse* was easily first; many seemed made of *wood*. The one we favoured was ridden by a dashing *girl*, who looked as if she could manage a *dragon* as easily as the horse. Her eyes were full of *fire*. She reminded me of Ouida's heroine in "*Under Two Flags*"—*Cigarette*. I snatched a *photograph* of her with my kodak as she dashed past. Of course the horse won the *prize*—or whatever the blue ribbon is called—for he was by all odds the best in the *ring*."

Another player writes:

"Ah, how the tales of chivalry stirred me as a *boy*! One of my *favourites* was that of a *horse* passing through a gloomy wood, ridden by a young and beautiful *girl*. Suddenly a great and fierce *dragon* rushes from his lair, belching *fire* and smoke—in puffs—as a man smokes a *cigarette*. The courage of the maiden falters and *flags* when suddenly a noble knight appears who with a blow of his trusty sword soon lays the beast low. Ah, what a theme for a painter! or rather for a snap-shot *photograph*, had such been known in those picturesque days. Of course the maiden was the *prize* of the knight's prowess, and a wedding-ring closed the story, like those of modern days."

NOTABLE NUMBERS

Each person of the company writes a number upon a slip of paper, and all of these are then folded and thrown into some receptacle. They are then shaken together and passed around. Each player must withdraw one of the papers and, upon reading it, promptly

tell why the number is famous, or in what connection it is often quoted. For example:

No. 9. There were nine muses.

No. 7. There were seven wonders of the world.

No. 1. The most important of beings—self.

No. 2. The ideal number for happiness—"Two are company" or companionship.

Those who are unable to think of anything pass on their papers to their neighbours, and those who respond keep the papers as counters. The one who has the most counters at the end of the game is naturally the winner.

For clever persons, the game may be made more difficult by confining the answers to old proverbs, adages, facts, or quotations.

If No. 10 is drawn—"Ten cents make one dime."

If No. 1—"One, two, buckle my shoe."

If No. 2 is drawn—"Two wrongs never make a right," or "Two heads are better than one."

Whoever fails to respond within one minute must give a forfeit, to be redeemed later for the entertainment of the company.

STATE NICKNAMES

A journey in the United States. The blanks to be filled in by the nicknames of the various States.

The traveller started out for a walk. Having seen the new South, he concluded to pay a visit to the opposite direction, the ————, although he had heard that the course of ———— was in another direction.

Taking his ———— cane, he went to bid his daughter ———— good-bye. She was in the kitchen, grating a ————, which she mistook for a ————.

She gave him a luncheon of the wing of a ————, served in a ———— iron dish.

He left his home and hurried over the bridge, on the ———— of which he paused to call his ———— servant, who was trying to ———— a ———— farmer, sailing on the ————. Then directing his course by a ————, which was just setting above the tops of a lofty ————, he set out for the ———— and was soon lost to sight.

ANSWERS

- "Old North"—North Carolina.
- "Empire" State—New York.
- "Palmetto" State—South Carolina.
- "Little Rhody"—Rhode Island.
- "Buckeye" State—Ohio.
- "Nutmeg" State—Connecticut.
- "Blue Hen"—Delaware.
- "Granite" State—New Hampshire.
- "Keystone" State—Pennsylvania.
- "Creole" State—Louisiana.
- "Sucker" State (Succor)—Illinois.
- "Hoosier" State—Indiana.
- "Bay" State—Massachusetts.
- "Lone Star" State—Texas.
- "Pine Tree" State—Maine.
- "Old Dominion"—Virginia.

LIGHTNING POETRY

Every one is provided with pencil and pad, or a generous supply of paper. A timekeeper is appointed. The office is usually much sought for at first, as an escape from the responsibilities of authorship. Each person is then requested to write an original poem

within fifteen minutes. No talent is necessary, only the courage to plunge.

A subject may be given, upon which all concentrate their efforts, or each may follow the flight of his or her separate fancy. Almost every one can write a jingle, or at least a few doggerel lines, and the gratification of some hitherto unsuspected poet at his own success is amusing. It seems difficult at the outset only.

One young woman in desperation wrote the following:

“You ask me for something original,
But I cannot think of a thing;
There’s nothing original in me
Except original sin!”

Encouraged by success, some one proposed taking a half-hour limit and writing the poems (?) in French. Whereupon that versatile maiden made a free translation of her former attempt:

“Hélas, pensez vous me demander des vers?
À moi, qui n’en fit de ma vie—
À moi, dont l’unique génie
Est de mettre toujours le bons sens à l’envers!”

After being collected in a basket, the hostess reads aloud the effusions—the authors are anonymous. Votes are taken and the most successful poet is crowned with laurel.

HODGE-PODGE VERSES

This game is played in the same manner as the foregoing one, except that the poem or couplet must be composed of lines each from a different author. Or, it may be played so that each person in succession contributes a line, which rhymes with the preceding one, while preserving the metre of the first line.

As an example of the first mode:

“Be to her faults a little blind” (Prior),
“All think their little set mankind” (Hannah
More).

In the second manner, one knows only the metre and the last word of the line written by the player before him, which is told him for the rhyme and rhythm. The result following will justify the name of the game in all probability, as, for example, as was once written:

“A frog he would a-wooing go” (Mother Goose).

“To tyrants ever sworn the foe” (John Quincy Adams).

“Man wants but little here below” (Goldsmith).

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow” (Doxology by Thos. Ken).

LOCALISED CHARACTERS

This game is popular among the book-lovers, and offers a test of memory to the readers of the company. Cards or slips of paper, with pencils, are distributed among the players, upon each of which is a list of characters chosen from well-known books. A space is left below each name wherein the players are to write the titles of the books from which the characters have been selected.

The time should be limited, and, at its expiration, each player signs his name and passes his paper to the person at his left.

The hostess or leader then reads the list aloud, assigning the characters to their correct place in literature. At the mention of each, a line is drawn through the incorrect ones, and those rightly assigned are counted and their number written at the top of the page. The

papers are then collected, and the lady and gentleman having the highest marks have that honour proclaimed, and, if the hostess choose, a book may be presented to each as a prize. Among those who are well acquainted "booby prizes" add to the fun without embarrassment to their recipients. A primer to the lady and a huge fool's cap to the gentleman might be selected for the purpose.

The number of characters may vary, of course, but three dozen, with a time-limit of half an hour for writing them, will be found to present the game agreeably.

Examples:

Meg Merrilies	Iago
Micawber	Pecksniff
Gentleman Waif	Effie Deans
Amy Robsart	Kim
Quilp	M. Madeline
Jessica	Front de Boeuf
Messala	Nydia
Tom Pinch	Becky Sharp
Caliban	Aunt Chloe
Priscilla	Herbert de Brugh
Sairy Gamp	Dinah Morris
Babbie	Dr. Willum McClure

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Nothing but a knowledge of history common to all educated persons, and no knowledge of art whatever, is requisite. Each person makes a sketch illustrating some historical event, the more absurd the better, the lack of artistic ability but contributing to the merriment: Pocahontas saving Captain John Smith, Excelsior, King Alfred in the shepherd's hut, etc. The papers are passed around to the left and each writes

his or her guess as to the subject of the picture, beginning at the bottom of the sheet, folding the paper so as to conceal what is written. The sketches are returned to the artists, who first read the guesses and finally explain what they have tried to delineate.

PREDICAMENTS AND REMEDIES

Ten minutes are given to the company for reflection, during which each person must think of some predicament—either dangerous, embarrassing, or ridiculous.

At the expiration of that interval, "Time!" is called, and each one writes down the result of his cogitation—pads and pencils previously provided—and throws his or her contribution into a basket or other receptacle.

When all have been collected, the basket is passed around and each player draws a paper, relating some predicament for which he must find a remedy, writing the suggestion on another paper, which he retains. Having done this, he passes the story of the predicament to his left-hand neighbour, at the same time receiving from the person on his right the paper which he or she has withdrawn from the basket. This, too, must be considered, and some solution offered of the difficulty set forth in the second paper, and so on until all the predicaments have been read and passed upon by all the players. Each one should be numbered.

The hostess or leader then reads aloud "Predicament No. 1," and each player in turn reads the remedy which he has written, whereupon all note the answer which in his or her opinion is the best. All in succession are then read and silently voted upon. The one who has received the greatest number of votes gets the prize.

For example, a woman offered this problem:

"I was going out of my house, and in shutting the

front door caught my dress in it. The storm-door was closed and beyond my reach, so I could not ask a passer-by to ring the bell for me, nor could I come near it to ring it myself. What was I to do?"

After various suggestions of banging on the door with the fist, calling aloud, cutting off the piece of the gown, etc., it was suggested to undo the skirt of the dress, slip it off, watch the opportunity unobserved to ring the bell, and stand screened by the storm-door until admitted.

A man wrote:

"I was going out to dine, and had but just time in which to dress. I lost my only collar-button down my back and spent ten minutes in searching for it. I was most anxious to impress my host with my businesslike punctuality. Much depended upon it. What was I to do?"

He was advised to dress in the cab and arrive promptly.

CONFIDENCES

Every one is supplied with pencil and paper, and writes at the order of the hostess or leader:

1. Each gentleman writes a lady's name; each lady that of a gentleman.
2. The name of a place.
3. A date in the past.
4. Yes or no.
5. Again each lady writes a gentleman's name, and the gentlemen each that of a lady.
6. Yes or no.
7. The name of a virtue.
8. Of a fault.
9. Yes or no.

10. Each gentleman writes a gentleman's name; each lady, a lady's name.

11. A number.

12. A life-motto.

At the conclusion of the leader's directions, each player reads aloud in turn what he or she has written, in reply to the questions which are asked in the following order:

1. From whom (or to whom) did you receive (or make) your first offer?

2. Where did it happen?

3. When did it take place?

4. Did you love him (or her)?

5. Whom will you marry?

6. Will you love each other?

7. What is your most conspicuous virtue?

8. What is his (or her) worst fault?

9. Will you be happy?

10. Will you have a rival; if so, who will he (or she) be?

11. How many children will you have?

12. By what principle will you guide your life?

The questions may, of course, be varied, or added to, according to the leader's pleasure.

WRIGGLES

This artistic problem need frighten no one who may lack confidence in his power to give expression to his thought with his pencil—for this disqualification will but add to the fun of the contest.

The players being provided with pad and pencil, each draws a short irregular line upon the paper and then passes it to his neighbour. The person who receives it must address himself to the problem of drawing a

picture—figure, bird, beast, or what he pleases—incorporating the “wriggle.” He may turn the paper in any direction he pleases in order to facilitate his success, and, before submitting it to the criticism of the company, should make the “wriggle” part of the drawing heavier in outline to distinguish it from the rest.

When all the drawings are completed, they are intrusted to the leader, who exhibits them in turn, inviting the freest criticism. The name of the artist (?) of the cleverest or most ridiculous of them is revealed, and he should with becoming modesty accept the plaudits of the crowd.

FIVE POINTS

It may be remembered that Tommy Traddles was the little boy who used to divert David Copperfield from his sad thoughts by drawing skeletons all over his slate.

It will be found that Tommy’s talent is a widely diffused one and that an amusing game may be played as follows:

Let each contestant have a sheet of paper, and scatter upon it five grains of rice. They may be pushed together within the radius of a two- or three-inch circle, but not otherwise directed in position. A mark is made in pencil or a pin-hole pricked where each grain has fallen. The rice is then removed, and the game consists in each person’s drawing a figure indicated among the players.

Each person then has the same problem.

The one who makes the most successful drawing, keeping strictly within the limits marked by the dots, receives a mark of honour, and the one who has the most marks at the close of the game is entitled to the honours of vic-

tory. Two cardboard letters—"N A" (National Academy)—may be bestowed upon the successful artist.

By the marks or pin-holes, using one for the head, two for the hands and two for the feet, the position of the figures is determined by the way in which the grains of rice happen to fall.

It makes the problem easier if ten grains of rice are used, in which case a group of two figures must be made.

Another way of playing the game is to take as many sheets of paper as there are players and lay them all together evenly. On the top sheet scatter the kernels of rice and wherever they fall mark the spots and then with a stout needle prick holes through all the sheets of paper just where the dots are on the top sheet. At the holes in each sheet of paper make dots with a pencil, and distribute the sheets.

A DICTIONARY GAME

This game doubtless originated in the marked changes within a few years in the significance of many words heretofore regarded as familiar and without question. The requirements for the game are cards corresponding in number to the players, and down the left side of these, two dozen words or more are written, selected as doubtful or confusing in exact definition. Pencils are provided, and (without conference) the players write opposite each word what they decide to be its meaning. The cards are then collected and compared with correct definitions in accordance with the best and latest authorities. It is sufficient to say that the result is surprising. If the first contest has been enjoyed, a second one may be concerned with the pronunciation of words. In the same way, words of disputed or uncertain pronunciation are written upon cards, and each player reads his list

aloud in turn—one word at a time at each round. The Standard, Century or Webster's dictionary may be agreed upon as authority, and Phyfe's little book of "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced" is an excellent work to cull from.

CAPPING VERSES

One person writes a line of poetry and, folding down the paper to conceal the writing, passes it to his neighbour, at the same time giving the last word of his line. No. 3 writes a fresh line, which is rhymed by the next player, and so on, until all have made a contribution.

The lines may be original poetry (?) or quotations, but the result is naturally more pleasing if all agree beforehand to follow the metre of some familiar poem.

If preferred, each writer may start a fresh sheet and pass it on as before described, which, keeping all busy at once, makes the game more lively. Still another way to play the game is for some one to quote a line of poetry, when the person next him must promptly repeat another line beginning with the letter which concluded the last word of the previous line. It is continued from one to the other until some one fails to respond, when he must drop from the game—which is continued until one alone has outdone all competitors.

For such impromptu quotations it would be too much to insist upon the metre being alike—which removes the chief difficulty. For example:

"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come,"

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

"Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth,"

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," etc.

THE SECRETARY

This is a variation of the old game of Consequences, but its more personal nature enhances its interest. The players are seated at a table, provided with pencils and paper, and asked by the leader, or secretary, as he is called, to write their own names at the top of the sheet and fold them over so as to conceal them.

He then collects the papers and distributes them, with the order, "Write a character." The players obediently address themselves to writing the description of an imaginary character, good or bad.

The secretary again collects the papers, distributes them, and directs their recipients to describe the past of the unknown person whose name is hidden at the top of the sheet. Then follows the order to describe the person's present, future, fate or fortune—or anything that the leader may direct.

The papers are finally collected and read aloud.

A LITERARY ROMANCE

A list of questions should be written in small books similar to cards and furnished with tiny pencils on tasselled cords. The cover may bear the title in gilt lettering, or two hearts transfixed by an arrow in the shape of a pen, from which gory drops of ink are falling.

The hostess explains that the correct answers to the questions are the titles of well-known books, to be written on the page opposite, and at the foot of the page the writer signs his or her name.

The contest, though not new, has the advantage that it may be varied *ad infinitum*, using other book-titles. A prize is usually given to the woman who has been the most successful in answering the questions, and one to

the man who has the most correct showing on his little book.

The following questions may be answered by the names of books, which at present are familiar to all:

1. Who was the Colonial bride?
 2. Who was the Colonial bridegroom?
 3. Where they did meet?
 4. What did he tell her?
 5. What was her face then?
 6. With what feelings did they look forward to their wedding-day?
 7. What date was set for the wedding?
 8. Who performed the marriage ceremony?
 9. Who assisted him in the ceremony?
 10. What did every one give the bride, on her appearance?
 11. What vow did they take?
 12. Who furnished the flowers?
 13. Where did they go on their wedding journey?
 14. What house was their first home?
 15. What came to them a year later?
 16. What did their married life prove to be?
-
1. "Janice Meredith"—Paul Leicester Ford.
 2. "Richard Carvel"—Winston Churchill.
 3. "Castle Cranecrow"—Geo. Barr McCutcheon.
 4. "Twice Told Tales"—Hawthorne.
 5. "A Study in Scarlet"—Conan Doyle.
 6. "Great Expectations"—Dickens.
 7. "Middlemarch"—George Eliot.
 8. "The Vicar of Wakefield"—Goldsmith.
 9. "The Little Minister"—Barrie.
 10. "The Right of Way"—Gilbert Parker.
 11. "To Have and to Hold"—Mary Johnston.

12. "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"—Anon.
13. "Far from the Madding Crowd"—Hardy.
14. "The House of the Seven Gables"—Hawthorne.
15. "Heavenly Twins"—Sarah Grand.
16. "Bitter Sweet"—Holland.

A BICYCLE ACCIDENT

On the same principle as in the foregoing game, the following questions may be propounded and the answers given in by the names of cities of the United States:

1. A young man and maiden planned a pleasant afternoon together. How and where did they go?
2. What caused her to fall from her wheel?
3. What did they give her to restore consciousness?
4. What surgical operation had to be performed?
5. Blaming the town for the accident, what did her father do?
6. What kind of a lawyer argued the case?
7. How did it end for all concerned?
8. To whom were they grateful?

ANSWERS

1. Wheeling; 2. Rutland; 3. Newport; 4. Lansing;
5. Sioux City; 6. Superior; 7. Concord; 8. Providence.

PUT IN AN ADJECTIVE

There are two ways in which this game is played. In one, somebody reads aloud a selection from an author who is conceded to write pure and good English, leaving out all the adjectives—Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" would be a good choice, since his pleasure in and appreciation of the people and things which he therein describes inspired many adjectives.

The reader pauses whenever an adjective is met with, and all the players silently write down the one which they think would be appropriately used in the connection suggested.

After a page or two has been read, or at the conclusion of the article or chapter, the selection is read again with all the adjectives supplied as the author has given them. Each person then notes, upon his or her paper, those which correspond to the choice made by the author. The one who has the greatest number wins the contest—and all may be the wiser for a lesson in their parts of speech.

The second way of playing the game aims merely at amusement. Some one, who possibly wields the “pen of a ready writer” or, better, has the faculty for making fun, writes a story, leaving out all adjectives, though so constructing the tale as to require the use of an enormous number of them, which are represented, however, by blanks on his or her pages. Each person of the company is then requested to furnish adjectives, which are written in the narrative in the order in which they are given, regardless of the sense, the more inappropriate or absurd the more the success of arousing amusement is assured. If the persons present may be made the subjects of the story and jokes of a personal nature introduced the merriment is increased. Such adjectives as top-lofty, outlandish, idiotic, tricky, lean, oppressive, illiterate, barbarous, entrancing, will be found valuable in description of persons to arouse animation if not interest.

The account of the habits of some bird or beast is often amusing with adjectives inappropriately applied or without regard to sense. The following was the result of one such haphazard arrangement:

"The sweet heron is a bird of hard shape, with a transparent head, and an agitated bill set upon a hopeful neck. Its picturesque legs are put far back in its body, the feet and claws are false, and the tail very new-fangled. It is a durable, distorted bird, unsophisticated in its movements, with a stupid voice and tender in its habits. In the disgusting days of falconry the places where the heron were bred were counted almost shy, the birds were held serious, and slight statutes enacted for their preservation."

HANGING PROVERBS

Each person is provided with paper and pencil and requested to draw a gibbet, with a noose hanging therefrom for each player. Some one thinks of a proverb, and, without telling what it is, directs the players to make as many dots on their papers as there are letters in each word, separating the words by lines or spaces. For instance, "Money makes the mare go" would be written thus: -----|-----|----|-----|---. The players then in turn mention some letter which they think may be found in the proverb, and, if correct, all are directed to write it over the dot which indicates its place.

If one gives a letter that is not included in the proverb, a head is attached to a noose and the initials of the person making the incorrect guess written above it. If that person makes a second failure, a body is added to the head, then an arm, a leg, until the figure is completed, when the one who is responsible for the six mistakes must drop out of the game.

The repetition of the same letter in the sentence adds to the mystification, as each one exacts a separate guess.

The person who first discovers what the proverb is wins the game and is entitled to choose the next proverb.

LITERARY CONTEST

The players draw at haphazard, from hat or basket, slips of paper upon which are written the names of well-known books—preferably famous works of fiction. After all have supplied themselves, five or ten minutes are given them in which to recall and ponder all that they have known of the book that has fallen to their respective lots.

The hostess then touches a bell to notify them that the time is up, and each in turn is requested to mention his book, tell the author's name—supplying the real one when a pseudonym is used—give a short synopsis of the story, name the hero and heroine, the chief idea or characteristic of the book, and any quotation from it that can be recalled.

A secret vote is taken, when all have spoken, as to which narrator has given the best idea of the book he or she has endeavoured to describe, the names being written upon bits of paper and collected by the hostess.

The one who has received the most votes is proclaimed the winner and awarded the prize of a book, photograph of a noted author, paper-cutter, book-mark, or some trifle of literary suggestion—if the hostess please. A second prize may be given—or merely “honourable mention”—to the one who ranks next after the victor.

CHAPTER II—GAMES OF THOUGHT, WIT AND MEMORY

Impromptu Games

DRAMATIC ADJECTIVES

ONE of the company leaves the room and the rest agree upon some adjective that may be easily acted. The person who is to do the guessing returns and asks a question of the members of the company in turn or at haphazard.

In making the replies, every one must act in such a manner as to suggest the adjective agreed upon.

For example, the word selected may be "Weary," and each answer is prefaced with a sigh, a drooping of the body, and an evident desire to lean up against something. Or, the word decided upon may be "Pedantic." The questioner may perhaps ask, "Can you not give me an idea of what it is?" and gets for reply: "It depends upon what you mean by an 'idea.' Prof. Porter says that Plato defines an idea as 'the archetypal essence of all things, subsumed under one concept.'" Not receiving much enlightenment, he may ask the next player, "Will you not throw some light upon this subject?" and receives the answer: "You know that there are many kinds of light. There are the actinic rays——" He is apt to intercept further display of learning by turning to some such safe topic as the weather. But even here he may be told of meteorologi-

cal disturbances of our climate contrasted with that of Egypt "when Osirtasu I. built his temple at Karnak, over which always arched a cloudless sky," etc.

The person who furnishes the best clue to the discovery must take the place of questioner.

BOOK-TITLE PANTOMIMES

This game has the advantage of requiring no preparation, but may depend for accessories upon such properties as may be picked up in almost any household, as the need may arise.

Two rooms opening into each other with portières or folding doors between lend themselves best for the purpose, the audience being seated in one, while the actors take possession of the other. Two persons, in turn, recruited from the audience, fill the rôle of actors. After consultation, the title of some book is decided upon, which they endeavour to suggest in pantomime, to be guessed by the audience—who may call aloud what they suppose the representation to be, or note their guesses upon cards. The writers, in the latter case, sign their names at the foot of the cards, and these at the close of the performance are received by the hostess or some one appointed to collect them, and a prize is awarded to the one whose card contains the most correct answers. Or the names of those who have been most successful in guessing may be proclaimed.

By way of suggestion for the pantomimes: The portières are withdrawn, revealing a step-ladder, up which a young man ascends, carrying a horse-shoe, which he fastens over a doorway—or drapes a flag over a picture—while a girl holds the ladder, hands him the hammer or whatever is required, and the portières are then drawn.

The horse-shoe, or flag, will probably focus the attention of the audience and so mislead; for the book-title intended for representation is "The Ascent of Man," by Drummond. The young man may descend the ladder before the portières conceal him and so represent Darwin's famous work, if it be preferred to the former.

The next pair may sit at the ends of a small dining-table set for two and smilingly raise their glasses to pledge one another and drink to their mutual happiness—which may serve to suggest "We Two," by Edna Lyall.

A man, with his silk hat pushed over on the back of his head (one of an old fashion preferred), looking as countrified as possible and carrying a carpet-bag, enters—a woman, in bonnet and shawl, clinging tightly to his arm. He lays down the carpet-bag (or grip-sack of antique pattern), and, looking at a painting or some article in the room with a vacant stare, consults his guide-book eagerly. The woman gazes about her—looking indiscriminately at the ceiling or floor as if ignorant of what she is expected to admire—all of which is intended to recall Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

"Wild Animals I Have Known," by Ernest Thompson Seton, may be represented by a strong-minded looking woman in spectacles and a manish hat. She may attack with her umbrella, opening and shutting it, an imaginary bull at one side of the stage, or a dog might be induced to bark at her, if the umbrella-flourishing may be made sufficiently aggravating.

She may then mount upon a chair in an agony of fright, while a toy mouse, wound up or made to go by

being drawn by a string from one side to the other of the room, threatens her.

MEN'S WIVES

The hostess may announce this guessing contest to be a sort of "fortune-teller," which should give each man a clue to the name that his future wife should bear. The "eternal fitness of things" had determined the matter. It was for them to discover it. The first name should be told, to make the subject clear—which was that a chemist's wife should be named "Ann Eliza" (Analyzer):

A civil engineer's?—Bridget.

A gambler's?—Bettie.

A humourist's?—Sally.

A clergyman's?—Marie.

A shoe-maker's?—Peggy.

A sexton's?—Belle.

A porter's?—Carrie.

A dancing master's?—Grace.

A milliner's?—Hattie.

A gardener's?—Flora.

A judge's?—Justine.

A pugilist's?—Mamie.

A pianist's?—Octavia.

A life-saver's?—Car-o-line.

An upholsterer's?—Sophie.

An astronomer's?—Stella.

A doctor's?—Patience.

A bass-singer's?—Aurora.

A fisherman's?—Nettie.

A gas-man's?—Meta.

A marksman's?—Amy.

A MUSICAL ROMANCE

A guessing contest recently contributed much to the success of a reunion of lads and lasses. Profiting by a lull in the conversation, the young hostess announced that a love-story of the Civil War would be related in musical numbers, and to the one who should best interpret them a prize should be awarded. All were provided with cards and pencils, and a young woman seated herself at the piano. The hostess then asked, "What was the heroine called?" Whereupon the familiar notes of "Sweet Marie" were heard from the piano, and it began to be understood that the names of popular airs—given with much spirit by the pianist—would furnish the answers to the questions propounded, to be recorded upon the cards. The story progressed thus:

What was the hero's name?—"Robin Adair."

Where was he born?—"Dixie."

Where was she born?—"On the Suwanee River."

Where did they meet?—"Comin' thro' the Rye."

At what time of day was it?—"Just as the sun went down."

When did he propose?—"After the ball was over."

What did he say?—"Only one girl in this world for me."

What did she say?—"I'll leave my happy home for you."

What did he then bid her?—"A soldier's farewell."

What did the band play?—"The girl I left behind me."

Where did he go?—"Georgia."

Where did he spend that night?—"Tenting on the old camp ground."

What did the band play when he came home?—"When Johnny comes marching home."

Where were they married?—"Old Kentucky Home."

Who were the bridesmaids?—"Two little girls in blue."

Who furnished the music?—"Whistling Rufus."

Who furnished the wedding feast?—"Rory O'Grady."

Where did they make their home?—"On the banks of the Wabash."

What was their motto?—"Home, Sweet Home."

Where did they always remain?—"America."

The music was a new feature, and the fact that the airs were so well known but made it the more enjoyable. The advantage of the winner being so slight, the pleasure of success was the more general.

HIDE THE WORD

The game consists in putting a word, previously agreed upon by the company, into a narrative so cleverly that the person who is required to guess it shall be unable to distinguish it. The word chosen must be one that has several meanings, and the players in turn each adopt a separate signification or manner of its use. Each person tells a story, recites a verse of some poem, or relates an adventure, bringing in the chosen word, being careful not to mark it by additional emphasis. Self-conscious persons are apt to hesitate at its pronunciation, or slur it with such evident haste that the secret is betrayed.

The one who inadvertently furnishes the clue must then take the place of questioner. Words of two letters are ruled out of the choice.

For example, the word "out," while remaining unchanged, is used in several different senses:

The first player may speak of going out the first time after an illness. A second refers to "going out" so much more than usual, in the sense used in society. A third may tell of some embarrassment at feeling "out of it" when others were enjoying themselves. A fourth of being "out of pocket." A fifth at being cheated—in the English phrase—of being "done out of what was mine by rights," or "There I was—so many dollars out!" "Out of reckoning." "Out of sight." Even the word "outrageous" may ring other changes.

A good way to mislead is to bring in some other rather salient word—that is *not* the one selected and have each narrator repeat it. The story, too, should be long enough to make the chosen word inconspicuous.

PICTURE TITLES

This game has been very popular with book-loving folk. Each one in succession portrays a scene as if it were before the actual as well as the mental vision, descriptive of the title of some book that is presumably known to the company. It need have no real relation to the story told in the book, but must suggest its title. For instance, one person says:

"I see before me a great stone castle, with towers and donjon-keep. From one of its narrow casements a maiden surpassing fair is watching a falcon that has escaped its thrall and has flown to a tall tree with its lunge (the string by which the bird is held) tangled about its feet, so as to impede its flight. And now a knight in full armour comes pricking by, to whom the maiden makes appeal. 'Oh, Sir Knight, help me to get my hawk, for if it be lost my father will slay me, he is so hasty.' The knight makes answer, doffing his plumed cap, 'Fair lady, I will do what I may, though

in truth I am an ill climber, and the tree is passing high.' And therewith he alights, but prays the lady to come down and unarm him, which she blithly does. With might and force he climbs up to the falcon, ties the lunc to a rotten bough and throws the hawk down with it. When he has received the lady's thanks he resumes his armour and rides away, but he carries more away with him than he brought, and the maiden loses more than the worth of the hawk she received, for verily he takes with him the heart that has escaped the lady's keeping even as had the bird."

It probably will not take the players very long to discover that such doings relate only to the times "When Knighthood was in Flower."

CAPTAINS

From among the players two captains are chosen, who then proceed to select a following, until the company is equally divided. They either stand in two lines or sit in chairs facing each other. It is a matter of agreement, or toss-up or card-matching to decide which captain shall begin the game, which he does by asking a question and then slowly counting ten. Before he has finished counting, the captain of the opposition must answer. If his reply be correct he puts a question to the second player in the ranks of his opponents, who questions in his turn, and so on. If any player fail to answer or makes an incorrect reply, he or she drops out. The interest is at its height when two contestants only are left on the field and the rest form an audience.

The game is adapted to questions on any subject—and may be the source of much valuable information, if the hostess, leader, or *mother*, takes the trouble, in advance of the playing of the game, to collect questions that shall

arouse interest or even pique curiosity. These may be written upon slips of paper with the answers below, and supplied to the questioners.

Persons not well acquainted would hesitate, perhaps, to betray ignorance, but in families or among near kinsmen or friends it is one of the pleasantest ways of acquiring information. On national holidays the questions might be confined to the history of the country.

ALPHABET

This game may be adapted to persons of all ages, after they have graduated from the primer.

From a box of anagram cardboard letters each player in turn draws one, naming it aloud. The first calls upon the company to mention some famous man whose name begins with that letter. To the one who can first recall such a man, the letter is given. Number two, showing his letter, may call for the name of a city the initial letter of which is like the one he holds. A third may call for something to eat, beginning with the letter drawn. Famous Artists, Authors, Musicians, Philosophers, Mountains, Rivers, Battles, Things to Wear, Qualities of Mind, Virtues, Military Leaders, Flowers, Fruits, Animals, Fish, Trees, Precious or Semi-precious Stones (of which there is one for every letter of the alphabet), Patriots, Kings, Popes, Famous Women, may all be called for.

The game may also be played progressively.

PREDICTIONS

Among intimate friends, the following form of prophesy may occasion much sport:

Each person, in confidence to the hostess, makes a prediction about some person present as to what he or

she will do during the course of the evening—all of which that lady commits to writing, to be produced just before the time of leave-taking for refutation or confirmation.

The ones whose predictions are verified receive a prize or honour of some trifling kind.

The prophesies must not be of things that would naturally happen—nor must personalities risk offending anyone, but much harmless merriment may be had where little peculiarities not generally observed are thus suggested or some teasing allusion introduced.

PERSON AND THING

That “men are but children of a larger growth” may be verified by playing “Person and Thing.”

Two of the company leave the room and concert together to mystify the rest—the one by personating some well-known character, while the other assumes to be something usually associated with the personage selected—Balaam and his ass, Pyramus and the kiss through the wall, Cæsar and his famous message of “Veni, vidi, vici,” for instance.

The fun principally consists in dodging the issue by misleading answers to the questions. It rather concentrates upon the person taking the part of the “ass,” the “kiss,” or Cæsar’s famous “telegram,” as a child once called the message.

Upon one occasion “Adam and the sweat of his brow” was the selection made to puzzle the company. The one who represented the “thing” assumed then that it was beneficent, a friend to all the races of men, though this particular one was the first the world had seen—above all was it the poor man’s friend, though little appreciated. Spherical in shape, clear and transparent, it was

considered beautiful when seen elsewhere and in different association, but no like compliment had ever been paid to it. The solution of the mystery was not much helped when it was added that it "could not walk, but could run!"

STORY GUESSING

This is a good game for twilight times, summer evenings on the piazza, or when the room is lighted only by the glow of the fire around which the company is gathered.

Each person is asked to relate the story of some book, familiar to the reading public, or, better, one well-known to fame.

The audience listens carefully, makes no comments, and at the close of the narrative each person in succession offers his or her opinion as to the plot of what book has been described.

Every one who is willing makes the contribution of a story, and the person who guesses the designation of the greatest number of these narratives wins the game or prize.

For instance, one says, "Mine is the story of a man unconsciously good—one of the inconspicuous heroes, so noble as never to suspect his own nobility—living habitually in the atmosphere of 'that loftiest peak, humility.' His was a dependent position in the household of a man whose name is synonymous with hypocrite, but whom he idealised, until he was at length forced to see him as he was. He loved the sweetheart of the ostensible hero of the book, but expressed it only by serving them both. Money plays a conspicuous part in the book—schemed for, sinned for. It warps many natures, but the greed for it leads to the unveiling of the hypocrite by a clever plot—and our simple-minded, big-

hearted, all-loving humble hero never lacks a friend and is honoured as he deserves.

"The blot on the book is a repulsive picture of some of our countrymen, but few characters are more love-worthy in all fiction than —— the hero of ——."

Dickens is so familiar to nearly all readers that it will be easily seen, perhaps, that the above description belongs to Tom Pinch in the book "*Martin Chuzzlewit*."

When it is guessed, or all have tried and failed, the next narrator tells a tale.

The game may be played, if desired, by every one's *writing* the story of some famous book and reading it to the company in turn. To many it is easier to write than to narrate a story.

THE GAME OF "IT"

If there be still any one who has not heard of the game of "It," he is precisely the one who may furnish fun for the rest and be mystified to their heart's content. The question must be diplomatically put, and when one ignorant of the game is discovered it is well to wait a bit before selecting him to be the first to leave the room. He is told that they in his absence will choose an object which he must discover upon his return by asking questions of each in succession, after the manner of the well-known game of *Twenty Questions*. The company arrange themselves in a semi-circle, and, should there be others remaining in the room who are unacquainted with the trick, it is explained to them that the object to be guessed is the *left-hand neighbour* of each person questioned—always alluded to as "It."

It must be confessed that the fun is rather at the expense of the questioner.

Another may be puzzled by the company's agreeing

upon the right-hand, or opposite neighbour, the person whom they spoke to last, or their host or hostess.

The fun is increased if the company is arranged so that the questioner interrogates a lady and gentleman alternately.

DUMB ORATOR

This game is "as old as the hills," but its humour is of such subtle flavour that it rarely fails to elicit the most spontaneous mirth. It belongs to the class of things that are so old as to be new to the present generation.

One person recites a poem, the more familiar the better, provided it be dramatic and suggestive of impassioned gesture. His hands are tied behind his back and he seats himself in the lap of another person, who slips his arms under those of the orator—thus supplying him with substitutes for his own pinioned ones, with which substitutes all the gestures are made. A cloak is necessary to hide the dual personality. It is clasped about the orator's neck, and covers the head and person of the gesticulation.

Some familiar poem should be recited very seriously, while the one who makes the gestures taxes his ingenuity to go as far astray from what would be appropriate as possible. Hamlet's Soliloquy has been a successful choice.

At the words, "take arms against a sea of troubles," the orator's arms are raised in threatening attitude with clenched fists, suggestive of a prize-fight. When the speaker says—"to die, to sleep——" he is interrupted by a loud snore. At the "pangs of despised love," his hands are clasped to his heart and a large bandanna handkerchief applied to his eyes—and nose. At the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," his

own ears are boxed, and a real bodkin from a work-basket is produced at the suggestion of making his "quietus." This is merely a suggestion, but the fun is usually very spontaneous.

A FAGOT PARTY

This name has been given to an entertainment to which every person invited must come prepared to tell a story, sing a song, propose some game, or make other contribution to the pleasure of the company. The time consumed in the burning of a single small fagot is the allotment of each entertainer in return. The efforts to prolong the story—holding the dénouement at bay or hastening it to its close as the fagot burns for a longer or a shorter time—tax one's ingenuity, to the amusement of the friendly critics.

WHO WAS HE?

This game has the advantage of requiring no preparation, and can be played by any number of persons, in almost any surroundings—in the dark on a summer's evening on the veranda, or by a little company in a lighted room; at a picnic with the grass for a seat, or by the fireside. There is no rule of the game which forbids studying up for it; indeed, if the players be forewarned such preparation adds much to the interest, particularly perhaps to those who contribute their bits of information. This should be done in a sketchy manner, briefly touching on the most salient points of autobiography, so as to leave a picture in the mind to be pigeon-holed in the memory. A character is described by each player in turn, suppressing the name, which is guessed by the company only at the conclusion of the narrative. The one who guesses it first has a mark to his or her credit,

and the person who has guessed the most characters wins the game and may perhaps be awarded a prize.

Sometimes votes are cast for the one who has described the character of his selection in the most interesting manner, and another prize is given.

The following example is given: "I see before me a Breton peasant, a gentle soul, brought up on the Bible and taught Latin by the parish priest. Ready at duty's call on the death of his father to turn farmer, he is prevented by his old grandmother, who believes in his talent for painting. He goes to Paris and is laughed at as a rustic setting up for originality. The romantic school, then at its height, disgusts him.

"He is robbed and bullied, becomes self-conscious and awkward; the pictures of the old masters are his only friends. For years he paints pictures at five or ten francs apiece. At length some artists of note begin to hold out their hands to him and help him to his best by their sympathy. He even now sells his drawings for a pair of shoes, and lives with his wife on thirty francs for a fortnight. He finally goes to a little village in a beautiful forest, breaks from the slavery of conventional art, and draws people as he sees them. He lives there twenty-seven years. Still, his greatest picture is rejected by the Salon. Finally glimpses of prosperity come, and just before his death from consumption comes the great news from Paris, 'The world recognises your genius; your pictures are selling for high prices!' He lives only long enough to know it."

Perhaps the indication of Millet's career is too clearly given in this instance, but one is at liberty to be as mysterious as he pleases—consistent with correctness.

COMPLIMENTS

If both are present, the ladies and gentlemen should be seated alternately. One then begins by saying, "I should like to be such and such; an object or animal—what do you think is the reason for my choice?" looking for an answer at haphazard from any gentleman present, who must at once give some complimentary explanation why the resemblance would be appropriate. The one who has answered then, in his turn, says what he should like to be—and calls upon a lady, who must find some flattering reason for the similitude. The more unpleasant or disagreeable the object or animal, the more difficult will it be to find a compliment. One lady may say, for instance, "I should like to resemble a mosquito. *Why, Mr. —?*" and he may reply: "Because you are musical, and when you are present it is impossible to think of anything else. Now, I should like to be a snail. *Why, Miss —?*" "Because you are slow and sure, and of so domestic a taste that you would gladly carry your home with you wherever you are."

MUSICAL NEIGHBOURS

This is one of the games that has been preserved through many generations of merrymakers, and so must be allowed the claim to merit given to the "survival of the fittest."

One-half the company must submit to be blindfolded, the victims to be determined by lot or choice. These are seated around the room in a wide circle, leaving a vacant chair at the right hand of each one. The rest of the company assemble in the middle of the room, keeping absolutely silent while some one plays a familiar air on the piano. The unblindfolded then creep very stealthily,

seat themselves in the vacant chairs, and instantly begin to sing, disguising the voice as much as possible to conceal their identity. The more absurd the musical (?) result, the better. The blindfolded persons must listen intently to try to discover who their tuneful neighbours are. The piano accompaniment suddenly stops, whereupon all are silent and the leader gives the order, "Blind folk will please name their right-hand neighbours!" If unable to do so, they must not remove the bandage, though people usually do so, impulsively, in their triumphant confidence in having guessed rightly—but are obliged to try again.

The successful guessers then transfer their bandages to their right-hand neighbours whose failure to mislead concerning their identity subjects them to this penalty.

A CULINARY COURTSHIP

The answers may be given *viva voce* or in writing—when the following questions are proposed;

SOUPS

1. The groom was a Frenchman. What was his name?
2. What was the weather on the wedding-day?

FISH

3. With what was the bride's gown trimmed?
4. How was it sent to her?

MEATS, WITH SAUCES

5. Who was the bride's favourite author? The groom was a Government official. Where was he employed?
6. What did his future mother-in-law give him? In what did his small brother-in-law indulge?
7. Who was the groom's favourite essayist?

BREADS

8. In what manner did the bride dress her hair?
9. What were her wedding-gifts from the groom?

SALAD

10. When asked to marry, what did the bride say?

ENTRÉE

11. They received congratulations from the groom's friend, who was a conspicuous figure in the Dreyfus case. What was his name?

RELISHES

12. The best man was an official of the Chinese embassy. What was his name?
 13. What did the bride do in the conservatory?

SWEETS

14. The bride was a brunette. By what nickname was she called?
 15. With what did the groom salute her?
 16. The wedding invitations met with an accident at the printer's. What did they become?

DRINKS

17. In the excitement of the wedding feast, what did the groom call his father-in-law?
 18. What did the best man have when asked to respond to a toast?

ANSWERS

SOUPS

1. Julien.
 2. Clear.

FISH

3. Scallops.
 4. C. O. D.

MEATS, WITH SAUCES

5. Lamb—Mint.
 6. Cold Shoulder—Capers.
 7. Bacon.

BREADS

- 8. Rolls and Puffs.
- 9. Gems.

SALAD

- 10. Lettuce.

ENTRÉE

- 11. Pâté de Clam (Paty du Clam).

RELISHES

- 12. Chow-chow.
- 13. Piccalilli.

SWEETS

- 14. Brown Betty.
- 15. Kisses.
- 16. Pie.

DRINKS

- 17. Pop.
- 18. Champagne (sham pain).

INTRODUCTIONS

This absurd game has no "excuse for being" except that it is apt to create very spontaneous laughter when the players really enter into its spirit. One feels constrained to apologise for its introduction. It simply consists of plays upon words. One is supposed to be making introductions, giving the names of a gentleman and lady, which are but parts of words—the completion being revealed by the presentation of a third member of the family. Each person in turn introduces a group of three, or the players offer one as their wits may serve.

EXAMPLES:

Mr. and Mrs. Fortune and Miss Fortune (Misfortune).

Mr. and Mrs. Land and Mary Land (Maryland).

Mr. and Mrs. Harmonic and Phil Harmonic (Phil-harmonic).

Mrs. and Mrs. Pole and May Pole.
Father and Mother Dote and Auntie Dote.
Mr. and Mrs. Cohol and Al Cohol.
Mr. and Mrs. Chovy and Anne Chovy.
Mr. and Mrs. Tionary and Dick Tionary (dictionary).
Mr. and Mrs. Terry and Miss Terry (Mystery).
Mr. and Mrs. Orr and the Orr kid (orchid).

DUMB CRAMBO

The players are divided into two parties, one of which leaves the room, while the others decide upon a word to be guessed by those without.

Upon their return they are furnished with a clue by a word's being told them that rhymes with the word which they must guess. They then return for consultation, and upon their reappearance proceed to represent in pantomime what they fancy the word to be.

Properties necessary for dressing in character may be supplied, which adds much to the fun.

For example: One of the audience tells the actors that they have thought of a word that rhymes with "tin." After a short preparation, the actors enter *en masse*, making as noisy a racket as they can devise. The audience promptly assure them that it is not "din" in pity for their own ears. They then retire for conference and reappear. One creeps stealthily after another and goes through the motions of picking a pocket, two seem to be quarrelling, others openly fighting, while one craftily drops upon the ground a bit of orange peel which promptly causes another to fall with great apparent injury. The audience finally decide that "sin" is what they are trying to describe and deny that choice. The actors withdraw and return with broad smiles upon every face, but again are assured of failure—the word

not being "grin." At their next appearance they seem to be swimming, holding their arms very close to their sides and flopping them about as fishes do their *fins*, while opening and shutting their mouths, as one observes fishes do in an aquarium. Condemned to still another trial, they enter the room staggering about and imitating the motions of extreme intoxication while periodically drinking from their closed hands. It is not difficult for the audience to recognise the word of their selection and acknowledge that "gin" is the correct answer—whereupon the audience and actors change places.

BURLESQUE PANTOMIMES

By way of variation from impromptu tableaux, a burlesque representation of some familiar subject may be given, with the assurance that it will not fail to be found amusing.

For example, the tragic tale of the "Babes in the Wood":

Scene I.—"A Gloomy Wood." The withdrawal of the portières reveals a darkened space with three or four small Christmas trees in pots set about the room. Enter two very tall persons, dressed in long pinafores, with little caps tied under their chins. They rub their fists in their eyes, look about in a bewildered way, and finally stretch themselves on the ground side by side. The curtain falls, but is immediately withdrawn for

Scene II.—"The Kindly Fowls of the Air." Two or three men hop upon the stage, their bodies much inclined, feather dusters protruding from their coat-tails, and with palm-leaf fans held in their mouths. They twitter, whistle, hop about, and finally deposit the fans on the bodies of the prostrate babes, going and returning with more fans until they are entirely

concealed, when the curtain hides the pathetic scene.

PROVERBS

This is one of the games that old and young may play together—with pleasure to both.

One of the party leaves the room, and the rest select a familiar proverb, the words of which are apportioned one by one in the order of their sequence among the players.

Should there be more words in the proverb than there are persons present, certain of the company divide the extra words among themselves.

The questioner then returns and asks something of each of the players in turn, each of whom must try to introduce in the reply the special words allotted to him in such a way as to escape the notice of the questioner.

Another way to play the game is for the exiled person, upon his return, to put the questions at haphazard to whomsoever he pleases—being careful not to address the same person more than once while there remain any players who have not answered.

This mode is the more lively in that it makes a more sudden demand upon one's readiness of wit; since the words can not be apportioned in advance among the players.

The company must be certain that the exact wording of the proverb be understood, each person repeating it aloud accurately before the questioner is recalled.

THE TRAVELLER'S A B C

This is a game for quick wits, for each must speak in his turn with scant time for thought. If the movement is rapid, it is amusing.

The players sit in a row, and No. 1 mentions the name of some place beginning with the letter A, to which he is going, and asks of his neighbour what he shall do there. No. 2 must answer in words beginning with an A, and in turn name a city beginning with the letter B, asking what shall be his occupation there. The answer must be given so that the principal words begin with B, and so on. For instance:

"I am going to Athens. What shall I do there?"

"Ardently admire Acropolis. My journey takes me to Boston. What shall I do there?"

"Bolt baked beans. I am en route for Cologne. What may I do there?"

"Catch cold in cathedral. I am going to Dublin. What there?"

"Drink distilled 'dew' daily. I am to visit Edinburgh. What may I do there?"

"Enjoy everything. I am bound for France. What may I do there?"

"Feast famously. I shall visit Granada. What is there to do there?"

"Gather golden grapes. My journey takes me to Hawaii. What shall I do there?"

"Hasten homeward hurriedly. I am bound for India. What there?"

"Indulge in idleness. I am off for Japan. What there?"

"Just jaunt joyously. I go to Killarney. What is there to do there?"

"Kiss Kate Kearney. I am going to London. What shall I do there?"

"Live like a Lord. I'm off to Milan. What is there to do?"

"Mount many monuments," etc., etc.

A prize may be given to the one whose answers are the readiest.

TRADE PANTOMIMES

A variation of the old favourite Dumbo Crambo is called "Trade Pantomimes." The players divide themselves into two parties, called "The Masters" and "The Men." After consultation the Men agree upon some trade or occupation which they are to illustrate in dumb show. The Masters must guess from their motions what trade they have chosen, and for their help are told the first and last letters of the word describing it,

For instance, the Men decide upon the word "gardener," and, giving the letters "g" and "r," they stand in line and each performs in pantomime something representing a gardener's work—planting the seed, mowing with the scythe, digging, weeding, watering, etc. Not a word is spoken, and but one guess is permitted to each of the Masters. If one guesses correctly, the Men "lose their job." If no one can discover the trade indicated, the word is told, and they proceed to act something else.

After the second failure of the Masters to guess the word, the Men "strike" and they "quit work."

The Masters assume their places and take their turn at pantomime.

If any one makes a motion that is not descriptive of the chosen trade, in order to mislead, the whole "gang" is discharged and their opponents take their places.

TRAVELLING HINTS

One of the company announces that he is about to take a trip, and whispers to his neighbour to what country he is going. He then requests advice of three

players whether he shall go by land or sea, in what direction, and by what conveyance to go and return. Having received his answers, it is for him then to reconcile them and describe how he can reach his destination if obliged to act upon all the advice given him.

One may travel by balloon, bicycle, on sledges, camels, ox-carts, skates, by wheel-barrow, gondola, tram-car, diving-bell, automobile, naphtha launch, donkey, rail, go-cart, four-in-hand, yacht, chaise-à-porteur, omnibus, hansom-cab, "shank's mare," and to any part of the known world.

One person, for instance, may be required to go to St. Petersburg by water, and is advised to travel in a perambulator and return on stilts.

GHOSTS

The ghostly nature of the game does not appear at once; but the company gathers in a circle and the leader explains that they are to play a game of word-making.

Some one is requested to think of a word and name aloud only its first letter. Another at his left must accept the letter and add a second to it, having also some word in mind. The next player then thinks of a word beginning with those two letters in succession, and adds a third, being careful not to give one that shall complete a word that may stand alone. The forfeit for so doing is to lose a life, of which, at the beginning of the game, each person is supposed to have three. The penalty of three such delinquencies is that one becomes a ghost, is invested with a "winding-sheet" (a sheet wound about one) and a mask cut from white paper-muslin. Thus relegated to the land of shades, they drop out of the game, except as haunting presences. Their object then is to induce some "living" one to

speak to them; when, if successful, that person so entrapped loses a life. The object is not wholly malicious, for the phantom most successful in seducing the living is awarded a prize.

An example may make the game seem a little clearer:

The first player, thinking of the word "temple," gives the letter "t." The next thinks of "tract," and adds "r." No. 3 must now accept "tr," and, having "trap" in mind, gives out "a," No. 4 avoiding the "trap" set for him to induce the completion of the word, thinks of "transcript," and adds "s." No. 5, thinking of "transubstantiation," mentions "u." No. 6, hesitating beyond the allotted time of half a minute, loses a life. No. 6 having failed, No. 7 thinks of "d," to make the word "transude"; and No. 8, with "transudation" in mind, adds an "a," and so on.

The interest of the game culminates when but two players remain, when at length one is cornered. The victory remains to the player who forces his opponent to complete a word. If it be suspected that a person giving a letter has no word in mind, he may be challenged, and if he is unable immediately to mention the word he loses a life. If, however, the challenger has been mistaken, one of his lives is forfeited.

A volume of Poe's works would be an appropriate prize, or one of the many clever collections of ghost stories.

CENTURY COURT

This game, like many others, requires one person to leave the room, while the rest agree upon some century in the world's history with the characteristics of which they are familiar.

Upon the return of the exile he is at once taxed with

all the faults, failures, crimes, and abuses of the century which he is supposed to represent, or commended for its services to the world—its heroism, its great men, or any redeeming feature. He must make his own defence as cleverly as he can, or accept the compliments with becoming modesty, while he tries to guess what century it is for which he is held responsible.

When he thinks he has collected sufficient evidence to justify a conclusion, he addresses the company in legal phrase: "May it please the court that, whereas the ——— century has been lauded and condemned with such impartial fairness, my sins have been brought home to me as to occasion most poignant remorse, I move that Miss ———, whose ably pressed charge gave me the best clue to my identity, be the next person to be indicted."

White's "Eighteen Christian Centuries" would be a helpful guide in preparation for the game—the salient points of each century being accessible within few pages.

PUZZLE PANTOMIMES

The fun of this game depends much upon the spirit with which the pantomimes are given. The hostess in advance prepares as many slips of paper as there are to be guests; one of which is drawn, folded, or enclosed in an envelope by each person. Each in turn is expected to give in pantomime the revelation to the audience of what the slip of paper contained—which they are to guess—at the conclusion of each performance, secretly and silently writing their conjectures in booklets furnished them for the purpose. A prize may be given to the one whose guesses prove most correct.

For instance, one young woman reads on her paper: "The staff of life." She rolls up her sleeves, or

makes the motions to suggest it, ties on an imaginary apron, perhaps finds a convenient sofa-pillow to thump and knead, and ends by consigning it to a supposititious oven under a chair—patted into the nearest possible similitude to a round loaf. A man may be condemned to represent “a pic-nic” all by himself. He walks as if over rough ground, cultivates an animated expression, frequently interrupted by a cross frown, as he slaps his own face in pursuit of the elusive mosquito, goes through the motions of “doing the polite” to imaginary fair ones, and, sitting uncomfortably on the ground, eats with his fingers, as if under protest, constantly getting up and sitting down, as if obligingly waiting upon the wishes of others. He wipes his face with his handkerchief and fans himself with whatever he can lay his hands upon, as if suffering from intense heat.

YES AND NO

This good old game will bear frequent repetition.

One of the party leaves the room. In his absence the rest choose a subject, which may be a person, place, object, idea, or event belonging to any period of the world's history or the domain of the imagination. Nothing is barred from choice.

The banished player is summoned, and must try by adroit questioning of each person in succession to discover what the object decided upon must be, putting his inquiries so that they may be answered by “Yes,” “No,” or “I do not know.”

These three forms alone are allowed, which prevent such leading questions as shall reveal the mystery prematurely. The answers must be honest, on the surface at least, though misleading ones are not forbidden.

The question may go the rounds again if the questioner be unsuccessful, but the one by whom he obtains the best clue to the solution desired must take his place, and leave the room in his turn to allow a new choice to be made. The game is the more enjoyable if the rules are strictly followed. If there be a difference of opinion or if any answer be challenged, the protest should be expressed by raising the hand—the explanation of the objection to be reserved until later, since discussion is liable to betray too much to the questioner.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Another form of the game may be played by dividing the company into two sides. One party selects the subject, and each of the other side in turn asks a question of an opponent.

There may be consultations among the allies, who may divide the questions—which are limited to twenty—among themselves, so that no opportunity may be wasted of “cornering” an adversary. Some of the subjects that have occasioned mirth and interest have been the following:

“The hospitable spider who invited the fly.”

“The pie that Jack Horner ate.”

“Time’s scythe and hour-glass.”

“The beanstalk that Jack climbed.”

The game may be played so that the thing chosen is taken from some familiar proverb, as for instance, “The thief Procrastination.” “The lean will, occasioned by the fat kitchen,” etc.

Still another way of playing it is to choose two captains, who, after dividing the company into two parties, retire together from the room to confer and decide upon something to be guessed. Each captain then returns

to the side of his opponent and is questioned by each one of them in turn.

THROWING LIGHT

A word that has a variety of meanings is chosen by two players to be the subject of conversation between themselves alone. The rest of the company listen attentively and try to discover what it is. Any one who guesses the word or thinks he knows it makes no announcement of his supposition, but joins in the conversation with the original pair, discussing the subject as if in the secret. If correct, he is accepted and contributes to the "light," to help the others to a solution. The quality of the light, it must be confessed, is open to criticism, as generally the knowledge is used to mislead, rather than to illumine.

One perhaps says:

"There is nothing in which society appears so attractive." And the others continue, "Yes, but there are so many accidents and college boys are so venturesome."

"The worst of all is when one hears it in the night, just as one is enjoying that semi-consciousness between sleeping and waking."

And so the chat goes on—one by one joining in as they discover that the word ball (bawl) is the chosen word.

The penalty for making a mistake and assuming to know the word is to have a handkerchief thrown over the face of the culprit, which may not be removed until the right word has been guessed.

MISTAKES

The cleverness of this game consists in making conscious misstatements, to discover whether or not the

rest of the players will detect the error. The one who does so must, however, correct the mistake or pay a forfeit. If he can do this he recovers a counter or bean, of which each player receives the same number at the beginning of the game.

The first player may say:

"I have been enjoying Robert Browning's beautiful poem, 'In Memoriam,' said to be the most beautiful tribute to a lost friend in the language, written at the death of the Prince Consort." Some one may announce that the poem is by Tennyson, written in memory of his friend, Arthur Hallam, who was the chum of his youth and early manhood.

A second player: "Henry VIII. divorced Catherine of Arragon on the ground of consanguinity—feeling the need of a plea, before he got into the divorce habit."

"Pardon me," objects another. "Catherine was the widow of his elder brother, Arthur, and had been his wife for twenty years when his conscience (?) began to trouble him about the marriage."

CLUMPS

The company divides itself into two hostile camps, which take possession of different parts of the room. Two captains are chosen, a representative of each party or "clump." These two retire from the room and decide upon some person, object, event or idea which is to be guessed by the rest of the company.

Upon their return, each captain joins his adversary's party and is questioned by them in turn. Every one tries to frame the question in such a manner as to elicit a comprehensive answer.

The side which first guesses the thing chosen is, of course, victorious, and takes into its ranks the two

captains. One from each side is then chosen, and the game is continued. When the play is finished, that side wins which numbers the most persons—whether adherents or prisoners.

GOSSIP

Human nature is arraigned before the bar in this game, and it may have the salutary effect of making the participants more accurate in their statements and more lenient to the lapses of others when they find how easy it is to falsify unintentionally.

One of the company composes a narrative which he writes down, reads it over carefully, and then puts it away out of sight. He then repeats it as accurately as possible to his neighbour, who in turn tells it to the person next to him. The story may be whispered or each pair may leave the room in company in order to receive the tale in strictest confidence, until all have heard it.

The more numerous the company, the more interesting the test will be.

When the repetition of the story has been passed on by a dozen or more, the last one to hear it recounts aloud the version that has been given him, which is then compared with the written narrative—with usually many and amusing discrepancies.

Every one protests that the change did not originate with him—believing his statement, in all probability, for it is a difficult thing to tell the truth—quite aside from the intention to deceive.

The following story was narrated in whispers to a company of persons of the highest respectability and with a reputation for honesty and reliability:

“Mrs. Sigismund Sedelmyer inherited about thirty thousand dollars from her Uncle Isaac Mosenthal, but

thought that in marrying Sedelmyer she was going to be fabulously rich, as he was known to have several valuable pieces of real estate. The old fox, however, on the day before his wedding, settled all his fortune upon his children by his first wife, who was the rich Miss Goldschmidt, and depended for his support upon the few thousands left by old Ikey—who hated Sedelmyer like poison.” The player at the end of the line repeated the story thus:

“A woman named Mrs. Siegfried Schleiermacher married for his money a man named Ikey Goldsmith, but found that he had given away all his property to his wife’s relations. It was suspected that she so hated him that she poisoned him.”

THE SOCIETY COLUMN

(Celebrated Poets as Reporters)

The questions in this game are answered by the names of the wearers of the costumes.

Question 1:

“A gown of grass-green silk she wore
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.”

Question 2:

“Her mantle rich whose borders round
A deep and fretted ’broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground.”

Question 3:

. . . “At her spinning-wheel
In russet gown and apron blue.”

Question 4:

“A chieftain’s daughter seemed the maid,
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth displayed.”

Question 5:

“A diamond circlet, and from under this,
A veil that seemed no more than gilded air
Falls by each fair ear—an Eastern gauze
With seeds of pearl.”

Question 6:

“At church in silks and satins fine.”

Question 7:

“Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds
to fasten the sleeves;
Laces to drop from their rays like
A powder of snow from the eaves.”

Question 8:

“In gloss of satin, and shimmer of pearls.”

Question 9:

“With her Norman cap, her kirtle of blue, and
her ear-rings
Brought in olden times from France.”

Question 10:

“In a college gown that clad her like an April
daffodilly.”

Question 11:

“Clad all in faded silk.”

It seems but fair to give an added word of explanation. The women whose toilets are thus exquisitely given are characters in the works of well-known poets. The solution is to give name of character and poet.

ANSWERS

1. Guenevere—*Tennyson*.
2. Clare—*Scott*.
3. Lucy—*Wordsworth*.
4. Ellen—*Scott*.
5. Camilla—in “Golden Slipper”—*Tennyson*.

6. Madam Blaize—*Goldsmith*.
7. The Court Lady—*Mrs. Browning*.
8. Maud—*Tennyson*.
9. Evangeline—*Longfellow*.
10. Melissa—"The Princess"—*Tennyson*.
11. Enid—*Tennyson*.

"BUZ"

The players sit in a circle and count in turn "one," "two," "three" and so on until, if possible, a hundred is reached. There are ways and ways of counting, however, some of them not so easy after all. The number *seven* must always in this particular game be replaced by "Buz," as must any of its multiples, as fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-eight, etc. Rules of the game are these:

Rule 1. "Buz" to be said for every seven or seven times that number.

Rule 2. Any one breaking this rule pays a forfeit, and is out of the game—*i. e.*, sits silent.

Rule 3. As soon as seven or a "seven times" number has been said, the count must begin at *one*, by the player sitting at the left of the expelled member.

Rule 4. If any player forgets his number while the count is going on, or miscounts after a "Buz," he pays a forfeit, but is not out of the game. It will be found that "Buz" will be so often forgotten in its right place, or the number of players will so soon diminish from miscount that to reach a hundred will not be easy, as every time, after any blunder, the count goes back to one as a fresh beginning. This game proves a very jolly and amusing one.

An amplification of this game has been called "Buzz Fizz." In addition to the requirements of number 7,

whenever the number 3 or any of its multiples, or any figure in which it occurs, appears, the word "quack" must be given instead. All the 30's begin with "quack." At every return of the number 5 or its multiples the word "fizz" is used; all the 50's begin with "fizz." For 11 and its multiples the player says "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Thus: 1, 2, quack, 4, fizz, quack, buzz, 8, quack, fizz, cock-a-doodle-doo, quack, quack, buzz, etc. 15 is quack fizz, 3 times 5 being 15.

As a player fails he retires from the game, and the rest begin with one again. The victor must have quick wits and much concentration—and deserves a prize.

QUOTATIONS AND AUTHORS

One offers a quotation, and the first person who can name the author receives a counter and may then offer a quotation in his turn. The one who can show the most counters, of course, wins the game.

Or the quotations may be prepared in advance, written upon slips of paper which are drawn by the players in turn, from a hat or basket. If the author is correctly named, the slip of paper is kept as a trophy. If the person is unable to assign the authorship, he passes it to his neighbour. If the bits of paper are very small, they may be folded and glued with a drop of mucilage to pieces of tissue paper of various shades of green, cut out and crinkled into a semblance of lettuce leaves, or pink paper cut into rose leaves. The latter mode makes a pretty effect and is very little trouble to prepare.

WHO AM I?

This game rarely fails to please, and though not new may always be given a new form by the choice of characters.

The hostess prepares in advance as many slips of paper as there are guests expected, writing upon each the name of some well-known character in history or fiction.

Upon the arrival of her friends, following her greeting of them, she pins one of the bits of paper upon the shoulder or back of each. The wearer does not know what character he or she is supposed to represent, but is expected to guess it from the remarks of the rest, who are careful not to reveal the name.

For example: "The Queen of Hearts" may be complimented upon her housewifely talents and her delicious pastry, and be earnestly asked whether her dishonest servant had reformed as he promised.

"Little Red Riding-Hood" may be condoled with on the tragic death of her grandmother, and warned of the danger of making chance acquaintances on the road; "Henry VIII.," rallied on his fondness for the sex; "Lady Macbeth," ostentatiously shunned on account of her "shady past"; "Goliath," advised to "pitch into a man of his size and not bully a little fellow"; and when a pretty girl once asked "Columbus" archly whether he thought that "we were worth discovering," the answer was a foregone conclusion.

SHOUTING PROVERBS

One person leaves the room and the rest decide upon some proverb which he is to guess.

The words are appointed among the players, one word to each in succession. If there are more players than words in the proverb selected, two or more may say the same word.

At the reappearance of the banished person, all shout at once in a loud voice the words which have been given

them to say, and he must endeavour to catch the sounds, disentangle them from the combination and tell what the proverb is. If incorrect or unable to guess it, he must go out again, or, if successful, the one who furnished the clue must take his place.

CHARACTER GUESSES

One of the company leaves the room while the others decide upon some well-known person in history or fiction, living or dead, whose name is composed of the same number of letters as there are players present.

The letters of this name are divided among the company, each of whom must select another familiar character whose name begins with the letter assigned to him, whom he is to represent. The absent player is then recalled, and proceeds to question the others in turn, to discover the character whom each impersonates and so get the letters composing the name originally chosen.

It should be decided at the outset which of two ways the game should be played. Some persons think it more enjoyable if the questions are put so that only "yes," "no," and "I don't know" may be answered.

Others prefer to play it so that the ingenuity of the questioner may be taxed, and those who answer have opportunity for wit and clever evasion, and afford more amusement to the rest of the company.

For example: We may suppose that there are six players—who have chosen "Darwin"—the letters of whose name they divide among themselves. The first player to whose lot falls the "D" takes Diana, the second Adam, the third Roosevelt, the fourth Walt Whitman, the fifth Iphigenia, and the last Nydia.

The questioner asks the first player, "Do you belong to history or fiction?" Answer—"In a measure to

both." "Are you man or woman?" "Neither; but I partake of the nature of woman." "Are you living or dead?" "I never lived nor died," etc., etc.

When by these investigations the questioner has secured three or four letters of the main word, he can usually make a pretty good guess at the name selected by the company, and the person who has given him the best clue or has confirmed his dawning suspicion of the truth must at his instigation take the place as questioner.

In selecting a character about which one will be individually questioned, it goes without saying that a reasonable amount of information in regard to him or her is a desirable qualification for its choice. The selection may be adapted to literary or artistic tastes by confining the choice of characters to authors or artists.

ALPHABET

From a box of anagram cardboard letters twenty are dealt to each player, which are turned face downward on the table before him.

Beginning at the left of the dealer, the first player turns up a letter so that all can see it and calls for a quotation from some standard poet, or an epigrammatic saying from some well-known author, beginning with the letter turned. As soon as the letter is exposed, the person appointed to be timekeeper either slowly counts thirty aloud or keeps his eyes on his watch, calling out "Time" when the half-minute has elapsed. If in that interval no one has answered, the drawer of the letter may then give a quotation himself and retain the letter—or, if all fail to respond, it is laid aside to be given to the one who next wins a letter.

If some one makes a quotation that is unfamiliar to all

present, he may be challenged to give the author. If unable to do this, the letter is thrown out.

The same quotation may not be given twice.

When X or Z is turned it may be added to the winnings of the player who drew it, without requiring him to give a quotation. The present generation is not so well versed in poetry as the preceding one; hence this is one of the games in which the elders may find entertainment.

UP JENKINS

There are few merrier games than this, and no self-respecting book of games would omit it, lest any reader should happen not to know it and so miss the fine flavour of its fun.

"Up Jenkins" is most enjoyable when played by eight or more people, and its only requirement is a silver quarter.

The company seats itself at a table, the opponents facing each other. All the hands of the side which has the coin are held under the table until the person acting as captain of the opposite side gives the order "Up Jenkins!" when all hands tightly closed are held up high above the table. At the captain's order, "Down Jenkins," all hands are brought down simultaneously on the table palms downward, as much noise as possible being made so as to drown the *clink* of the coin. Care must be taken to obey only the command "up" or "down Jenkins"—nothing else—and to obey no one but the person acting then as captain (each person takes that position in turn), otherwise the coin has to be forfeited to the other side.

The captain looks at the hands before him and orders

each hand in turn off the table that he has decided has not got the coin under it.

If the coin is discovered to be in the hand last ordered off the table, the coin goes to the side of the captain who guessed correctly, but if he guesses *incorrectly*, and the coin is under one of the hands that he has ordered off, the side holding the piece of money keeps it again, adding to its score the number of hands still remaining on the table that were not ordered off.

A time-limit is the only way to end this game.

ALLITERATION

This is a memory-exercise. The leader begins by repeating the first sentence, which is said by each player in turn. The leader in every case adds the new line, copied by the other players in succession. Any one making a mistake or omission drops out of the contest. As the ranks grow thinner, the players are required to repeat the sentences more rapidly, and no time for hesitation allowed. The one who makes no mistakes is entitled to a prize.

The sentences are as follows:

1. One old ox opening oysters.
2. Two toads teetotally trying to trot to Trixburg.
3. Three tony tigers taking tea.
4. Four fishermen fishing for frogs.
5. Five fantastic Frenchmen fanning five fainting females.
6. Six slippery snakes sliding slowly southward.
7. Seven Severn salmon swallowing several shrimps.
8. Eight egotistical Englishmen eating enormously.
9. Nine nautical Norwegians nearing neighbouring Norway.
10. Ten tiny, toddling tots trying to train their tongues to trill.

CHAPTER III—GAMES OF THOUGHT, WIT AND MEMORY

Miscellaneous Games

JAPANESE GOBANG

THIS is the Japanese equivalent for our game of checkers, and, while it seems simple at first, requires considerable skill to become the winner. All who try it admit it to be interesting.

The game is played on a board ruled into 256 squares, each alternate square being coloured, using twenty-four coloured disks. Each player has a different colour. Two, three, or four persons may play.

As it is difficult to find the requirements for the game at the shops, they may easily be achieved by home talent and ingenuity. The board may be made in imitation of a checker-board, or of the kind used for the game of "Helma," cut out of pasteboard or heavy cardboard. The coloured disks may be bone buttons—that come in various shades—or they may be cut from Bristol-board, using a thimble or penny for a pattern.

The game is played as follows:

Each player, in turn, lays a disk on a square. The order is repeated until each player has five pieces upon the board. The aim is to make a row of five counters in a line, either vertically, horizontally, or diagonally on the board—which plan the opponents, of course, try to frustrate and oppose. If none of the players succeeds

in making a row of five, other disks are laid down and the game continues. If no row of five appears until all the disks are on the board, then the pieces are moved in turn, in any direction, but one square at a time, until one succeeds in making the line of five. It is as much the object to prevent one's opponents from making a line as to form one's own.

Another way of playing the game, where there are but two contestants, is to give to each fifty pieces. With these, each player tries to place the counters of his opponent in such a position as to be unable to move. When one is successful in entirely surrounding a piece, that piece is forfeited and is taken off the board. The one who keeps his men longest on the board wins the game.

SHADOW PORTRAITS AND PICTURES

A sheet, suspended from the rod on which portières are hung between two rooms, should be stretched tightly and made smooth by tacking to the floor and to the sides of the opening. It should be made uniformly wet with a large paint-brush or a sponge. The room where the audience is seated is left in total darkness; that on the other side of the curtain, occupied by the actors, is lighted by a lamp placed on a table two feet in the rear of the sheet. The actors, disguised with masks, wigs, false moustaches, etc., then walk or stand between the light and the sheet so as to throw their shadows on the latter, while the audience shout their guesses as to whose shadow is seen, or write them on the cards previously provided. Only persons and things seen in profile are seen effectively.

In the effort to mystify the spectators the tall players seem short, the short stand upon stools to increase their

height, the men wear women's clothes, and the gentlest of her sex will assume the airs of a bravado. False noses and chins, or at least supplementary ones, may be made out of beeswax, which adheres closely to the face and may be easily removed. A Punch and Judy fight, not forgetting the baby, may be depicted in shadow; and the rhymes and stories of Mother Goose are the simplest of problems for representation. Little Jack Horner, wearing a big collar and pinafore and holding a mince pie from which he takes the traditional plum to transfer it to his mouth; Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, with a pig under his arm, cut out of pasteboard, may run across the illuminated field; or Simple Simon may be seen fishing in a pail of water, according to the legendary account of his vast simplicity.

One of the most effective exhibitions of shadow art was given illustrating the story of the "Tall Young Oysterman" and his emulation of Leander's swimming feat. It lends itself easily to the various scenes of the thrilling tale, the interest of which is furthermore enhanced if some one sings a verse of the song in explanation of the successive scenes.

MUSICAL MYSTERIES

Upon arrival, the guests were given cards, with small coloured pencils attached by narrow ribbons of the same shade, upon which cards were numbered lines.

It was explained that they were to note upon these lines their guesses as to what they supposed the different articles about the room represented—each object having some musical significance.

Their attention thus drawn to the peculiar furnishings of tables, book-case, mantels, etc., they set to work with interest to read the riddle, hunting in couples or

alone, and writing their guesses with great eagerness and merry rivalry.

The articles scattered about the room were:

1. A quire of paper.
2. Three little dolls dressed alike and looking alike.
3. A carpenter's brace.
4. A watch.
5. A razor.
6. The chin-rest from a violin.
7. A card on which was written XL.
8. A name written on a sheet of paper.
9. A pair of apothecary's scales.
10. The base taken from a table-bell.
11. A peck measure containing two beets.
12. A heavy string.
13. A flatiron with the letter B on its face.
14. A cardboard letter C hung from the gas-fixtured.
15. A lump of tar.
16. A pipestem.
17. A large half-tone engraving.
18. A bank note.
19. A baby's shoe with an O on the sole.
20. A stout cane.
21. A love-letter which starts out bravely, but has a large blot half-way down the page.
22. A necktie.
23. A bar of iron.
24. A door-key.
25. A pocket rule or tape-measure.
26. A twenty-five-cent piece with a black court-plaster dot pasted on it.
27. A small bunch of flowers and a lock of hair tied with a ribbon.

28. A circular piece of cardboard cut into three equal pieces.

The musical terms these things were supposed to represent were:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. A choir. | 15. Pitch. |
| 2. Triplets. | 16. Stem. |
| 3. Brace. | 17. Half-tone. |
| 4. Time. | 18. Note. |
| 5. A sharp. | 19. Solo. |
| 6. A rest. | 20. Staff. |
| 7. Forte. | 21. Accidental. |
| 8. Signature. | 22. Tie. |
| 9. Scales. | 23. Bar. |
| 10. Bass. | 24. Key. |
| 11. Two beats in a measure. | 25. Measure. |
| 12. Chord. | 26. Dotted quarter. |
| 13. B flat. | 27. Natural. |
| 14. High C. | 28. Thirds. |

Another way of playing the game, which requires less preparation on the part of the hostess, is to give the players pads and pencils and request them to describe the following articles in musical terms:

1. A support for the trousers.
2. Twenty.
3. A story in an apartment-house.
4. Not artificial.
5. The beginning and end of one of Shakespeare's plays.
6. Oxygen and nitrogen combined.
7. By chance.
8. A material that defiles.
9. Twine.
10. The name of one of Milton's poems.
11. A cane.

12. The man with hour-glass and sickle.
13. A warlike defense and the letter most in use.
14. To observe.
15. An army officer.
16. Necessary condition for surgical instruments.
17. A promise to pay three days after due.
18. Three times as much.
19. Strengthening medicine.
20. A quiver of the voice.
21. To filter.
22. The stone that binds an arch.
23. Beat (beat).
24. The table in a shop.
25. A topic.
26. The reverse of "so loud."
27. A faint.
28. What children do in winter.
29. Remedy for fatigue.
30. One under age.

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Brace. | 16. Sharp. |
| 2. Score. | 17. Grace note. |
| 3. Flat. | 18. Treble. |
| 4. Natural. | 19. Tonic. |
| 5. Measure. | 20. Trill. |
| 6. Air. | 21. Strain. |
| 7. Accidental. | 22. Key. |
| 8. Pitch. | 23. Beat (beet). |
| 9. Chord. | 24. Counter. |
| 10. Allegro. | 25. Theme. |
| 11. Staff. | 26. Solo. |
| 12. Time. | 27. Syncope. |
| 13. Forte (fort-e). | 28. Slide. |
| 14. Note. | 29. Rest. |
| 15. Major. | 30. Minor. |

The prizes awarded to the most successful ones were copies of a new work on music, and the booby prizes were a jewsharp and a toy trumpet.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS

This game must be prepared in advance by cutting from advertisements, papers, and magazines pictures or parts of woodcuts and pasting them upon cards to illustrate the old saws which have been defined as "the wisdom of the many in the wit of one." Seven dogs in a row, with the name of a day of the week under each, may stand for "Every dog has his day." A shapely new pair of shoes, "All's well that ends well." A man's and a woman's head approaching to kiss each other will surely suggest "Two heads are better than one." "Pears' soap" may suggest "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

WORD-MAKING, WORD-TAKING

With the addition of new rules, this game has acquired much interest.

The ordinary cardboard letters are used; they may be procured at the shops for twenty-five cents.

It may be played by almost any number, and made far more intricate and interesting than it is generally regarded by following the additional rules herein given.

First, each player is provided with as many letters as can be conveniently accommodated in the left hand; the rest of the letters, turned blank side up, are placed at hand for reinforcements when the supply is exhausted. The first player is determined by laying down letters upon the table. The one that has the prior place in the alphabet decides the precedence of the player who draws it. After which, each player in turn draws a

letter, placing it right side up so that all may see it, and tries to form a word of not less than four letters with this letter added to those collected in the middle of the table—the pool—where all are placed that cannot be used. He may continue to draw new letters as long as he can continue to make use of them, according to the rules of the game. Each player tries to use his letter to take away his opponent's word; if by its addition he can form a new and different word, he then transfers it to his own side. No derivatives, no proper names or words not found in standard dictionaries are allowed; nor is the addition of s to form plurals to three-letter words admitted. A player may also use his letter to reinforce and protect his own words, which is only second in importance to the taking of his adversary's word and to making a new one to add to his store.

Ten words constitute a game, but any player who first makes nine words, though allowed to continue making four-letter words, cannot go out until he makes one of five letters. The signal that one cannot use the letter is given by laying it upon the table. When once left, it cannot be recalled—should an opportunity to use it be perceived. If a player overlooks a chance to change an opponent's word, the one who sees the omission takes advantage of it, and gives a forfeit to the one who failed to profit by the opportunity. The letters turned face-down will answer forfeits. When there are four letters of one kind in the pool, the one drawing a fifth may set it aside and draw another.

The winning of the game may sometimes depend on the luck of drawing the desired letters, but the forfeits implying mistakes are undoubted evidences of the player's lack of skill. The rule may be varied when but two are playing; the one incurring a forfeit may

take one of those that have counted against his opponent, so one has a chance of wiping out the disgrace.

If a player wishes to make a word of the existence of which he is doubtful, or one which an opponent challenges, an appeal to a standard dictionary must decide it. He must declare his word before looking for it, and, if it is not in the dictionary, he forfeits his turn in playing.

The winner of one game is entitled to the first play in the next. It is curious that with the addition of but one letter, "thing" may become "hating"; "gate," "agate"; "bait," "habit"; "scum," "music"; and the addition of an r turns a "fiend" into a "friend."

TARGET FLIP

Turn down on a sheet of paper, or, better still, on the top of a kitchen table, a large-sized dinner-plate. Mark around the edge with pencil or crayon. In the centre of the circle just formed place a smaller plate, then a saucer, teacup, and after-dinner coffee-cup, marking around each in turn until five distinct circles are made as nearly as possible equi-distant. Mark values upon each, the middle or smallest 100, the next fifty, twenty-five, ten, and for the largest or outside circle, five. Any number of persons may engage in the game, each player being given six common white beans. One player acts as scorekeeper, and is furnished with pencil and paper for the performance of his duties in that direction. All are seated around the table upon which the target is spread or marked, the idea of the game being to flip the beans one at a time by snap of the finger to land in the highest-counting circle possible. Each player flips his or her six beans in succession, and then the count is taken, and the beans removed to leave the target free

for the next player. The following simple rules govern this merry little game:

1. Ten turns for each player constitutes a game.
2. Unless the bean is entirely within a circle it counts for the least value.
3. The largest count of any one player takes the prize.

CHAPTER IV

Games Requiring Preparation

TURN ABOUT

A CONTEST which never fails to amuse is one in which the gentlemen of the party sew buttons on a piece of cloth and the ladies drive tacks in a plank. Two contestants start at once, and a time-keeper, watch in hand, allows ten minutes in which to prove who of the ladies has driven the greatest number of tacks in *straight*, and which of the gentlemen has sewed on the most buttons in a way that he would himself approve if on his own apparel. Bruised and pricked fingers carry their own penalty.

The ladies and gentlemen take turns alternately, and a prize is awarded to the victor on each side.

There is another form of such a contest in which the ladies whittle the nearest approach to a boat that they can manage and the gentlemen trim hats. For the latter, hat-frames, bright - coloured tissue paper, pins, ribbons, and flowers may be provided. The ladies who have not won prizes may be condemned to wear the hats for the rest of the evening—each man selecting the victim that shall flaunt the result of his unskillful effort.

One lady acts as secretary and three as judges, the former giving out the materials, while impartiality of verdict is secured by each competitor's drawing a

number which he affixes to his work, his name not being announced until the judges have given their decisions. The specimens then are handed round for general inspection, with the buttons on upside down, as they are often put, and the holes not invariably fashioned in a manner to meet the approval of the inspectors of needlework to the education department. There is a workmanlike solidity about the tasks of some of the men who have learned the primitive lessons of self-helpfulness, but even the unfortunate ones who do not win are not wholly to be pitied. It is certain there will be some kindly young lady who will think a man's helplessness deserves her sympathy, and the movement of deft white fingers as she shows him afterwards how he ought to have done it is no hindrance whatever to flirtation.

This contest is especially adapted to a Leap-Year party where dancing is not the feature of the occasion.

GAME OF THE SENSES

A game or diversion that will occupy and amuse a little company during the greater part of the evening has a distinct advantage over the shorter ones, in that it avoids breaks and interruptions of interest, gives an impression of unity and completeness, and makes the award of the prizes a more effective climax.

The Game of the Senses may be elaborated to offer an evening's entertainment to a dozen or more, if the hostess is willing to take a little trouble beforehand in making preparations. When the guests are assembled, each one is given a tiny booklet of a few pages, held together by a narrow ribbon passed through a hole in the top, one end of which is left long, and to this is attached a small pencil. On the outside of the cover

may be printed the quotation, "The senses do not deceive us, but the judgment does."—Goethe.

At the top of the first page the word SIGHT is printed in capitals; and below it, "The keenest of all our senses is the sense of sight."—Cicero.

Below this are a number of lines, one for each article to be guessed. The company gather around or near a table upon which the hostess throws a number of things from a large box: books, paper, sewing materials, bits of ribbon, toilet articles, desk furnishings. Everything being on the table, the players are to look carefully at them while the hostess counts twenty-five, whereupon she sweeps all out of sight, and then requests each person to write a list of what he has seen in the little book, as a test of *sight*.

At the head of the next page of the booklet is the word SMELL, followed by:

"When I want hard work done I always choose a man, who is suitable otherwise, with a long nose."—Napoleon.

The hostess hands to the person nearest her a small vial of blue glass with the number 1 marked on the cork. He removes the cork and smells it, and, passing it to his neighbour, writes down what he judges the bottle to contain. The hostess then passes him number 2, and then follows it with all her collection, until each has passed from hand to hand around the circle and their contents have been noted.

The vials should contain familiar scents, like cologne, bay rum, camphor, alcohol, tea, kerosene, lemon, turpentine, vanilla, sherry, ammonia, ink, lavender, orange juice, vinegar, coffee. If desired, the hostess may request all to close their eyes while she holds under each nose in turn flowers of several kinds,

apples, sandalwood, orris root, smelling-salts, camphoret, and perhaps *two* flowers in combination, as a final puzzle. Lists are made after each test.

On the third page of the little book the players read, HEARING; and underneath it:

"We are less convinced by what we hear than by what we see."—Herodotus.

The hostess goes just outside the door, or in an adjoining room, and plays on a comb, jews'-harp, or musical instrument, touches a note or chord on the piano, passes a wet finger around the rim of a finger-bowl, pours water, strikes matches, tears paper, knocks glass on glass, wood against wood, metal on metal, makes ice clink against a glass containing water, then repeats the sound on a glass containing mineral water, etc.

The little book marks TASTE to be the next test, and quotes:

"Pleasant tastes depend, not on the things themselves, but on their agreeableness to this or that palate."—Locke.

From small boxes, procurable at any chemist's shop, the hostess gives to each person in turn a tiny bit of allspice, cinnamon, clove, sassafras, wintergreen, aniseed, chocolate, carraway-seed, vanilla, mace, various nuts, a speck of alum, peppermint or lemon candy, calamus, horseradish, licorice, etc. It is well to follow each disagreeable flavour with something pleasant to the taste.

FEELING comes last, and is usually productive of the most fun, after the players have read on the book:

"Seein's believin', but feelin's the naked truth."—Rustic Proverb.

The lights are extinguished, and the following articles

must be passed from hand to hand very quickly, so as to give no time for examination: a raw potato, one stuck full of wooden toothpicks porcupine-wise, a powder-puff, a bit of ice, a wet sponge, a handful of gelatine, or a flower, a toy spider, a kid glove filled with moist sand. These, taken into the hand without any premonition of their character, produce very uncanny sensations, and, following in quick succession, are puzzling to name. It is usually the occasion of some excitement, and makes a merry ending to the game, always to be desired, as it leaves in people's minds an impression of having had a pleasant time.

A single prize may be awarded to the one whose lists are longest and most correct, or a variety of trifling ones may be divided among those whose senses best stood the various tests, not forgetting booby prizes to those who failed, since they are usually mirth-provoking.

Any object the enjoyment of which depends upon the sight—book, picture, photograph frame, symmetroscope, or ornament—may be given to the one who best used his eyes. The booby should have a huge pair of burlesque spectacles, or lorgnon made of oiled paper and wire, a pen-wiper in the shape of a bat—proverbial for its blindness, or an owl, pictured, stuffed, made of wood, or otherwise represented.

For the one whose olfactories were the most sensitive, a bunch of violets or a bouquet of flowers, a pretty sachet, a salts-bottle, a vinaigrette, a bottle of cologne or a pine-balsam pillow may be given.

A baby doll with an onion in lieu of a head was once given as a booby prize. Also a bottle of assafoetida and one of sulphur tricked out with crêpe-paper petticoats.

A small silver bell, a sheet of music, a pretty shell that "sings of the sea," or a tiny musical box would

not be inappropriate for the one whose hearing was the keenest; while a fish-horn, whose sound would penetrate the dullest ears, or an imitation ear-trumpet (made by a tin-man) would suit the unfortunate booby.

Of course a box of bonbons or fruit of rare quality is the proper award for the one of most accurate taste; while a duplicate box might contain the less toothsome morsels known as April-fool candy, chocolate creams containing cotton-wool, pastilles liberally flavoured with red pepper, etc.

An atomiser, Japanese hand-stove, a sofa-pillow or a fan will gratify the one whose perception of feeling is sensitive; while to the one whose sense of touch has been proved to be the least accurate a boxing-glove, which amateur talent may easily improvise, or an Irish shillalah, may be suggested.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

This game requires in advance of the guests' arrival a little preparation, which contributes to the fun for the hostess if she be a person that enjoys wearing her "thinking-cap."

The rooms in which she is to receive her friends should be arranged with the chairs in two rows through the centre, an aisle between to resemble a "parlour car," or with the chairs placed in couples in the more plebeian fashion of railway travel, with, in this case, a gain to sociability—permitting friends to sit together.

Upon arrival, each person is met at the door by the hostess, wearing an automobile cap with visor, who presents a ticket, with her welcome, inscribed,

From Funville to Where-You-Will,

Good for this trip and train only.

(Date.)

They are next met by a person who punches the tickets and hands to each a small red-covered paper book with "Baedeker's Guide" in gilt letters upon it—its leaves covered with numbered lines. They are requested to take their seats in the train, to await the hour of starting—in order that all shall be present before the game begins—and of course seek their friends or are presented to their travelling neighbours. In the meantime, a boy or young woman, dressed to suggest an imitation of the vendors in the trains, passes up and down between the chairs, calling out the wares in the sing-song, perfunctory tone of the train-peddlers, and, regardless of interrupting conversations, thrusts peanuts, candy, books and periodicals upon the notice of all who are seated.

When a sufficient number of guests have arrived, the hostess shuts the door with a bang, a bell is rung in the distance, and the "choo-choo-choo" of the engine is heard (produced by a vigorous shaking of rice or tea in a tin vessel), as the train is supposed to glide out of the station.

Five minutes later and the noise stops, the hostess shouts, "Descendez, Messieurs les Voyageurs," or the same words in any foreign language, in order to suggest that European stopping-places are included in their travels. They are then at liberty to examine the various articles scattered all about the rooms, on tables, book-cases, mantels, and all available places. Each has a number—and the travellers are expected to note in their guide-books, on the line marked with a corresponding number, what place the article is supposed to recall or represent. Puns are in order as well, and a prize is offered to the one whose book will show the greatest number of correct guesses.

By way of suggestion:

A cigar may stand for Havana.

A cup and saucer for China.

Manila paper for Manila.

Box of cold-cream for Greece.

A new Noah's Ark for Newark.

A bit of Castile soap for Castile.

A cork for the city of that name.

A Leghorn straw hat, Leghorn.

A bit of coral, Naples.

"The Red Sea and plane beyond"—represented by a red letter C and a carpenter's plane.

A picture of a man on a bicycle, Wheeling.

A bottle of cologne to suggest that town.

An alphabet card of capital letters to represent "All the capitals."

A bit of Dresden, Delft or Sèvres china to recall the places of their manufacture.

A bit of the linen called "brown holland" to suggest that country.

An orange for Florida.

Brazil-nuts will recall the land where they grew.

Macaroni for Italy.

And a philopena ought, by a little stretch of the imagination, to remind one of our new possessions in Asia.

The refreshments should be served in the dining-room at a high table, made to represent as nearly as possible a counter at a railway station. Pyramids of fruit, cakes, pies, and sandwiches under glass covers, a huge coffee-urn at one end, with cups at hand.

Two or three girls dressed as barmaids stand behind the counter and serve those who approach. To see the eyes of a pretty girl twinkle over a wedge of pie held in

her hand—as the supremest reach of Bohemianism of her wildest imaginings—is a sight truly amusing. Novelty adds spice.

While the guests are regaling themselves, the hostess collects the various little books, each with its signature, and counts the guesses in order to award the prize to the most successful. This may be a new and entertaining book of travels, or a print or etching of some old cathedral or world-famed spot.

The game may be easily adapted for children or for a church sociable, where a small sum is charged for the ticket and for the refreshments.

DIME MUSEUM

This is a variation of “Mrs. Jarley’s Wax-Works,” that had so long a popularity.

A good showman should be selected, one who is a ready speaker and possessed of a keen sense of humour.

He announces to the audience that he has a collection of curiosities and antiquities unequalled in extent and variety in any other part of the world—indeed, the “Greatest Show on Earth.” Then, perhaps, he leads before the audience, from behind the curtain, the “Prize Beauty”—a young woman with cheeks vividly rouged, eyebrows darkened, and her bodice covered with gilt-paper, jewelry, and medals. The showman then proceeds to tell her story, of the bloody deeds done for love of her “beaux yeux,” that she had travelled from Maine to Texas, challenging any woman to dispute with her the championship of beauty.

A blonde might next appear as an albino—her hair profusely powdered and brushed out as if she were experiencing an electric shock. Her story might be most pathetic (?)—a princess in her native land—vaguely

described as being near the equator—stolen by members of the Ethnological Society to prove some pet scientific theory, and thrown helpless upon the charity of a cold world when the theory had exploded. The subject should keep her eyes half-closed, and the showman assures the audience that, if she could bear the light, they would see that her eyes were pink.

The next withdrawal of the curtain might reveal "The Chinese Giant." By one's standing upon a stool, wearing a long chintz robe, the ruse of height would be concealed. A pair of yellow slippers, their toes showing beneath the gown, would help the illusion. The giant may wear a smoking-cap, from beneath which a long queue hangs down behind, made of—possibly there may be dark-haired women interested in his appearance, whose dressing-table drawers may yield up their secrets for his benefit. A long, drooping moustache of black sewing-silk will give him quite a Mongolian appearance. He might tell his own story in pigeon-English, or corroborate the statements made concerning him by the showman. The "Bearded Woman" could be easily arranged for.

A man, in a rather "sketchy" tennis suit, might pose for the "Modern Hercules," his muscles of cotton wool enormously developed. He could lift (light) tables with his teeth, crush bits of iron (licorice sticks) with one hand, and strut about as if he could annihilate the whole company with a touch.

"The Two-headed Girl" requires two girls for the part—as may be surmised. Their feet concealed by a long gown fastened around both waists, a sash as well, with a fichu around both necks crossed in front and tied behind—the illusion is not altogether impossible. Each puts one arm in a sleeve and encircles the waist of her companion with the other—which is hidden under the

dress. The eyes of both should blink at the same moment and both mouths open to speak in concert. A system of signals will ensure this.

Perhaps the best "exhibit" of all is an "Egyptian Mummy"—which should be carried before the curtain and deposited upon a table. With arms bound to the side, the person should be tightly rolled first in burlaps, and then in cheese-cloth dipped in coffee and tattered in places. The head must be bandaged as well, and the face stained with walnut - juice, smeared with wood - ashes, and the cheeks drawn in to simulate emaciation. The body should be held perfectly rigid, while the showman dilates upon the funeral customs of ancient Egypt and the judgment of the dead before the tribunal of Osiris. (A short account may be culled from Ingraham's "Pillar of Fire," page 252.)

It may be effective, if, at the conclusion of the showman's peroration, the mummy give an unearthly yell, open his or her eyes, and, helped off the table, hop into the midst of the audience as a "grand finale." Supper might then be announced.

LITERARY CATALOGUE

The same idea as is suggested in a former game may be used to illustrate the titles of books to be guessed.

Pictures cut from periodicals and advertisements are hung or placed all about the room, supplemented by whatever ingenuity or artistic talent may be available.

The company, provided with cards or tiny books with pencils attached, "hunt in couples," and the guesses are recorded on the cards. Since there is confidence between the partners, the prize must be something that can be divided between two, shared, or duplicate articles awarded them.

Examples:

1. Three small calendars for June, July and August.
2. Two dressing-combs, with "latest style" written beneath the picture.
3. A sleeping baby.
4. A donkey, followed by the letters O. T.
5. A picture of Queen Louisa of Prussia.
6. A mother clasping her child in her arms.
7. A man climbing a ladder.
8. A staff of music with the note "b" preceded by a trill.
9. An "S" and a "B" made of nickel (or these letters may be pasted on a 5-cent piece).
10. A string of fish.
11. Several men and boys standing in a line.
12. A variety of men—fashion plates, workmen, etc.

ANSWERS

1. "One Summer"—Blanche Willis Howard.
2. "The Newcomes"—Thackeray.
3. "Kidnapped"—Robert Louis Stevenson.
4. "Don Quixote"—Cervantes.
5. "A Lady of Quality"—Frances Hodgson Burnett.
6. "To Have and to Hold"—Mary Johnston.
7. "The Ascent of Man"—Drummond.
8. "Trilby"—Du Maurier.
9. "Nicholas Nickleby"—Dickens.
10. "Fisherman's Luck"—van Dyke.
11. "A Hero (He row)"—Dinah Maria Mulock.
12. "All sorts and conditions of Men"—Walter Besant.

A BABY-SHOW

Among persons well acquainted this entertainment is sure to be a merry one.

The hostess requests in her note of invitation that each guest shall send her on the day preceding the one appointed for their reunion the earliest photograph of himself or herself as an infant or young child that they may happen to have or can beg, borrow or steal.

This gives time to arrange them in a way to exhibit their attractions in most approved style—in frames of gilt paper hung about the room, or in openings cut in a screen of scarlet velvet paper covering a clothes-horse, which makes an effective setting.

Each picture is numbered, as in an art gallery, and catalogues with corresponding numbers, and with pencils attached, are given to the guests upon arrival, with the request that they write therein their guesses as to which person in the room each picture represents.

It adds to the fun if a name is found for each picture and it is catalogued by its name as well as number. At such a Baby-Show last winter one picture of an infant was called "Voices of the Night," the child's expression being suggestive. Two others, as companion pictures, were dubbed "Dignity and Impudence." Another, "A Home-Ruler," and for a pretty one Wordsworth's description was quoted, "The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door." One innocent, taken in its little night-dress, inspired the title "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

When all have written their votes and guesses, and signed their names, the catalogues are collected by the host.

A prize is given to the one whose perspicacity or Yankee faculty for guessing has enabled him or her to name the originals of the greatest number of portraits, and a second prize to the one whose infantile charms have been pronounced by vote to be the most entrancing.

Upon the occasion, recalled above, the first prize was an enormous rattle, ingeniously made of a tin dipper, in the bowl of which a tin cup of like dimensions was fitted and laced together by wire passed through holes perforated in the rims. Bonbons rattling against the tin made plenty of noise. The whole was wound about with silver foil and tied with gay ribbons.

The second prize—to the most beautiful baby—was a hand-mirror in the wooden frame of which holes were made, and in each was strung a tiny silver bell, which made a rattle pleasing even to grown-up babies. On the back of the mirror these words from Mother Goose were burnt into the wood:

“And she shall have music
Wherever she goes.”

A MUSICAL MEDLEY-EVENING

With taste and ingenuity this may be made an occasion of rare fun.

The invitations request that the women guests shall come in costume, representing some well-known song—and the men prepared to play upon some musical instrument, from a violin to a jewsharp, or a comb. Those with mischievous propensity may hire a hand-organ, graphophone or music-box, but “every man is expected to do his duty,” and bring with him whatever movable instrument he chooses—mandolin, zither, guitar, banjo, drum, kindergarten musical toys, etc., prepared to entertain his fellow guests, each, in turn, at the call of the hostess.

The first part of the evening is devoted to guessing contests, for which booklets are provided in which to record the guesses, and trifling prizes awarded to the successful. Some one may play upon the piano a few

bars of popular airs or famous compositions, according to the musical taste or proficiency of the company. At the conclusion of each selection, every one writes what composition he or she thinks it belongs to. The opening notes are generally the parts chosen.

Then the hostess may pass around, or have hung up or otherwise disposed about the room, photographs or woodcuts of famous or well-known composers—the names of whom the players must endeavour to supply—writing their guesses in the little books opposite numbers corresponding to those on the pictures.

Another contest may occupy the company in guessing the names of the songs which the young women are dressed to represent. Their guesses are noted by the hostess or by the “embodied song,” to be later corrected or confirmed. The hostess announces the musical performance with a great flourish of trumpets.

Whereupon one verse of every song must be rendered by the person who represents it; but the less voice, time, or ear displayed in the execution the more amusing and jolly will be the performance.

A rule forbids that the singer shall be seated until the song represented is correctly guessed, which adds much to the merriment.

One young woman proved a most tantalising puzzle at one such reunion. She wore a white gown with three letters in gilt—Y, E, S—on its front. It was only when she sang the first verse of the old song, “Answer,” that any one got the least clue to the mystery. “Two Little Girls in Blue” was given as a duet by a pair of timid songstresses—who welcomed the moral support of a comrade.

Another appeared in garments tattered and torn, and

had finally to explain that she did not suggest a song, but a musical measure—ragtime!

Clever people will find many opportunities for themselves from the world of popular songs.

Alternating with a song, one of the “instrumental selections” should be played by a masculine contributor. By secret ballot, the most successful singer and musician should be voted prizes.

A SPINSTERS’ TEA

Two or three girls were bewailing the fact in mock heroics that the recent début of their younger sisters had relegated them to the limbo technically known as “the shelf,” when it was proposed that they amuse and console themselves by giving a “Spinsters’ Tea,” bidding other antiquated damsels of from 25 to 30.

The invitations were headed by pen-and-ink drawings of cats, parrots, and cups of steaming tea, and the guests were requested to come attired as old maids.

They appeared with side-curls, high combs and spectacles, wearing mitts and carrying reticules and bead bags, from which they refreshed themselves occasionally with fennel and peppermint drops.

About the room were large sheets of paper, upon which heads of cats, cut out of black paper, were pasted. Some were cross-eyed, some had one eye closed in a sly wink. All were bewhiskered, but different in some way from each other.

Tea, cookies and doughnuts were served on a bare mahogany table from old-fashioned china.

A guessing-match was a feature of the afternoon’s entertainment. The questions and answers were as follows:

A dangerous cat (Catastrophe).

- An aspiring cat (Catamount).
- A cat that can swim (Catfish).
- A cat that can fly (Catbird).
- A cat that will be a butterfly (Caterpillar).
- A library cat (Catalogue).
- A cat that asks questions (Catechism).
- A cat's near relation (Catkin).
- A cat that is good to eat (Catsup).
- A horned cat (Cattle).
- A cat that throws stones (Catapult).
- A tree cat (Catalpa).
- A water cat (Cataract).
- A cat that flavours the grapes (Catawba).
- A cat that covers acres of ground (Cataclysm).
- A subterranean cat (Catacomb).
- A cat, that, living, appears dead (Catalepsy).
- A cat prized as a gem (Catseye).
- A cat with a cold (Catarrh).

A GUESSING CONTEST

A game that requires but simple preparations and that rarely fails to amuse is a guessing-match. Arrayed upon a table and duly numbered are several articles of familiar use, and to the players are given cards with numbered lines and pencils attached whereon to write their guesses respecting certain details of these objects. The leader has, of course, previously ascertained the correct answers, which are written upon his or her card:

By way of suggestion, the following questions may be asked:

- What is the height of a man's silk hat?
- How many seeds in an apple or orange?
- What is the weight of an egg?
- How many peanuts in a pint?

How many spots in a pack of cards? (Answer without time for computation.)

Draw the face of a clock. (The difficulty arises when the V is reached.)

How many pins in a paper?

How many safety-matches in a box?

What is the exact diameter of a half-dollar?

How many spokes in a wheel?

If it be desired to give prizes to the best guesser, it should be something national (Yankees being preëminent in that accomplishment)—if only a flag. A nutmeg might answer for a “booby prize,” as the commemorative of a Connecticut Yankee of inglorious fame.

“THE SWAP PARTY”

Why not the word “exchange” instead nobody knows, but at all events it has become very popular, alike with old and young. Every guest brings four or five little neatly wrapped and tied bundles. The more misleading in shape as to contents the better. The packages may contain anything from candy to soap, starch, tea, book, handkerchief, sun-bonnet, etc., the more absurd the funnier. Each person recommends his or her own bundles, describing the contents as wittily, and in a way to deceive as much, as possible. The bargaining becomes very shrewd and merry until all the parcels have been swapped, oftentimes more than once. Then they are opened, the best bargain winning first prize, the poorest compelling the holder to tell a story, suggest a game, sing or recite for the entertainment of the company. The universal verdict—“no trouble and lots of fun!”

AN AUCTION

This is a favourite game at summer resorts where the guests of a hotel are well acquainted.

Every one who chooses may contribute one or more articles, which should be so wrapped as to entirely disguise the character, and these are offered to the highest bidder by some one with a glib tongue who will consent to play auctioneer. Every one is provided with a like number of beans wrapped in a Japanese paper napkin, which represents his or her entire finances. If too much is bid for one parcel, one's resources are crippled for the next. It is the etiquette of the game that, when an article is "knocked down," the purchaser shall open the parcel and display its contents.

The game may be played with pleasant results when entertaining guests at home. The articles offered should be but trifles—with an occasional treasure-trove—to encourage the interest and excitement in bidding.

Mock catalogues, type-written, add to the fun, especially when each item is a conundrum, and greatly facilitates the part of the auctioneer. For instance:

1. A bit of old lace—Shoe lace.
2. A portrait of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria—
Copper penny.
3. Study in black and white—Chalk and coal.
4. Souvenir of the wedding day—Rice.
5. The traveller's guide—Time-table.
6. The fruit of disobedience—Apple.
7. A letter from Hell—H.
8. A marble group—Several marbles.
9. A revealer of men's thoughts—Paper-knife.
10. That which we neither borrow nor lend,
E'en to our best and dearest friend—Tooth-brush.
11. A pair of slippers—Bit of orange peel and banana
skin.
12. A mighty weapon—A pen.
13. A bit of Indian jewelry—A bead bracelet.

14. The first American—Cent, with Indian's head.
15. The most honoured American—Postage-stamp with Washington's head.
16. A new writing machine—A pencil (new).
17. Emblem of confidence—Sealing-wax.
18. Hawthorne's masterpiece — Letter A, painted scarlet.
19. The way to a girl's heart—Flowers, or a box of bon-bons.

The bidding begins when all have arrived and are seated. Their money and catalogues are then given to them.

CHAPTER V

Progressive Games

RULES FOR PROGRESSIVE GAMES

THE number of guests must be divisible into parties of four, preferably composed of both sexes in equal proportions. Twenty-four makes a good number. A small table for every four players will be required, and all should be placed about the room where the light is good, leaving sufficient space between for the players to change their seats without inconvenience to any one. Tables three feet across, the tops covered in green baize, are satisfactory and are the kind usually supplied for this purpose by the best caterers. One is marked the head table; the next in order, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. The tables are identified by cards with these numbers fastened to them by thumb-tacks. Each table is supplied with a box of tiny stars with mucilage on the back, like stamps, one of which is stuck on the score-card to mark each victory. A tally-card is provided for every person and each is marked number 1, 2, etc., respectively, to assign the seats at the tables for the first game. These cards may be of various colours, but always two of the same tint, to determine the partners. Or white cards may be tied with bows of different coloured ribbons and small pencils attached, and of these each must have its duplicate. The honours may be marked in

pencil upon the cards and the star counters dispensed with.

The names of the guests are often written upon the backs of the cards and the partners' names given below them.

It is sometimes pleasant as a relief to the little awkwardness felt in the beginning of an evening in a society where there are many strangers if the hostess arrange to have friends play as partners for the first game.

The usual way of determining partners is to put the cards in two baskets, from one of which the ladies draw their cards on their arrival, from the other the gentlemen each taking one, and matching the cards or ribbons to determine the partners.

When all are seated, the hostess or leader rings a bell, and all set to work assiduously to play the game until the bell rings again, when all must stop. The completion of the game played at the head table determines the length of time allowed. But courtesy, of course, imposes the obligation of waiting a few moments if the game at some table is nearing its completion. If to finish it would require too long a detention, the two players who are ahead in the count are regarded as the winners.

At the first table the winners should remain where they are, the two who are worsted go to the sixth or last, and, at each table except the first, the winning players move to the one next above them. At each progression there is a change of partners, though some prefer to play the game by keeping the same partners to the end. The players mark their score-cards as a game is lost or won.

At the end of an hour or more, according to circumstances, the hostess rings a bell, the games are

counted, and a prize is awarded to the most successful lady and to the victor among the men. The one whose score is lowest receives a booby prize in mock derision, or a "consolation" prize is given either as a second or third award, or it is drawn for by the contestants who have not been the winners of the others. This is generally done by drawing a card from the pack, each in turn. The person to whose lot the first ace falls is the fortunate one.

The supper is often served at the little tables.

SALMAGUNDI

Of all progressive games, this one of the strange name is probably the one most widely popular. As in all others, a small table is provided for every four players, but Salmagundi is distinguished from other games in that a different game is played at each table.

Games of cards may be chosen—if preferred—Hearts, Euchre, Five Hundred, Sniff, etc., or such games as Dominoes, Jack-straws, Tiddle-dy-winks, Conette, Lotto, Halma, Pit, Fish-Pond, the rules for playing which are supplied with the game when purchased. There is no rule against such games as "Patent Medicines," "Menagerie," etc., which certainly contribute to a merry uproar.

The winners progress at sound of the signal given at the head table, and play a new game; the losers retain their places and must play the same game over again.

The introduction of variety adds much to the pleasure—and, as there is a change of partners at each "progression," everybody meets everybody else.

When every couple has made the rounds of the tables and played all the games, as nearly as their varying

fortunes will permit, the prizes are awarded and supper is served.

A LIBRARY PARTY

Place four or five small tables about the room—arranged as for the usual progressive game. The players may be paired by each drawing half of a quotation—which, reunited, determines their partnership at the beginning of the game—as, for instance, one finds this appropriate question, “How happy could I be with either?” on the paper that falls to his lot; so he must seek for “Were t’other dear charmer away.” The young women need not wait to be sought, but may be as active in looking for their mates as if Leap-Year privileges were permanently conceded. As the players take their seats—four at each table—one set finds a list of questions, written upon four cards, and a blank card for each person, whereon to record the answers. For example, at the first table the cards ask:

1. Who wrote

“I remember, I remember
The house where I was born”?

2. Who,

“I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?”

3. Who is the author of

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?”

4. And who of

“Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long”?

5. Who wrote

“’Twas the night before Xmas”?

6. Who said these words:

 "With malice toward none,
 With charity for all,
 With firmness in the right,
 As God gives us to see the right"?

The cards are signed as the bell gives the signal, and the hostess collects them at each table, compares the answers with her "key"—and returns those of the winning pair, who then progress to the next table.

At the second table, the questions may be of the authorship of famous or well-known books, of foreign lands, and of our own:

Who wrote:

1. "Bracebridge Hall"?
2. "Love Me Little, Love Me Long"?
3. "Corinne"?
4. "Consuelo"?
5. "Evelina"?
6. "L'Aiglon"?
7. "Télémaque"?
8. "Wilhelm Meister"?
9. "Denis Duval"?
10. "Tom Brown at Rugby"?
11. "Rasselas"?
12. "Don Quixote"?
13. "Robinson Crusoe"?
14. "Anna Karénina"?

The third table may offer a variety from the first ones, having strewn over its surface a number of pictures cut from periodicals, illustrating the titles of books, pasted upon numbered cards. The guesses of the players are written upon the blank cards supplied them—numbering each one in accordance with the picture that offers the problem.

Example:

1. The picture of a whip or switch.
2. A buxom negress.
3. A photograph of a Venus—slightly coloured.
4. A woman washing clothes.
5. People at work, or Millet's "Angelus."
6. A map of Africa cut out of black paper—a chalk line across it.
7. The words, "New York and Philadelphia."

ANSWERS

First table:

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Thomas Hood. | 4. Goldsmith. |
| 2. Eliza Cook. | 5. Clement C. Moore. |
| 3. Mother Goose. | 6. Abraham Lincoln. |

Second table:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Washington Irving. | 8. Goethe. |
| 2. Chas. Reade. | 9. Thackeray. |
| 3. Mme. de Staël. | 10. Thomas Hughes. |
| 4. George Sand. | 11. Dr. Johnson. |
| 5. Frances Burney. | 12. Cervantes. |
| 6. Rostand. | 13. Defoe. |
| 7. Fénelon. | 14. Tolstoi. |

Third table:

1. "The Parents' Assistant"—Maria Edgeworth.
2. "Black Beauty"—Anna M. Sewell.
3. "The Tinted Venus"—Anstey.
4. "The Madonna of the Tubs"—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
5. "The Workers"—Walter Wyckoff.
6. "Across the Dark Continent"—Stanley.
7. "The Quick and the Dead"—Amelie Rives.

PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION

An equal number of young men and maidens take part. The girls are seated, and the men, butterfly-like, flit from flower to flower.

Each person is given a card containing a list of subjects which should be discussed in the order in which they are given. Small coloured pencils are attached to the cards by ribbons of the same shade, and the man and maiden holding matching colours are partners for the first conversation.

At the touch of a bell by the hostess, the men seat themselves, and each pair in the room discusses the first subject mentioned on their cards. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes the bell rings again, whereupon all the men rise and, passing to the left, each one seats himself at the left side of the next young woman in the line and takes up the second subject on the list for their mutual consideration.

When each couple have met and discussed every topic, a secret ballot is cast as to which is the most interesting conversationalist—the ladies voting for the gentlemen and the gentlemen for the ladies. The names are printed or the hand-writing is disguised; the papers are folded and thrown into a hat or basket. There should be a lady's prize and one for the men.

If it be desired, additional honours may be voted for the wittiest, the most profound thinker, the most convincing in argument, etc. The subjects most likely to interest and provoke discussion are chosen, of course.

The following topics have been found suggestive:

"Which does a man love best, his mother, his wife, or his sweetheart?"

"Which is the way to a man's heart—through his eyes or his ears?"

"Should women vote?"

"Favourite books and *why* they are favoured?"

"Madam Grundy."

"Which loves better, a man or a woman?"

"What is your ambition?"

"What *are* woman's rights?"

After the prizes have been awarded, some of the clever or amusing things said during the evening are repeated for the benefit of the rest. One man was reported to have answered to the first question: "A man loves his sweetheart most, his wife best, and his mother longest." A young woman's reply to the second question on the list was quoted as—"Love knows all the roads—but they do say that the highway to a man's affections is down his throat."

MILITARY EUCHRE

This game is a variation of "Progressive Euchre," and is especially appropriate to be played when some such diversion may be wanted upon national holidays.

It is played at small tables—four persons at each one, as are all progressive games—but every table is called after some fort that has been conspicuous in our country's annals, and is decorated with a pennon bearing its name and a small national flag. These may be easily arranged to stand proudly aloft, if an ordinary brick be covered with Turkey red, or with scarlet cotton-velvet tied round about with a red, white and blue ribbon. A small flag-staff is inserted at each end of the brick, held in place by the ribbon. The national colours should overtop the other flag. Tiny toy cannon, mounted on the bricks—between the flags—give a military suggestion.

The score-cards are small flags, of which the blue fields are without stars. A bit of blue silk, neatly stitched over the starry corner, will offer the opportunity to the players to restore the accustomed glories to the flag—

when the winners mark a victory with the usual gilt stars, made to use on score-cards.

On Washington's Birthday or the Fourth of July the names of forts belonging to Revolutionary fame should be chosen—Fort Ticonderoga, Fort William Henry, or Fort Duquesne of Colonial days. On Lincoln's Birthday or for Decoration Day, Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, Fort Donelson, and Fort Fisher will be appropriate.

The game of Euchre is played as usual until the signal of a bugle, blown at the head-table, calls a halt at the end of each game. The losers then progress to the next table, the winners keep their places, and the reward of victory, when afar from the fort of their first allegiance, is that they bring all their honours back to it. Each player at the end of the game, before the prizes are awarded, returns to his or her original place and the stars are counted for honours on the flags of the four players. It is then announced which fort has won, and the prizes are given to the four players who began the game at the table named for that fort.

It is sometimes played in another manner. The partners who have lost the first game progress at the close of each one from table to table, until they find themselves back to their starting-places, whereupon the next pair progress until they, too, have made the rounds of the tables.

This brings all the players back to the forts of their original allegiance before the prizes are given. During their progress, the hostess gives to the winning pairs a tiny flag to chronicle each victory, and these they attach to the staves of those on the fort to which they owe fealty. This, instead of using the gilt stars on the flag score-card. The table that flaunts the most flags represents, therefore, the victorious fort.

The prizes should be suitable as gifts to a conqueror. A laurel wreath of artificial leaves makes a "coiffure" that almost any woman would find becoming, and a vivandière's barrel filled with bonbons would fitly reward the lady combatants. There are swords and other weapons that would please a hero who has artistic leanings on the subject of household embellishment, a toy sword, bugle, cymbals, military accoutrements, even a band of gold braid for his coat-sleeve, a tinsel gilt star, a decoration or "order" (many varieties of which are made for cotillion favours) would appropriately recompense the heroes of such a bloodless field.

The caterers in all the large towns have individual moulds for ices in the form of cannon-balls, drums, cocked hats, etc., and a large one that may almost always be counted upon is in the form of Bunker Hill Monument. These may appropriately form part of the refreshments.

PROGRESSIVE PROPOSALS

Among persons who are fairly well acquainted, or upon occasions where playing at love is the openly avowed entertainment—as on St. Valentine's evening or after an engagement dinner—this game will be productive of much fun.

An equal number of young men and women take part. The ladies are seated, and at the left hand of each a vacant chair is placed, or the chairs may be arranged in pairs, *tête-à-tête* fashion—facing opposite ways.

The men stand, pending the signal to take their places—and, if the hostess please, partners for the first conversation may be determined by drawing slips of paper from two receptacles, upon which the names

of world-famous lovers are written—Romeo and Juliet, Antony and Cleopatra, Dante and Beatrice, etc. Or quotations in praise of love are in one basket, their authors in another.

To the ladies are given cards with the names of the different men present written upon them, a blank against each name, and small boxes containing miniature red hearts, and mittens with mucilage on the reverse side—like stamps.

At a touch of the bell every man takes a seat and proceeds to lead up to the prettiest proposals that he can frame in speech. There must be no crude haste; the subject must be introduced both delicately and diplomatically. Ten or fifteen minutes is the interval allowed in which to make an offer of one's hand and heart in so beguiling a way as to induce the lady to paste a red heart over against one's name. At the expiration of the time-limit the touch of a bell indicates that the opportunity is no longer open, and the ardent swain passes on to lay siege to another damsel. It is the aim of the men to propose to every girl in the room, that of the maidens to fence so adroitly as to prevent their "coming to the point."

The man who has succeeded in placing the greatest number of definite proposals is determined by examination of the ladies' cards. The man, opposite whose name are the most red hearts thereon, wins the prize of a heart-shaped photograph frame or sofa-pillow, perhaps, made in the same form, or silver key-ring. The man whose failures are chronicled in mittens may receive a card of buttons, with needles and thread, contained in a worsted mitten.

To the most successful damosel—who has known how to control the situation, permitting only the offers

which she pleases to receive—may be given a heart-shaped bonbonnière or one of the little travelling ink-stands that are made in that form, of highly polished metal or silver. A heart-shaped lock fits with a spring into a tiny heart-shaped clamp, needing release before the lid springs up to permit the use of the ink. A large heart, made of Turkey-red cotton, filled with rice, might answer for a “booby prize” to the too susceptible maiden.

The supper should include heart-shaped sandwiches and cakes, kisses and ices in the form of cupids and true-lovers’ knots.

NATIONAL CONUNDRUMS

Upon one of our national holidays a little party of friends met at the house of a lady whose enforced residence abroad had made her, after her exile, the more eager to be “thoroughly American” in her entertainment, which offered the attraction of novelty.

Four tables were arranged for a progressive game of “National Conundrums.” The tally-cards were small silk flags, and over the starry corner of each a piece of blue silk was sewn—blotting out the stars; which were to be restored one by one as a victory was marked, using for the purpose the small gilt ones that are made to serve as counters for progressive games.

On the first table, a small box, made to represent a fire-cracker, was at each place. One contained a bit of paper upon which was written the following:

What do you know of famous American soubriquets?

1. Who was called “Fuss and Feathers”?

2. Who was known as “Old Hickory”?

3. What vessel was fondly called “Old Ironsides”?

A second fire-cracker contained a paper with the same initial question, followed by:

4. Who was called the "Rail-splitter"?
5. Whose nickname was "Tippecanoe"?
6. Who was called "Old Rough and Ready"?

The third paper had for special questions:

7. Who was first called "Brother Jonathan"?
8. What was the real name of "Stonewall Jackson"?
9. What State was called "The Mother of Presidents"?

The fourth paper had:

10. Who was "Little Mac"?
11. What Revolutionary general was known as "Mad Anthony"?
12. What was the "Terrapin" policy?

Papers were given upon which to write the answers—which were collected by the hostess at the signal of fire-crackers being set off on the hearth. The two whose answers were most correct moved to the next table, the other two remained and found new questions—in other fire-cracker boxes.

The correct answers are:

1. General Scott.
2. Andrew Jackson.
3. The frigate "Constitution."
4. Abraham Lincoln.
5. William Henry Harrison.
6. Zachary Taylor.
7. Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut.
8. Thomas Jonathan Jackson.
9. Virginia.
10. George B. McClellan.
11. General Wayne.
12. Jefferson's Embargo. The terrapin draws its head and feet into its shell when frightened.

At the next four tables they were to guess the names of cities of the United States, "buried" in the following sentences, written upon papers folded into cocked hats—a tri-colour rosette painted on the side of each:

1. "He walks with a calm, dignified air."
2. "In hottest August, inertia seizes one."
3. "Either must the arm be sinewy, or knee-joint limber."
4. "For ailment stomachic, a good laugh is the best medicine."
5. "We played blind-man's-buff a long time last night."
6. "The religion of the Hindu, Luther carefully investigated."
7. "My burden verily is greater than I can bear."
8. "In setting the stove, make the zinc level and straight."
9. "You may eat scrambled eggs or omelette."
10. "With great pomp, aristocracy takes its airing in the park."
11. "Once under the matrimonial ban, you cannot escape."
12. "To a bargain sale, men never go."

The answers:

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. Ithaca. | 7. Denver. |
| 2. St. Augustine. | 8. Cleveland. |
| 3. New York. | 9. Rome. |
| 4. Chicago. | 10. Paris. |
| 5. Buffalo. | 11. Albany. |
| 6. Duluth. | 12. Salem. |

At the third table they were asked to answer punning questions on the common abbreviations of the names of the States. These were written on booklets con-

taining a few leaves, the covers of which were in imitation of the heraldic shield of the United States:

1. What is the most religious State?
2. What the most egotistical State?
3. The State where the untidy should live?
4. The father of States?
5. The maidenly State?
6. The State for students?
7. The best for miners?
8. The most unhealthy State?
9. The State to cure the sick?
10. The decimal State?
11. Best in time of floods?
12. The State of astonishment?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|----------|-----------|
| 1. Mass. | 7. Ore. |
| 2. Me. | 8. Ill. |
| 3. Wash. | 9. Md. |
| 4. Pa. | 10. Tenn. |
| 5. Miss. | 11. Ark. |
| 6. Conn. | 12. O. |

At the fourth table, the little tally-booklets were in the form of "Liberty Bells"—the covers of silver paper, with the traditional "crack" indicated in sepia. Each contained half a dozen sentences supposed to be characteristic of well-known American authors, artists, statesmen, heroes, noted women, etc., the first letter of each word giving the initials of the person's name.

For example:

1. *Thoroughly Reliable.*
2. *How Wonderfully Lyrical!*
3. *Grandly Daring.*
4. *Many Merry Doings.*
5. *Rarely Proved Hardihood.*

6. *Justly Honoured.*
7. *Notes Words.*
8. *Joyous Reformer.*
9. *Some Laughter Causes.*
10. *A True Marine.*
11. *Ever Ardent Artist.*
12. *Kindly, Dainty, Winsome.*
13. *Can Draw Girls.*
14. *Just Writes Rhymes.*
15. *Will Attempt Work.*
16. *Much Enjoyed Water.*
17. *Preacher Beloved.*
18. *Meritorious Actress.*
19. *Rebel Ever Loved.*
20. *Her Book Succeeded.*

ANSWERS

1. Theodore Roosevelt.
2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
3. George Dewey.
4. Mary Mapes Dodge.
5. Richmond Pearson Hobson.
6. John Hay.
7. Noah Webster.
8. Jacob Riis.
9. Samuel L. Clemens.
10. Alfred T. Mahan.
11. E. A. Abbey.
12. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
13. C. D. Gibson.
14. James Whitcomb Riley.
15. Walter A. Wyckoff.
16. Mary E. Wilkins.
17. Phillips Brooks.
18. Mary Anderson or Maude Adams.

19. Robert E. Lee.

20. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The prize was a copy of a "History of the United States," by a well-known author; and the self-convicted "booby" had presented to him a small volume on the same subject, written for very young beginners.

CHAPTER VI

Card Games

THE GAME OF PORRAZO (BLOW OR STRIKE)

THE terms in this now popular game are Spanish, and it was introduced into this country from Mexico.

The game may be played by any number from two to eight, in partnership or not. Cards have their usual values, except that ace is low.

Three cards in a bunch are dealt to each player, and before play begins each must announce whether or not he holds a "randa" or pair. Three of a kind is called a "randine." He must not say what the pair is, however. When the hand is played out, "randas" count to the person that holds the highest—spots counting one point, jacks two, queens three and kings four. A randine is the same as three different pairs and counts accordingly—spots three, jacks six, etc.

The spot cards, one, two, three, four, count for place as follows: If the board is bare, the ace played counts one. If there is one card on the board and you play a two-spot, it counts you two. If you play the three-spot so that it is the third card on the board, or the four-spot so that it is the fourth card, they each count for their number. Cards match by denomination, not suit; but, in addition to taking up the card that you match, you take up all that follow in regular sequence

after it. Thus, if a ten, jack, queen, king, ace and two-spot lay upon the board and you hold the ten, you could take them all. If two cards of the same kind lie on the board, you cannot, however, take them both up at once with a match card.

At the end of the deal of the whole pack, cards count to the person or side having the greatest number as many points as the difference between that and the next lower. On the last hand, the person taking the last trick takes the cards remaining on the board.

The really interesting feature of the game is "porrazo." If you can match the card just laid down and left on the board it is "porrazo," and counts you just what a "randa" of those same cards would count—spots one, jacks two, etc. But if the person next to you holds the same card, he announces "contra porrazo" and carries off the cards (with any sequence that may accrue), and is credited with what a "randine" would give him. A "contra porrazo" of kings, for example, is twelve points. If a fourth player chances to hold the same card—which happens only at intervals—it is called "San Beinto," and wins the game, irrespective of what the score may be. A sweep or clearing of the board is called a "limpia," and gives the person that makes it whatever a "randa" would be on the last card taken up in the sequence. Thus, if there were a ten, jack and queen on the board and you played a ten and cleared the board, you would get three points, but if there were, in addition, the king, one and two, you would get only one, for that is all a "randa" of two's would give you. You must take up the card that matches the one you play and all in sequence, whether you wish to or not, excepting when you play for "in place." Then it is optional whether

you match and take up or leave your card on the board for place.

Once during the deal the dealer is entitled to take a "tendido," which means "layout." He throws, face up on the board, four cards, two at a time. He is entitled to score all the place cards, counting from either end (but not both); and, to bring them in place so as to make them count, he may change the order in the two couples, but not from one couple to the other. He may also make up as many randas and randines and fours (which count for six randas, queens eighteen, for example) as he can make up in the tendido and the cards already on the board. The tendido is then thrown in with the other cards on the board. Sixty-one points constitute a game. Extra cards, if odd number of players, are turned up on the board.

BLIND EUCHRE

The cards are dealt in the usual way. No trump is turned, and the players hold their cards with the faces turned away from them, so that each person sees the cards of all the rest, but has no idea of his own hand. The person to the left of the dealer makes the trump, basing his selection on what he has seen in the hands of his opponents.

The maker of the trump then leads, and each one plays a card without knowing what it is until he sees it on the table. The tricks are taken in the regular way. There is no skill in the game; it is ridiculous, but amusing. It is also called "Lunatic Euchre."

HEARTS

The game may be played by four, five or six players, each one for himself. A full pack is used, one card dealt

at a time. The ace ranks highest. An equal number of cards is dealt to each player, the odd cards being left on the table face up.

The person on the dealer's left may lead what he pleases, the others follow suit, the highest card takes the trick, there being no trumps.

Any player unable to follow suit may throw away any card he chooses. The object of the game is to avoid taking any trick which contains a heart. Therefore it is well at the beginning of the game to get rid of one's highest cards, because then the others are more likely to be able to follow suit. Later on, when the suits are exhausted and the players begin to throw away their hearts, it is desirable not to have the cards of high value to take the tricks. At the end of each "hand" the players count the number of hearts in the tricks they have taken, when the one having the fewest hearts wins the game.

A time-limit must be set for the conclusion of the game.

The count may be made with chips, in which case, at the end of each "hand" the players who have taken heart cards pay a chip for each one. These are divided among those who have avoided taking heart cards.

The game may be played progressively.

ADVERTISEMENTS OR PATENT MEDICINES

This game is played with the whole pack of cards divided among the players. Each player chooses the name either of an advertisement or of a patent medicine—as long and complicated a name as possible, so as to make the game the more difficult.

All put their cards in packs face downward on the table in front of them and each in succession turns over

one card at a time from the top of his pile. If a player, in turning over a card, discloses one of the same value as that already exposed on another's pack, he must call out the patent medicine or advertisement chosen by his opponent, before his adversary can shout his.

Much of the fun of this game lies in the rapidity with which the cards are turned. Each must play as quickly as possible.

PREFERENCE

A GAME FOR THREE

This game is so old as to be new to this generation. It may be recalled that it was a favourite game with the "Crawford" ladies. The rules are as follows:

Take out all cards below the eight in the two red suits, but retain the sevens in the two black suits.

Shuffle, and deal a card to each one until nine cards have been given each person. Retain the remaining three for a widow. The one at the left of the dealer bids for the trump, then the next person, then the dealer (as in six-handed Euchre), each succeeding person being obliged to raise the bid in order to secure it. The highest bidder gets it. If no one bids, the next person deals; six must be bid, nothing lower being allowed.

COUNTS

6 on Spades.....	40	6 on Clubs.....	60
7 on Spades.....	140	7 on Clubs.....	160
8 on Spades.....	240	8 on Clubs.....	260
9 on Spades.....	340	9 on Clubs.....	360
6 no trump.....	120	7 no trump.....	220
6 on Diamonds.....	80	6 on Hearts.....	100
7 on Diamonds.....	180	7 on Hearts.....	200
8 on Diamonds.....	280	8 on Hearts.....	300
9 on Diamonds.....	380	9 on Hearts.....	400
8 no trump.....	320	9 no trump.....	420

"Preference" means taking all nine tricks without the widow, and counts 500.

Each one begins with 500, and the one who first reduces the score wins, or, if two go out, the one farther out wins.

In case the party bidding loses, the amount bid is deducted from the score of each of the others and added to the score of the loser, as in Euchre.

If the party bidding wins, he can count only the amount bid, but each one winning tricks, aside from the bidder, counts ten for each trick, except when there is a euchre.

If any one bids six on spades the next one can bid six on clubs, six on diamonds, or six on hearts.

The player making the trump is entitled to the widow, but when ready to play must have only nine cards in hand. First lead must be a trump, except when the "no trump" bid is accepted, when simply follow suit.

It is a charming game for a social gathering. Have, for instance, four tables with seats for three at each—and a written description of the rules for playing the game. The interchanges and possibilities are very interesting, and for any one who knows Euchre it is not at all difficult to learn. In the corner of the invitation the word "Preference" may be written, which will be a pleasant mystery to the uninitiated. If a prize be desired, a copy of "Crauford" would be an appropriate one.

THE GAME OF FIVE HUNDRED EUCHRE

FOR TWO, THREE OR FOUR PLAYERS

This is a variation of the foregoing game, but thought by many to be a great improvement upon it.

SCHEDULE

BIDS.....	6	7	8	9
CLUBS	40	80	120	160
SPADES	60	120	180	240
HEARTS.....	80	160	240	320
DIAMONDS	100	200	300	400
NO TRUMPS	120	240	360	480

Illustrations: A bid of six on Spades 60 is higher than six on Clubs 40; and a bid of eight on Hearts 240 is higher than nine on Clubs 160.

RULES

1. For three-handed, as usually played, use all cards above six-spot; for two-handed, use all cards above eight-spot; for four-handed, play partners and use all cards above four-spot. Joker is always used.

2. Deal three cards to each player, three times around, then one to each, leaving remainder for the widow. In two-handed, leave two for each player as a pick-up, and one for the widow.

3. Each player has one bid; the highest makes trump, takes the widow, discards all but ten, and leads.

4. When "no trump" is played the cards rank as at Whist, with the Joker only as a trump card.

5. When playing a "no-trump" hand, whoever leads the Joker calls for any suit desired, and a card of the suit called for must be played upon it.

6. If a player takes the number of tricks bid, or more, he scores only the number which his bid calls for in the schedule. Should he take every trick, however, he counts 250, or more, if his bid calls for it.

7. Each player, other than the bidder, counts ten for every trick he takes.

8. Failure to take the number of tricks bid sets the player back the number his bid calls for.

Each player starts with 500. He subtracts the amounts he wins and adds the amounts he loses. The first to reduce his 500 to 0 wins the game.

The game may be played by two, three, or four (as partners). In the latter case, the partners change at the end of each game, which makes it possible to determine the individual score, and so give prominence to the victor.

MUGGINS

In playing "Muggins" only five cards of each suite are used—the King, Queen, Knave, Ten and Two.

Each of these has a name—the King of Hearts is Mr. Ninkum-twitch; the Queen is Mrs. Ninkum-twitch; the Knave is Mr. and Mrs. Ninkum-twitch's son Jack; the Ten is Mr. and Mrs. Ninkum-twitch's dog "Tray"; and the Two is Mr. and Mrs. Ninkum-twitch's dog-cart.

The King of Diamonds is Lord Funnyduster; the Queen is Lady Funnyduster; the Knave is Lord and Lady Funnyduster's son *Jacky*; the Ten, Lord and Lady Funnyduster's dog "Trot"; and the Two is Lord and Lady Funnyduster's dog-cart.

The King of Clubs is "Club, the Policeman"; the Queen is "Club, the Policeman's wife"; the Knave is "Club, the Policeman's son John"; the Ten, "Club, the Policeman's dog 'Tramp'"; and the Two is "Club, the Policeman's patrol-wagon."

The King of Spades is "Spade, the gardener"; the Queen, "Spade, the Gardener's wife"; the Knave, "Spade, the Gardener's son John"; the Ten, "Spade,

the Gardener's dog 'Trip''; and the Two, "Spade, the Gardener's watering-cart."

The object of the game is to get as many "books" as possible. A book consists of the five cards of any suit.

Each person asks of any player the card that he needs toward completing his book. If he does not get it, his turn is over, but if he succeeds in obtaining it he has the privilege of asking for others. If he neglects to call the card he desires by its exact name, or if he does not say "Thank you" before touching it, the card is forfeited to the first person who, on seeing his mistake, shouts "*Muggins*."

If a player finds himself with no more cards in his hand, he is what is called a "*Ghost*," and any one speaking to him becomes a Ghost.

A Ghost's object, therefore, is to try to get somebody to speak to him, for if he succeeds he shouts "Muggins," and obtains the cards of the person who has just answered him, and that person becomes a Ghost in his stead, but a Ghost may carry on a conversation with another Ghost and pays no forfeit.

STOP!

Place the cards—Ace, King, Queen, and Knave, each of a different suit—in the centre of the table, from a pack not otherwise used in the game. From another pack take out the Four, Six, and Eight-spot of Diamonds, which are set aside and not used. Give to each person two or three dozen counters, and have at hand a pool, or bank, from which to borrow when any player becomes bankrupt of counters—the number being strictly accounted for at the end of the game.

Cut for deal as in all card games, and the holder of the lowest card is the dealer.

While the cards are being dealt the player at the dealer's left "dresses" the cards, placing four counters on the Ace, three on the King, two on the Queen, and one on the Knave. The player at the left of the dealer begins the game, laying the card down, face upward, in front of himself—the object of the game being to get rid of the cards in hand. One should lead from one's longest suit, beginning with the lowest of a sequence. Whereupon the player holding the next card of the suit lays it down before him on the table, and so on until the Ace is reached, which is a "natural stop," there being none higher. The player of the Ace may then begin a new suit.

It is important to remember the cards that have been played in relation to those in one's own hand. Any card may be a "natural stop" provided the one next above it has been played. If, for instance, the Eight of Hearts has been played and the card above it, the one holding the seven of hearts should know that it is a "natural stop," and when played entitles him to another lead. If he hold smaller hearts he should begin with them, and lead up to the seven, and so get rid of more cards.

"The "stop-cards" are the Five and Seven of Diamonds—because the Six and Eight have been removed. They are the most desirable cards to hold, for they control the lead.

If at the end of a sequence played one is about to lose the lead, the holder of a "stop-card" may place it quickly on the table, instantly following his last play, and saying "Stop!" before an opponent can play the next card of the suit. He then may lead again with

another suit. A stop-card must always follow another play of the one who holds it.

Whoever first disposes of all his cards wins that hand, and all the players in turn must pay him as many counters as they have cards left in their hands.

The excitement and interest of the game are further enhanced in that, every time any one plays a duplicate card to those exposed in the middle of the table, the counters upon those cards become forfeit to the player of the corresponding cards.

If, however, at the close of the hand or round, the counters still remain "dressing" the central cards, the players who have the corresponding cards in their hands have to add to the store of counters upon them a number equal to those already there.

The same suit may not be led twice consecutively. A forfeit of one counter must be paid to each player by any one breaking this rule. Players who become bankrupt may borrow from their neighbours or from a pool. The one who at the close of the game can show the most counters is the victor.

A time-limit alone determines the end of the game.

CHEAT

The game is played with two packs of cards, and any number of persons may take part in it. The cards being dealt, the player at the left of the dealer lays a card in the centre of the table, face down, but naming the suit and value of the card. The next person then places a card on top of it, *saying* that it is the next in order—though truth is not insisted upon. It *may* be, and it *may not* be, what he represents it. If any one doubts it, he may challenge it, saying, "I doubt it!" The card is then shown, and if it prove not to be the

one declared, the player is obliged to take all the cards that are on the table, and the object is to get rid of one's cards.

If, however, the card prove to be the one that the player represented it, the doubter must take all the cards on the table.

Sometimes the bad morals of the game so infect a player that he tries to put down two cards at once, when, if he is discovered, he is obliged to take every card on the table into his own hand.

The one who first gets rid of all his cards beats the game. The cards should be played rapidly.

SNIFF

Sniff is a game of either dominoes or card dominoes, and may be played by two persons or four as partners. The four-handed is the better game.

The dominoes are posed face down, and each player takes six, the rest being left in the stock. The one who has the highest double opens the game. If no one has a double, each draws in turn from the stock until one is found. He places this in the centre of the table. This domino is called "Sniff," and the next player on the left must place next to it another piece, one end of which must correspond to the numbers of Sniff. If he cannot do this he must draw from the stock. If after drawing three pieces he is still unable to play, he loses his turn.

All four sides of Sniff may be played to, and the object of the game is to place the pieces so that the sum of all the pips may make five or a multiple of five. Each five, or multiple of five, made by a player is added to his score, and the one first reaching 100 or 200 (as agreed upon) wins the game.

It is of great advantage to get rid of one's dominoes quickly, for the first one to do so adds to his score all the pips in his adversaries' hands.

Five, or a multiple of five, alone is counted. For instance, if the opponents' pips added together make seven, he adds five to his score; but if eight, he adds ten.

The player of Sniff adds ten to his score, but if Sniff is double-six it counts twenty.

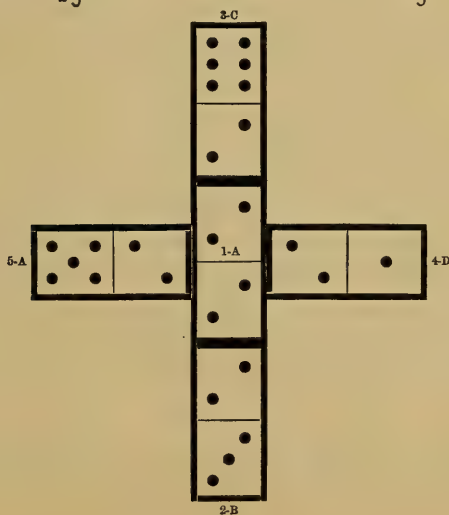
In the diagram double-two is "Sniff," and counts the player:

A, 10. *B*, plays No. 2 and counts 5 (2 plus 3 equals 5). Player *C*, No. 3, does not score (3 plus 6 equals 9), but the players of No. 4, *D*, and No. 5, *A*, count 10 and 15 respectively. The score would therefore read thus:

SCORE OF *A* AND *C*

$$\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ 15 \\ \hline 25 \end{array}$$

SCORE OF *B* AND *D*

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ 10 \\ \hline 15 \end{array}$$


CHAPTER VII

Children's Games

CLIP AND KEEP

THIS game is of French origin and affords the children—particularly the spectators—no end of fun. It shows how little idea of distance we have apart from sight.

Two wires or ropes are drawn across the end of the room, and suspended from them by gay ribbons are inexpensive gifts wrapped in tissue papers of many shades. Those for the girls are distinguishable by the paler colours—pink, light blue, yellow, pea green—while the articles intended for the boys are wrapped in scarlet, deep green, blue, violet, orange, etc. The guests are blindfolded in couples and each given a pair of round-pointed scissors. At a given signal, each must turn around three times and then advance to the lines and cut therefrom a gift. Interference is warranted only when the boy goes to the girl's side or vice versa. If bits of cotton are laid over the eyes in addition to the bandage, it will give to all assurance of absolute fairness.

It is surprising to see how far some will go astray, while others will proceed almost directly toward the mark.

YEMARI

A pretty Japanese game known by the musical name "Yemari" is now very popular as an amusement for

juvenile parties, or the home-circle, affording both fun and exercise. The word means "hand-ball," but the method of playing is unlike any ball game of this country. The ball is a gay little affair about two inches in diameter; the players stand in a circle, and one of them takes it and throws it perpendicularly to the ground. As it rebounds she strikes it back with the open hand, and continues to do so as long as it remains within reach without moving from her position in the circle. When it moves nearer some other player, as it very soon will do, then he or she must strike it down, and so the game goes on until some person fails to hit or make it rebound, which forfeits his or her place in the circle. One after another they meet this fate until a single player remains, and thus claims *kachi*, or victory, and also the prize. Recently, and very appropriately selected for the purpose, was given a blooming plant of the flower of Japan—its particular variety a prize-winner at the chrysanthemum show of 1897—beautiful "Pennsylvania."

Another very merry game of Japanese origin, there called "Catching the Tail," is here more gracefully known as

"THE RIBBON'S END"

The players place themselves in a row, one behind the other with hands on the shoulders of the one in advance. The person selected as catcher then stands in front, but some feet away, and attempts to catch the "ribbon's end," which, as the row is graduated, is the smallest player. The entire line try to prevent this by twisting, turning, etc., without breaking the chain. If the catcher push any one in the row it is counted a foul. When the person at the end is finally captured he becomes catcher, the former one taking last place in the line. This is a noisy but, if the rules are strictly

observed, not necessarily a rough amusement, and has the charm of novelty at least.

RHYMING

Any member can join in the game, the player who leads saying to the one on his left: "I see something which rhymes with brass. What is it?" The time given for reply is while ten may be counted rapidly. If the person addressed fails, the guess is open to all. The one who gives correct answer first changes places with the one who missed and gives the next rhyming word, which may be any article, place, or person in the room for which there is a word to rhyme. This seems very nonsensical, but a trial of it will show that it is really very funny after all. Children's ideas of rhyming are oftentimes as odd and original as they are far from the mark.

This same example of the word "brass" being given, may serve to show how the game may be made more or less difficult. If it be desired to make it easy for little folk, "glass" will be accepted as the correct answer—but one may insist upon the special rhyme that one has thought of for older ones, and "lass" will prove more puzzling. A boy once thought of "ass," applying it to himself for not being brighter at the game.

TAKE CARE

Here is a contest for very little ones for the Fourth of July:

A small flag is placed in the centre of a flower-pot filled with sand or earth. Each child, in turn, then has to remove a little sand from the pot on a stick, without upsetting the flag or at all impairing its upright position. At each attempt they all cry, "Take care!"

The interest toward the close of the contest grows most exciting, and the one who upsets the flag pays the forfeit of a "traitor" who degrades and insults the flag of his country. The culprit is condemned to be shot—blindfolded, stood against the wall, and is the target for a bean-shooter pistol.

MAGIC MUSIC

The very little ones will enjoy this: While one of the players is out of the room a handkerchief is hidden, which, upon his or her return, is to be searched for, guided by the music from the piano.

When far away from the object of search the music is low and very slowly played, but becomes louder and more joyous as the right spot is approached, ending with a crash when the handkerchief is found. Volunteers are asked for to be the next seeker.

OPEN THE GATES

The antiquity of this game speaks for itself, and it has been a favourite with many generations of children.

Two players are chosen captains—to represent England and America. These two stand, with arms up-raised and hands joined, so as to form an arch for the rest to pass under, one by one, and holding by each other's clothes. All sing:

"Open the gates as high as the sky
And let King George and his troops pass by."

Or "Yankee Doodle" may be sung instead, making the last line

"Now we have you handy."

At these words, or at the conclusion of the former song,

the arch-makers suddenly bring their arms down, imprisoning one who happens to be passing.

The question is then put to him whether he will be English or American—and according to his answer he is arranged behind one captain or the other. When all have been caught and made their choice, they have a tug of war, and the victory lies with the side which succeeds in forcing the other to abandon its position. A time-limit may be set, or such intrepid fighters might never be willing to yield and confess themselves beaten, or a dividing-line may be fixed, which, being passed, decides the issue.

It may be better to propose recruits for Germany or France, Russia or Japan, where the choice would be less prejudiced. To fight against one's country, even in play, is always unpopular—to say the least.

THE MINISTER'S CAT

This will brush up the wits of the little folk, and the contest is usually voted good fun.

Each one in turn is required to apply some adjective beginning with the letter "A" to the Minister's Cat, which is supposed to be under discussion. No two answers must be alike. One may say: "The Minister's Cat is an *aristocratic* cat." The next: "The Minister's Cat is an *aggravating* cat," etc.

When any one is unable to answer in turn he drops out of the game, and only when the supply has been exhausted so that all have dropped out, the players start anew with the adjectives beginning with "B," "C," and so on. It is not permitted to have recourse to a dictionary.

ORCHESTRA

A conductor is chosen, and the members of the orchestra range themselves in a semi-circle around him. Each one has chosen some instrument, which he promises to imitate to the best of his ability. The conductor then announces some familiar, lively air, raps with his cane, umbrella or ruler bâton for attention, and, as he raises it and makes the first stroke, every performer contributes, by voice and gesture, an imitation of the instrument he or she has chosen. The conductor sings the air, and flute, trombone, drum, violin, etc., form the accompaniment. The game usually affords much fun if carried out with spirit.

At the call of the conductor, solos must be given, or a forfeit paid by the one who fails or refuses, or is unable to control the propensity to laugh.

BACHELOR'S KITCHEN

All the players sit in a row, except one, who inquires of each person what he or she will give to furnish the Bachelor's Kitchen. Each one answers by naming some article that might find place in a kitchen—but no two may be alike.

The questioner then begins with the first player, and puts to him all sorts of questions, to which he may reply only by the repetition of the name of his contribution. If, for example, one has given a pail, the questioner asks, "What did you wash your face in this morning?"—"A pail." "From what did you eat your breakfast?"—"A pail," etc. The object is to make the players laugh—which subjects them to a forfeit; as does also the addition or substitution of any word to their chosen answer.

BLINDMAN'S WAND

This is an old favourite, but may be always counted upon to please. The players form a circle, holding hands, and one is placed in the middle, blindfolded, and a wand (a cane or hoopstick) is given him. The rest dance around him, singing some popular chorus. Suddenly the piano accompaniment stops, and immediately all in the circle stand perfectly still, loosing hands. The blindman now reaches out his wand, and the person to whom it points must advance and hold the other end. The blindman then imitates the sound of some animal, which must be echoed by the holder of the wand, at the same time disguising the voice so that his identity may not be discerned. This test may be thrice repeated, changing the cry or roar each time, and then the blindman may pass the wand over the person under consideration, touching him here or there, while he crouches or stands on tip-toe to deceive the blindman about his height. If the former guesses correctly he must give the name of the person detected, who then changes places with him and becomes blindman in his turn.

A PEANUT HUNT

This game is suggested as a convenient one to fill intervals when preparations are being made for some change of programme, though too well known to require further description than the statement that a quart or more of peanuts is concealed about the room in every imaginable place that a peanut may be induced to stay. They may be wrapped in different coloured tissue papers or left in their pristine simplicity. The party is requested to enter into competition as to which shall find

the greatest number of peanuts. A small bag of bright tissue paper is given to each person in which to stow away their treasure-trove.

At the end of twenty minutes, or longer if desired, the hostess claps her hands and all proceed to count their peanuts and give in returns. A prize is given to the one most successful.

HUCKLE, BUCKLE, BEAN-STALK

All the players leave the room but one, who hides a piece of money in the place least likely to be observed, only it must be in plain sight. Upon the entrance of the company the search begins, but whoever perceives it should make no demonstration whatever, but quietly seat himself and look as unconcerned and misleading as possible. When all are seated, with the exception of two or three, the fun is at its height.

When the last person at length finds the money, all the rest shout in chorus: "Huckle, buckle, bean-stalk!"

HUNT THE WHISTLE

The children form a circle around some novice in the game, whose eyes are blindfolded.

The whistle, having been previously shown him, is supposed to be hidden where he is to find it, and while his eyes are being bandaged the whistle is strung on a ribbon surreptitiously and thereby attached to the back of his coat. The bandage is then removed, and he must seek for the whistle. When his back is turned, one of the players steals behind him on tip-toe and blows the whistle. As opportunity offers, others blow the whistle—but he is encouraged to continue his search for the whistle until he discovers the trick.

BOOK-BINDER

The leader stands in the centre of a circle. Each one holds out his hands, palms upward, and upon them a book is placed. The leader then goes around the circle, catching up the books in turn, and trying therewith to strike it upon the hands that hold it. Each one tries to withdraw his hands before they are struck. The same leader continues until he is able to strike some one's hands, whereupon the victim must take his place. If one's hands are withdrawn and the book falls to the ground, because of a feint on the part of the leader, it is as if his hands received the blow.

FIRE! FIRE!

After two captains have been chosen, they proceed to select their particular following so that the company may be divided into two equal sides. They seat themselves in two rows, facing each other.

One of the captains begins the game by throwing a ball or knotted handkerchief to one of the players on the opposite side, crying aloud at the same time: "Earth!" "Air," "Fire," or "Water."

He generally tries to throw it to one who is apparently least expecting it. If "Air" is the word called, the person in whose lap or near whom the missile falls must promptly name some bird; if "Water," a fish or some denizen of the water; if "Earth," an animal—before the other can count ten—but at the word "Fire!" no reply whatever must be made.

If the player answers correctly, he then throws the ball or handkerchief in his turn to one of his opponents; but if he fails to answer in time or replies incorrectly, or speaks when it is the prerogative of another, he drops

out of the game. This rule is inexorable, for so is the winning side determined, the game progressing until all of one side have had to retire from the conflict.

POST-OFFICE

This is a variation of the old game of stage-coach, and few merrier games can be found for a large party of children.

Around the room, from which all extra chairs have been removed, all the players seat themselves in a wide circle—with the exception of the "Postman" and the "Postmaster."

The former is blindfolded and stands in the middle of the room, while the Postmaster gives the name of some city or town to each player, with careful instructions to answer to it when called.

He then takes his place by the side of the Postman and calls out, for example, "A man sent a letter to his sweetheart from New York to Chicago." The players to whom the names of these cities have been assigned hasten to change places. As he hears them pass him, the Postman tries to catch one of them, or seat himself in one of the vacated chairs, guided by the sound of the footsteps coming from the direction of their places.

If he is successful, the victim of the capture, or the one whose seat he has taken, must submit to be blindfolded and take his turn as Postman.

The Postmaster will find it a help to have a written list of cities for reference, and especially is it useful when he has to call out the names of various places in quick succession.

He must call them so as to make a merry scrimmage and exciting bustle, but not so rapidly as to create so much confusion that the attention of the players is

bewildered. The position of Postmaster is therefore one of some responsibility and should be regarded as complimentary to the one selected for the office.

Some little trifle of costume seems to confer honour and reconcile its wearer to the tasks imposed; so a newspaper chapeau, with panache of cut paper, or a mural crown covered with old postage-stamps, may be worn to distinguish him from the other players. When tired of the office, he may appoint a successor.

THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE

This is a masquerade geography lesson, but the children will not at once discover it, and we but imitate nature when we tempt them for their good.

One player takes a handkerchief, and, throwing it at another, cries "Europe!" A timekeeper then begins counting ten rather rapidly, and the person to whom the handkerchief was thrown must name some place, river, mountain, person or thing, connected with the countries of Europe, before number ten is reached. It may be arranged that the person answering correctly puts the next test-question; if incorrectly, or unable to answer, a forfeit must be paid.

The players must be alert and alive, for often the one throwing the handkerchief looks at one while throwing it in quite another direction.

The game may be made more difficult if special countries are named, and for adult players a century may be given, and the famous characters belonging to it must be quickly recalled.

FOX AND HEN

This is a good game for out of doors, though it may also be played in the house.

One of the players is selected to be the Fox and another chosen for the Hen. The rest of the players are her chickens, who stand in a row behind her, holding each other by the waist.

The Fox then hides in his den—the most sequestered spot he can find—and a tract is set apart to represent the farm-yard, on reaching which the chickens are safe from the Fox, who must return to his den.

The venturesome Hen, followed by her brood, goes nearer and nearer the Fox's den, asking politely, "Please, Mr. Fox, can you tell me what time it is?"

If he, to disarm her fears, answers mildly, one, two or three, etc., they may go away without danger of pursuit, but if he replies "Twelve o'clock at *night!*" the Hen and her chicks must turn and fly, for he dashes out of the den and tries to seize one of them. If the Fox succeeds in catching the Hen, she must then become the Fox, and the game begins again. If one of the chicks is caught, it is carried to the den, but endeavours to escape the next time that the Fox is called out—which complicates the difficulties.

A sly Fox will delay the fateful and fearsome answer until the Hen has grown less cautious, or he may answer her question by "Twelve o'clock—noon!" during which the uncertainty is most exciting until it is known which division of the day is coming.

MY LADY'S TOILET

The players are all seated except one, who personates the "Lady's Maid"—and for whom no seat is provided. She goes about assigning to each child the name of some article of apparel, which must be carefully remembered.

The Maid then stands before them and says, "My lady is going to a ball and wants her fan." Whereupon the

player personating the fan must instantly rise, and, swaying back and forth, imitate the movements of a fan. The one called "My lady's necklace" rises and clasps her hands about her throat. Nearly every article may be expressed in pantomime, but, if difficult, the child may rise, spin around and seat herself instead.

Occasionally—and as unexpectedly as possible—the Lady's Maid says, "My Lady is going on a journey—or a visit—and wants all her wardrobe." Whereupon all the players must arise and change seats, and in the scuffle and confusion the Lady's Maid tries to secure a place. If successful, some one else will be left out, who must take the office of Lady's Maid in her turn.

"NOUNS AND VERBS"

The children will find amusement and also instruction in the simple little game here given. To begin with the definition—"A noun is the name of anything." The players either spell with letter-blocks or write on a blackboard a list of nouns until a mistake is made in the part of speech. Another player takes the place, and so on, the greatest number of nouns given without mistake winning a prize. In the same way verbs are given, and a lesson in grammar is impressed by fun rather than by dull study.

FLY FEATHER!

This is another old English amusement which affords lots of fun. The players put their chairs together to form a close circle. A small downy feather with very short stem is procured and thrown as high as possible in the air. It is then blown, the object of each player being not to be touched by it. The person it falls upon

pays a forfeit, and these are redeemed at the end of the game.

It must not be blown too violently, or it will fly so high that it will be difficult to reach—and the one who blows it outside the circle must also pay a forfeit.

When children play it, they usually prefer to dance around in pursuit of it, but they must not let go each other's hands to catch it in its descent. The player who goes through three rounds without being touched wins the game.

HOLD FAST! LET GO!

This is appropriate for very little folk. Four children each hold the corner of a handkerchief or napkin. Another standing by gives the order, "Hold fast!" Whereupon all must let go. When he says "Let go!" they must continue to hold fast. Those who fail to do this must drop out of the game and others take their places, or they pay a forfeit if that penalty be preferred. The habit of obedience is opposed in this case to quickness of wit and alert attention.

THE QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANTS

This is an appropriate game where a May-queen has been chosen, or one, by chance of the ring or pea, has been made "Twelfth-Night Queen."

The Queen names or numbers each of the players—who sit in two rows, facing each other. Her Majesty sits at one end, and when ready calls "It is time for—to start." Whereupon the person named or designated by number rises. "Bring him to me" is the next order. The second one then starts and tries to catch the first, who runs between the rows of players, then around the company, and finally back to the Queen,

again passing between the rows. If caught, he stands behind the Queen's chair. If not, his pursuer takes that place, and two more are pitted against one another, until all have been caught. They then march around the vacant chairs until suddenly the Queen claps her hands and all rush for a seat. As one of the chairs should have been removed, as unobtrusively as possible, one player will find himself without a place, and must then submit to perform any penance which the Queen may choose to impose. A good forfeit for a boy who would take it good-naturedly might be the following: The culprit is banished from the room, and in his absence two chairs are placed with a vacant space between and all these are covered by a shawl or other large drapery. This constitutes the throne. The Queen seats herself in one draped chair, one whom she names as King occupies the other, and the courtiers range themselves about their Majesties.

The banished one is then recalled and is told that since his fault lay in not having wit enough to secure a seat, where others succeeded, he is to be allowed to seat himself upon the royal throne between the King and Queen. As soon as he has done so, the King and Queen rise suddenly, and the victim finds himself upon the floor.

STAGE-COACH

The players sit in a row in chairs around the room, and the leader gives to each one the name of some part of a stage-coach, its harness or furnishings.

The leader then proceeds to tell or read a story, in which all the articles are mentioned, the names of which have been assigned to the players, whereupon each one bearing the name must, when it is called, rise, turn around and resume his seat. When the leader mentions

the word stage-coach—which he does as casually as possible—all the players must rise, spin around and change their seats. In the scrimmage the leader tries to get a place for himself, whereupon the person left chairless must become the leader.

RAILROAD

This is a modern adaptation of "Stage-Coach."

The chairs may be placed in rows of two, to imitate a railway car—or in the old way around the room against the wall.

To each player is given one of the following names, and when, in the course of the story which is read or invented at the time, the names are mentioned, the players must act as the leader has instructed them.

Rails—Must rise and hold out the arms straight before him.

Engine—If a boy, must rise and whistle. If a girl, must run around the room once, saying "Choo-choo-choo."

Drawing-Room Car—Must rise and bow or courtesy politely.

Newsboy—Must walk around the circle, calling out the daily papers by name.

Conductor—Must rise and call out the name of some station.

Station—Must sit still and do nothing.

Buffers and Sleepers—Must shut their eyes.

Wheels—Must rise and turn around.

Candy Vender—Must walk around, calling out his wares in wheedling tones.

Window—Must not move, but look obstinate.

These duties may, of course, be added to according to the pleasure of the leader, but when he or she announces

a collision or declares that the train is off the track, there is merry confusion, for all the players simultaneously must perform the several duties assigned them and meantime find seats. One chair having been removed, the player left out must be the story-teller.

FRENCH BLINDMAN'S-BUFF

In France, they tie the hands behind the back, instead of blindfolding the pursuer, which affords quite as much sport—and incurs less risk of accident.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF SEATED

The players seat themselves in a circle, and, after one of their number has been blindfolded, they all noiselessly change places. The blindman then seats himself in the lap of some one, without groping or touching anyone with his hands. He must then guess the name of the person in whose lap he is sitting. If successful, that person then becomes the blindman. It is sometimes played where a question is asked and then answered in a whisper as a help to the solution.

HISS AND CLAP

This game proclaims itself an old one by its suggestion of gallantry, which the children of the present fortunately have not had instilled by their elders in their play-times. The boys are all sent from the room, the girls are seated, leaving a vacant place beside each one at her right hand, to be occupied by the boy whom she shall choose. The selection is not kept secret, but frankly announced.

Each boy is then in turn recalled and asked to guess which girl has chosen him to sit beside her. If his guess is correct, he remains in his place, while the players clap their hands in approval of his success. If he guess

wrongly, he is apprised of the fact by hisses, upon hearing which he beats a hasty retreat.

TWIRL THE PLATTER

This offers a contest of agility. All sit around the room on chairs, on the floor, or about a table. Every player may be known by a number, if their names are not well known to one another.

One then takes a tin plate and spins it. As his hand leaves it, he calls upon one of the company by name or number, who must catch the plate before it falls or pay a forfeit. As the dexterity of the spinner is probably an unknown quantity, the one who is called upon must be very alert. He or she then spins the platter, calling upon another to catch it, and so on.

FIND THE RING

A ring is slipped on a long piece of heavy twine, which is held by the players, standing in a circle. One person stands in the centre and tries to seize the hand that holds the ring, which meantime is rapidly passed on from hand to hand—or a feint of passing it is often made in order to mislead the one on the alert to detect its place. This bewilders him, but, when successful, the person in whose hand the ring is found must take his place in the circle.

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF

The children join hands in a ring, and turn around, singing some familiar song. One of their number is left outside and holds a handkerchief. He walks quietly around the circle, and when not observed drops the handkerchief behind some player on the floor, and then crying "Find!" runs off. The one behind whom the handkerchief lies must pick it up and try to catch the

one who dropped it there, before he can make his way to the ring and take his pursuer's place.

Each player must be on the alert for himself, for no one is allowed to draw another's attention to the fact that the handkerchief has been dropped.

HERE I BAKE, HERE I BREW

The players join hands in a circle, with one of their number in the middle, who is supposed to be a captive, longing for freedom and reduced to diplomatic means to secure it.

The prisoner then touches one pair of joined hands in the circle, saying, "Here I bake"; then, passing to the other side, says, "Here I brew," as she touches another pair of hands. Suddenly, then, in a place least suspected, perhaps whirling around and springing at two of the clasped hands behind her, or at the pair which she had touched before, if their owners appear to be off guard, she exclaims, "Here I mean to break through!" and forces her way out of the circle if she can.

The players must be on the alert and strongly resist the captive's effort to escape.

Those who permitted her to regain her freedom—through inadvertence, or weakness—must then make use of the "counts" familiar to all generations of children, to decide which of them shall take the place of the prisoner.

CAT AND MOUSE

This is always a favourite. All the players form a ring, joining hands, except one called the Mouse, whom they enclose within the circle, and one who is on the outside who represents the Cat. They then dance round and round rapidly, raising their arms at intervals. The

Cat watches the chance to spring into the circle at one side, and the Mouse dashes out at the other—public sympathy being with the Mouse. His or her movements are aided when possible. When the Cat is in the circle, the players lower their arms so as to keep the enemy prisoner. The Cat goes around meekly, crying "Mew, mew," while the rest dance around her. With a sudden "Miaow!" she tries to break through any weak place in the chain of hands.

As soon as she escapes she tries to catch the Mouse, who runs for safety into the ring again, hotly pursued. If the Cat is so near as to follow the Mouse into the ring, before her entrance can be prevented, or if she catches the Mouse outside the circle, the Mouse must pay a forfeit. If the Cat is unsuccessful, then she must pay the forfeit. Two more players are then named by the Cat and Mouse to succeed them.

GOING TO JERUSALEM

If asked suddenly to name the most popular game of childhood, nine out of ten persons would name "Tag," but the second choice, I think, would be "Going to Jerusalem."

A row of chairs, facing alternately different ways, is placed through the centre of the room—a chair for every player *except one*.

Some one at the piano plays a lively air, first fast, then slow, very loud, then low—while the children march around the chairs without touching them, keeping time with the music. When the music suddenly stops, all rush for a seat. A chair must be taken away each time the marching recommences—until but two chairs remain, when the excitement becomes intense. The one who at the moment that the music ceases has the good fortune

to seat himself or herself in the one chair remaining, wins the game and possibly a prize.

COPENHAGEN

A rope is held by the players in a ring, while one person, who is called the "Dane," remains within the circle of the rope. He tries to slap the hands of those who have hold of the rope, which they must elude by letting go in time. If he succeeds, the person whose hands are slapped must take his place.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMBS

The players form a line, one behind the other, holding on to each other's clothes, and at their head is the leader, called the Shepherdess—while they are supposed to be her flock of lambs.

Another player personates a Wolf, who stands in a threatening attitude at a little distance. The Shepherdess tremblingly says, "Kind Wolf, I beg that you will not hurt my lambs." To which the Wolf replies, "I wish only for this one"; whereupon he pounces upon the last "lamb" in the line. The Shepherdess tries to defend it, and if, after all, the Wolf carries off the lamb, he takes it to his den and returns for another of the flock. If on the way to the den the lamb can slip away from the Wolf and join the Shepherdess, the Wolf must yield his office to that lamb and take his place at the end of the line.

The Shepherdess loses her leadership for having lost a lamb, and the one next behind her takes her place.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

This is an old English game, which American children have altered to "Dixie's Land." It is played in the same way.

One player personates Tom Tiddler, who is supposed to be the owner of vast stores of buried treasure on his ground—a tract set definitely apart and allotted to him. The other players invade his territory, and, as trespassers, he tries to catch them. They shout in tones meant to be tantalising,

“Here I stand on Tom Tiddler’s land,
Picking up gold and silver,”

or

“I’m on Dixie’s land,
Dixie can’t catch me!”

If Tom or Dixie can touch any trespasser, while on his land, that player becomes the defender. Some special line should define the boundary to forestall any possible dispute about the landmark.

PARTNERS

All the company, with one exception, choose partners and sit in a double line, face to face, the partners opposite one another. The odd player is called the Lawyer, and asks questions of any one of the players, but the person addressed must *not* answer, but leave the reply to be made by his or her partner opposite. If the Lawyer be alert and put his questions rapidly, first on one side and then on another, the players will become confused, and it will be easy to catch them. If the person spoken to makes answer, or the partner fails to do so, the one in fault must take the Lawyer’s place.

HUL GUL

The players stand in a circle, each with a bagful of beans, from which he takes some in hand. One then addresses his left-hand neighbour, saying—

"Hul Gul
Hands full
Parcel how many?"

The second player then guesses the number. If, for example, the guess is five, and the hand holds seven, the first says, "Give me two to make it seven."

If a player guesses more than are in the hands, he must give the difference to the questioner. If less, the questioner must give him the difference.

This game is honourable, if age can confer that distinction. It is alluded to by Xenophon as in use in his day in the game of "How Many?"

FOX AND GEESE

This game is also called "Tierce" and "Touch the Third."

The players stand in a circle two deep, excepting in one place, where there are three.

One representing the Fox stands outside the circle and must not go inside it. His object is to touch the *third* player wherever he can reach him, but when he makes the attempt the one so pursued darts into the circle and stands before some other pair, which at once endangers the outer one of the pair, who thus becomes the *third*, and therefore the object of pursuit.

The aim of the Fox being thus transferred from one to another—since his prey is always the one who forms the outside of a row of three—the fact makes the pursuit very lively. Any Goose that is caught must then become the Fox.

TAG

It would almost imply an accusation of lack of intelligence in one's readers to offer to them a description of

the ordinary game of "Tag," or impugn one's own, but there are varieties of the game less known, and their origin is interesting.

The original form of the game seems to have been "Iron-Tag" or "Tag on Iron." In the game, the pursued party was safe whenever touching iron in any shape, as the ring of a post, a horseshoe, grille, or fence. This reveals its original meaning.

As in other old-time games of chase, the pursuer represents an evil spirit, from whose attack, according to ancient superstition, iron was a protection. There are many forms of the game.

In *Cross Tag*, the pursuer must follow whoever comes between him and the pursued.

In *Squat Tag*, the fugitive is safe while in that position.

Tag and Flag.—The players are divided into sides, each of which chooses a captain. A chalk-line is marked between the antagonists, and twenty feet on either side of it a flag is planted in the ground.

Each group tries to defend the flag of its allegiance, while skirmishers go out from each party to try to seize that of the enemy's. The leaders only may prevent this by "tagging" any one who comes near—who if thus caught must drop out of the game.

If the pursuit can be eluded by dodging, and another of the opponent's side perhaps engage the attention of the Captain, and lead him by stratagem far afield, leaving the flag unguarded, the opportunity comes of seizing the colours and bearing them off in triumph.

The conquered then become prisoners to the victors, and after walking in their train once around the field, while the captured flag is borne proudly aloft at the head of the procession, the flag is restored and the battle renewed.

Blind Tag is so called because the pursuer, commonly known as "It," is known only to the person who "tagged" him, and who keeps up a feint of trying to catch others, to mislead the rest. A sense of mystery is the attraction of this form of the game, and the additional excitement of seeing a possible enemy player who approaches near enough to touch one.

Stag-tag is a merry variety of the game that is popular with girls and little children. The "It" is called the "Stag," who, when successful in touching another player, appropriates him or her as an ally, and hand in hand they pursue the others, until a third joins them and then a fourth, forming a line, until all the players have joined the chain.

CHAPTER VIII

Active and Outdoor Games

JAPANESE FAN-BALL

THIS game is adapted for a lawn-party, when active young muscles feel energetic.

It is played with the ordinary Japanese paper fans with handles, or with palm-leaf ones, and pretty paper balls of different colours, six or eight inches in diameter, which are inflated by the breath through a tiny hole. This closes with a paper valve from the inside, which prevents the slightest escape of air.

A goal-post—two uprights, six feet apart, and a cross-piece—is set up at each end of a field the size of a tennis-court, and a smaller one in the centre, mid-way between the end goals.

Two captains are chosen, who each makes his or her selection of a team, so that the players are equally divided. Two antagonists play at once, standing in front of their respective goals, advancing at a signal from the captains, fan in hand. As the umpire claps her hands—for it is preëminently a woman's game—the captains on both sides toss their balls high in air. The two players then try to keep the balls aloft, each by fanning and guiding them towards her opponent's goal. The balls should be made to go over or under the middle barrier and then through the goal of the opposite side.

If the ball falls to the ground, the player may pick it

up on her fan, as tennis balls on the racket—without touching it with the hand—and toss it anew, if it may be done before her opponent has finished playing.

The more adroit of the pair scores a success for her side, and then two more try their skill, until all have played.

The honours are counted, and the winning team may be presented with prizes in the form of pretty Japanese fans, which may be had at all prices and in endless variety. The paper balls may be had at the Japanese shops in kaleidoscopic colours or in plain colours.

The effect of the game is exceedingly picturesque to those looking on, and to the participants far less fatiguing than tennis—a matter for consideration in warm weather.

PASS IT

A lively game that makes a pleasant diversion after some contest of wits—when young muscles are tired from inactivity—is the following:

At each end of the room have an empty clothes-basket and one filled with articles of all sorts and of varied sizes—books, balls, pencils, clothes-pins, pint measures, thimbles, sofa-pillows, spools of thread, pin-cushions, papers of needles, clothes-brushes, nail-polishers, old hats, skeins of worsted, walking-sticks, postage-stamps, powder-puffs, etc. Two captains are chosen, who select their teams, and an equal number of players stand in line facing each other. A full basket is at the right hand of each of the captains, and an empty one at the left of the player at the end of each line. At a signal each captain selects an article from his basket and hands it to his neighbour, who passes it down the line as rapidly as possible. One object after

another is passed on in feverish haste and dropped into the empty baskets at the end of the lines. If any object be dropped in its transit, it has to be given to the captain and started over again. The side which has first landed all the articles safely in the basket wins, and it adds much to the excitement if some non-combatant stands by and reports which side is ahead every time there is a change; or two persons may fill this rôle, taking sides and shouting lustily for the cause they have espoused, like the sympathisers at a ball game.

The prizes should be something divisible among the players of the winning side—tiny boxes of bonbons, packages of chocolate cigarettes for the boys, and the same confection in other pretty forms for the girls; or pencils of silver or nickel that may be had resembling matches, screws, keys, nails, etc.

This game could as well be played out of doors.

HOP-OVER

This is a game that children under thirty all seem to find vastly enjoyable.

All the players stand in a ring, about two feet apart from each other, except one, who takes the place in the middle, holding a long, stout string, to the other end of which is firmly tied a small book wrapped in paper.

The person in the centre then whirls the book around the circle, on the floor, holding by the string—each time coming nearer the feet of the players forming the ring, who, as it nears them, must jump over it. As the book is whirled very rapidly the jumping is most lively, for if it touches the foot of any one that person must take his or her turn in the middle and try to hit the feet of some one else whose owner is not sufficiently alert.

Sometimes one throws the line so deftly that it winds

around and around the ankles of the person off guard—fairly entrapping him or her.

THE CUSHION DANCE

A sofa-pillow or hassock is placed end upward on the floor. The company divides itself into two sides, which face each other, and then joining hands they dance around the hassock a few times, until suddenly one side tries to pull the other forward in such a manner that one of their adversaries shall touch the hassock and overturn it. There is a merry scrimmage until finally some one's foot touches the hassock and over it goes. The culprit drops out of the ring, and the game goes on until but two contestants remain, when they fight it out to the bitter end—cheered on by their respective partisans.

The players try to hop over the hassock to avoid contact with the cushion, throw themselves back, or by some device contrive to keep out of danger. Few games are merrier.

A BEAN-BAG CONTEST

This game is perhaps too well known to need description, but some may have forgotten its simple rules. It has the advantage of being a game in which all can join.

Two leaders are chosen, who then proceed to select their followers from among the company. These range themselves in two lines facing each other, the captains at their head. At the end of the lines farthest from the captains a large clothes-basket is placed.

Bags, about ten inches square, of two contrasting colours—a dozen red and a dozen yellow, perhaps—filled with beans, constitute the ammunition. Each leader has his bean-bags piled on a chair at his side, and

at the signal to begin each of them takes a bag in his right hand, passes it to his left, and then to his neighbour, who does the same as rapidly as possible, and so down the line. At the end of the line it is dropped into the basket. Meanwhile, another bag is being sent in hot haste, following the same course. When all have been collected in the basket, they are sent back again in the same manner, and the side whose bags have first reached the starting-point counts one. If a bag is dropped it must be picked up and started from the beginning of the line again. The side first scoring five points wins the game.

Another way of playing it is to divide the sides into partners, who stand opposite to each other in the rows. The leader on each side throws his bag to his partner, who stands second in the opposite line. He throws it to the third person in front of him, and so on until all the bags have reached the ends of the rows and are dropped into the basket. They are then sent back again, and the captain who has first received the bags on their return trip wins the game for his side.

POTATO RACE

This is a contest in which both sexes and all ages may join. Two rows of potatoes are laid along the ground, for a distance of a hundred feet or so—about five feet apart. A basket or pail is placed at the farther end from which the contestants start. Two persons begin together, each armed with a spoon, and must pick up the potatoes, one by one, on the spoon—without touching them with the hand—and carry them safely to be dropped into the basket. One may select the potatoes in any order one pleases, but must make a separate trip for each one.

Sometimes they try to fling the potato in the basket from a distance, but if it fall short it must be picked up, and time is lost. When all have had their turn, the winners are pitted against each other until one of the two remaining contestants has proved himself the more skilful.

BUBBLES

In summer the pleasure is doubled by having sports and games out of doors.

A soap-bubble contest is productive of fun, and is a pretty sight if the party is divided into sides and play against each other on a tennis court. Clay pipes are provided for all the players, tied with ribbons—the colours of which determine the side of their allegiance.

A large bowl of soapy water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of glycerine—which contributes to the beauty of the prismatic colours—is placed on a table near at hand.

The girls make the bubbles and the boys blow them over the net from their side, and try to prevent those of their opponents from coming over into their domain. Each bubble that floats over the net counts fifteen points to the side from which it came.

The prize should be a box of bonbons or a basket of tiny bouquets, that all the victors may alike share in the honours.

Competition may take other forms, and a prize be awarded to the one who blows the largest bubble, the one that lasts longest, for the greatest number of bubbles blown from one dip of the pipe, and for the longest chain of bubbles.

For the last a wooden pipe in the shape of a mallet is used. the head of which is a hollow tube like the stem.

Players may try for the prizes in pairs, the matching colours of the beribboned pipes guiding the selection of partners.

A third bubble contest may be held on a table covered with a woolen cloth, upon which ribbon-bound wickets are placed at intervals. Sides are taken, and each player may blow three bubbles at a turn, endeavouring to fan or blow them through the wickets before they burst. It counts five points if the bubble passes one wicket, ten for two, fifteen for three.

These games may be played indoors if, for the first, a rope or ribbon be stretched across the room in place of a net.

FLORAL ARCHERY

When the weather permits out-of-door sports this promises to be a favourite amusement. Large paper roses, pansies, sunflowers, daisies, and ribbon-trimmed bows and arrows comprise the outfit. For the summer game the flowers were backed with cardboard and suspended as targets from trees, shrubs, and projecting points of porch wherever opportunity afforded. Swaying in the wind, it was not easy to send the arrows to the centre, making the game more difficult and, therefore, more exciting. In the drawing-room they serve as fixed targets, the players taking sides, the one that scores the most points winning the prize. The modern drawing-room, brilliantly lighted and *pro tem* transformed into a shooting-gallery, is a very attractive place. Cupid is ever busy, and oftentimes hearts are pierced instead of the rose and pansy targets. Like throwing the boomerang, floral archery is a very graceful game and a novelty indoors.

LAWN BOWLS

"Bowls" is a corruption of the word "balls," which in its way is an evidence of the ancient origin of the game.

Before the Revolution, it was the favourite sport of New-Yorkers, when the Battery was the centre of the city's fashion—and the end of its main thoroughfare still retains the name of the "Bowling Green."

The game is played with balls about four or five inches in diameter, so that they are held easily in the hand, and made of *lignum vitæ*, enamelled in colours, so as to be gaily effective on the grass. They are slightly flattened at the poles, and are sometimes made oval for scientific play, in order to give them a bias direction at will. A small, round white ball, called the "Jack," is first thrown to one end of the lawn.

The bowlers, each using two balls, which are numbered to distinguish them, take up their positions at a certain distance from the "Jack," and each in turn bowls toward it. He whose ball comes nearest counts one. The game is usually fixed at twenty. When there are more than two players, sides are formed, the balls being played alternately, and the ball that comes nearest to the "Jack" counts one point for the side that threw it.

When there are but two players they stand side by side to deliver their balls, but when there are several on a side the usual plan is to bowl from opposite sides of the "green," the Jack having been placed in the middle.

The art in bowling consists in knocking away the opponents' balls from their positions near the Jack, or in carrying off the Jack itself from among the opponents'

balls, and in bowling nearer than any other without disturbing one's own balls or the Jack.

If, when sides are taken, and both sides have delivered their balls, two balls of one side are nearer than any balls of their opponents', they count a point for every ball.

A "green" is about seventy feet square, level, and with the grass closely cut. A bank as a boundary is desirable—where spectators may sit to watch the game.

Four players form what is called a "rink." They are called the "Leader," the "Second" player, the "Third" player, and the "Skip" or "Captain."

Each contestant plays two balls alternately, and the privilege of playing first is tossed for.

The starting-point in a game is that portion of the green on which the "Footer" is laid—a cloth about a yard square, of carpet or canvas. The player places his foot upon this when about to roll the ball.

In a match-game the "Skip" has entire charge of his side in the contest.

POINTS OF PLAY

The main point is first to roll the ball as near to the Jack as possible. The next point is to "guard" or "block" it—that is, to roll the next ball so that it may form an obstruction to the attempt to drive the counting ball from its position near the Jack.

The "riding" of a ball is rolling it with great force, and is only employed in emergencies. "Raking" the ball is rolling it with force enough to strike the opponent's ball out of position and put your own ball in its place. "Chucking" is striking a counting ball out of range, and thereby adding to your own counting balls, or striking one of the balls of your own side into a counting place.

An "in-wick" is a ball that curves in to the Jack; an "out-wick," one curving from the opposite direction—points made by oval balls.

An "end" is the completion of an inning on each side, and the playing of so many "ends"—mutually agreed upon—constitutes the completion of a game.

VOLLEY-BALL

Volley-ball is a combination of tennis and hand-ball. Any number of persons may play. It consists in keeping the ball in motion over a high net, from one side to the other.

Play is begun by a player on one side serving the ball over the net into the opponent's court. It must be batted with the open palm. The opponents, without allowing the ball to strike the ground, return it, and it is kept going back and forth until one side fails to return it or it strikes out of bounds. If the serving side fails to return the ball in the opponents' court, it counts as an out. If the receiving side fails to return the ball in the opponents' court, the serving side scores a point. The game consists of twenty-one points.

The court is fifty feet long by twenty-five wide, divided by a net. The net is two feet wide and twenty-seven feet long, so as to be a foot outside the lines on either side. It is suspended on uprights, and the top of the net should be seven feet six inches from the ground.

The boundary line should be plainly marked, so as to be visible from all parts of the court.

The ball is made of rubber bladder, covered with leather, twenty-five to twenty-seven inches in circumference, weighing ten to twelve ounces.

SERVICE

The server stands with one foot on the back line. The ball is served over the net into any part of the opponents' court.

A service which strikes the net or anything within the playing space, even if it falls in the court of the opponent, is a fault; if it falls without the opponents' court, the server retires.

A server loses his service if he serves two consecutive faults.

In a service the ball must be batted at least ten feet—no dribbling allowed. To "dribble" is to strike a ball quickly and repeatedly into the air.

A service where the ball would strike the net but is struck over the net by a player of the same side, is good. The person then serving continues to do so until "out," by the ball's being knocked out of bounds by his side or on their failure to return it.

SCORING

Each good service unreturned, or ball in play unreturned, or ball knocked out of bounds by the side receiving, counts one point for the side serving. A side scores only when the opposing side makes a failure.

PLAY

Should any player during the game touch the net, it puts the ball out of play and counts against him. If said player is on the serving side, the ball goes to his opponents; if on the receiving side, one point is scored for server. Should two opponents touch the net simultaneously the ball is declared out of play.

If the ball strikes any object outside the court and bounds back again it shall count against the side which struck it last.

A ball knocked under the net shall be declared out of play, and counts against the side which struck it last.

TETHER-TENNIS

This comparatively new game developed out of Lawn Tennis. It is interesting, inexpensive, requires but a field twenty feet square, and has the advantage of tennis in that the difficulty of recovering the balls that have been driven is obviated.

The ball is tethered to an upright post, and as, when struck, it has a tendency to wind the string around the post, the game is a contest between two players to drive it in opposite directions.

The pole is an upright wooden pole, ten feet high and seven and one-half inches in circumference at the base, and stands firmly embedded in the ground. A black band is painted around it six feet from the ground.

The ball—a tennis ball with linen cover—is fastened to a string with a ring made of stout linen cord. It is suspended from the top of the pole by a heavy, braided fish-line, seven and one-half feet long, leaving two and one-half feet between it and the ground, when in rest.

The court should be a smooth piece of ground. On the ground around the pole a circle is drawn, with a radius of three feet, with a straight line traversing it twenty feet long, dividing the court into two parts. Six feet from the pole, at either side, at right angles to the dividing line, two crosses are marked.

RULES

The game is played by two opponents, who toss rackets for the court.

The loser serves.

The winner of the toss may choose the direction in which to wind the ball. His opponent must try to

prevent his winding the ball in that direction and endeavour to wind it in the opposite one.

Tennis rackets are used to strike the ball so as to wind the string up the pole above the black line. The ball may be hit once and must then go into the opponents' court.

The game is begun by the server, which is done from the middle of each person's court, at the places marked by the crosses.

Each player must keep himself, his arm and his racket within his own court, never stepping within the circle about the pole.

If, in taking a ball for service, it must be either wound or unwound on the pole a half-turn, in order to reach the other side, it should be *unwound*.

Fouls: The violation of any of the above rules constitutes a foul.

If the string winds around the handle of the racket or about the pole below the black mark, this counts against the person in whose favour it is wound.

The game is over when the string has been wound completely on the pole above the black mark.

GARDEN HOCKEY

Garden Hockey is played between two parallel straight lines, which are marked out with tape upon the lawn—three feet six inches apart. The goal-posts are placed between the lines at opposite ends of the field of play.

The width between the goal-posts should be fourteen inches. They are formed of two short uprights with a cross-piece. The length of the tapes or side-lines should be twelve yards for two or four players, but may

be extended where there are more. The game is played with balls and hockey-sticks.

RULES

1. Before beginning the game, the players are drawn up in line on either side, a captain with each team.

2. To commence the game, the ball is placed in the centre of the space between the side-lines and the two captains.

3. The two captains then first touch the ground with the heads of their clubs, each on his own side of the ball, and then cross their clubs so as to meet and touch above the ball twice before striking.

4. The ball is "in play" from the moment that it has been struck off until (1) it has passed through the goal, or (2) has passed the line of the goal, but not between the posts, or (3) has crossed either of the boundary side-lines, or (4) such error has been committed as to cause a free hit to be allowed—when it is "out of play."

5. When the ball is "in play," the players, each on his own side, shall endeavour to "pass on" the ball from one to another, and so to the goal-striker, who tries to drive the ball under the chain between his opponents' goal-posts and thus to score a "goal."

The player nearest his opponents' goal on each side is termed the "goal-striker," while the one nearest his own goal on either side is the "goal-keeper."

6. When in the course of the game the ball is struck so as to cross either side-line, it shall be returned to the centre of the field and opposite the point where it went out. And (1) if the ball was touched last by the club of one of the opposite side, there shall be a "bully," *i.e.*, play shall be recommenced from that point by the two nearest opponents, as in the original strike-off. (2) But

if the ball were touched last by the club of a player on the same side as that on which the ball crossed the line, the opponents may claim a free hit.

7. It shall not be lawful for a player to allow himself to be touched by the ball on the field of play, or to touch the ball in any way, other than with the playing end of the club, while the ball is "in play," under penalty of a free hit to the opposite side.

8. No player may step over his line in the act of play, under penalty of a free hit to his opponents.

9. When a free hit is allowed the ball shall be placed in the centre of the field opposite the point where the error was committed.

10. No player may in any way interfere with an opponent when allowed a free hit, neither may he advance his club to within three feet of the ball or of the club of the striker; except that an opponent may always place the head of his club in the immediate front of his goal to guard it in the event of a near free hit.

11. The play shall be always from the wrist, and in striking, the head of the club must never be raised, nor swung, above eighteen inches from the ground, under penalty. No hard hitting is allowed.

12. When the ball passes behind the line of the goal (without passing between the goal-posts), it shall be replaced in the centre of the field at a distance of three feet from the centre of the goal. And (1) if the ball was touched last by an opponent, then the goal-keeper shall have a free hit. (2) But if the ball was touched last by one of that side to which the goal belongs, then shall the goal-striker have a free hit at the goal which may alone be guarded by the club of the goal-keeper—remembering Rule 10.

13. The goal-keeper may not stand nor play at the ball from behind the goal-line.

The game is won by that side which either scores the larger number of goals in a given time or which scores the majority out of seven goals.

LAWN-SKITTLES

A pole is firmly fixed in the ground and a heavy ball suspended by a rope attached to the top.

Two slabs of stone are sunk into the ground at equal distances from the pole and at opposite sides. The player stands upon one of these and, taking the ball in his hand, aims it at the ninepins, that are arranged upon the other flagstone. He is allowed three chances and then another player has his turn. To obtain the best success it is necessary to swing the ball around the pole before letting it fly at the pins. The number of the count is agreed upon by the players.

Another form of Lawn-Skittles is played with balls and ninepins, as in a bowling alley. A back-net is necessary.

DUCK-ON-A-ROCK

This game has been the delight of numberless generations of boys. A large, rough stone is chosen for the "rock," and each player provides himself with a stone—about as large as can conveniently be held in the hand. A line is then drawn about ten or twelve yards from the block—beyond which is "home."

They then "pink for duck"—that is, each boy throws his stone toward the rock, and the one whose stone is farthest from it becomes "It," and must place his stone on the rock as a mark for the rest. This is the first "duck." "It" then places his stone on the rock and

stands near it. The rest then in turn throw their stones so as to try to knock off the duck-stone.

When one succeeds, there is a general stampede for "home"; but if "It" can replace his stone and then touch any one before passing the home line, the latter becomes "It" and then places his stone upon the rock for the rest to aim at.

Occasionally a very fleet runner, so touched, will manage to run back, place his stone upon the rock and touch the former "It" before he has had time to get his stone and get "home."

If all the stones fail to dislodge the "duck" their owners cannot touch them. They are forfeit to "It" and must make terms with him to recover their stones and carry them home.

One may be allowed to "jump" home—which means hold the stone between the feet and, so loaded, hop home. Another may ask the privilege of "kicking." The stone is worked onto the foot and kicked homeward. Or "heeling" may be accorded—upon demand. This consists in a backward kick of the stone towards home, effected with the heel.

While the test is going on no other player must go home.

The privilege of trying these various feats is eagerly sought, and the first one who fails in getting his stone home must become "It."

PRISONER'S BASE

Two captains are chosen—who select a player alternately until all belong to one side or the other. They then proceed to mark out two bases or homes, opposite and at some distance from one another, and

near to each a smaller base, called the "Prison." They toss for bases.

The game begins by one side's sending out a player, who goes as near as he dares toward the base of the opponents, until one of the enemy starts out in pursuit of him, when he makes for home. If he is touched before he gets there he becomes a prisoner to the side which captured him, and must stand in their prison. He goes alone to take his punishment, for the pursuing player is himself the object of pursuit by another player of the opposite side, detailed to make reprisals.

A player may touch only an opponent who has left home before himself, and can be touched only by the one who left home after he did.

When a player has made a prisoner he may return home untouched—and is subject to capture only after making a fresh sally.

One of the exciting points of the game is when a player runs the gauntlet of the enemy and delivers out of prison one of his own side who has been made captive.

A prisoner is only obliged to keep part of his body in durance. If but one foot be within the prison line, he may reach out as far as he can in the direction of home—which facilitates his deliverance by a comrade. When there are several prisoners, all that is required is that one of them shall touch the prison, while the rest may join hands in a line stretching homeward. But one prisoner, however, may be delivered at a time.

The game continues until all the players on one side or the other are in the prison.

WARNING

One of the players, having been chosen "Warner," takes his stand at the place marked off as "home," the rest remaining at a little distance from it.

The Warner then calls "Warning!" three times, and sallies forth with his hands clasped in front of him. In this position he must try to touch one of the other players, who strive to make him unclasp them by pulling his arms, drawing temptingly near, etc. If they succeed in making him loose his clasp, or if he does so by inadvertence, he must run home as fast as possible.

If he is caught before reaching there he loses his place as Warner. If he succeeds in touching any one without unclasping his hands the captive becomes his ally and they both run home as fast as they can. Once home, they are safe—and they then start out hand in hand, after calling the three warnings, and try to capture another, without losing their hold. Every captured player is added to their ranks, but every one must be taken home first before he is admitted to a share in the fight.

The line of Warners thus increasing, the difficulty of evading capture grows greater at every accession to their ranks, but it is also a source of weakness, being unwieldy—and if the hands do not hold to each other very tightly, a player at large may break through at any weak point in the line and escape capture.

The field of play must be within rather narrow limits, for the only chance of the pursuing party to make captures is to pen or corner the fugitives.

The last player to escape being taken becomes the next Warner.

KING OF THE CASTLE

The King is chosen by any one of the counting-out rhymes. Fate, therefore, having rejected all but one, he takes possession of a mound or hillock and bids

defiance to his foes. He taunts them with abusive epithets, as:

“I’m the King of the Castle,
Get down, you cowardly rascal!”

He is then assailed by the other players, every one a claimant for his position of eminence—and, alone, he must try to maintain it.

Fair pulls and pushes are allowed, but the clothes must not be pulled, under penalty of being set aside as a Prisoner of War, which really means expulsion from the game.

Sometimes the King is permitted to have an ally, who merely stands by to see fair play, and to capture any one breaking the rules.

The odds against the King, beset by so many enemies, are so great that he does not long retain his position, and the one who dethrones him takes his place and possession of the “Castle.”

CHAPTER IX

Children's Singing Games

CHARLIE OVER THE WATER

THIS game is said to owe its origin to the generation of English and Scotch who were favourable or unfavourable to the claims of Charles Stuart—afterward Charles II.—when an exile in France. The children clasp hands and dance around one in their midst, singing—

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment is indicated by bass clef staves with chords. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic, followed by a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic at the end. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score concludes with a double bar line and a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction.

Char - lie o - ver the wa - ter,

Char - lie o - ver the sea,.....

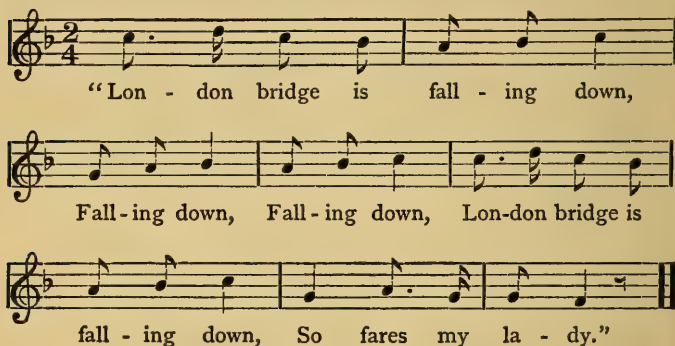
Char-lie caught a black bird, Can't catch me.

Ped.

At the last word all squat down, and if the one in the centre of the ring can catch one of the others before the squatting position is taken that one must then take his place.

LONDON BRIDGE

Two players hold their joined hands up as high as they can to form an arch, which represents the bridge. Each has previously chosen some object, which he or she is supposed to represent—a rose or a lily, a pearl or a diamond, and the train of children pass under, holding on to each other's skirts and jackets, singing—



Suddenly, the bridge falls, and the arms enclose a prisoner, who is detained until he or she makes a choice between the lily or the rose, the pearl or diamond, and then takes a stand behind the player whose device is chosen. When all have made their choice, a tug-of-war ensues.

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

This is adapted for very little folk—as a ring game, probably played by their ancestors to remote generations. The children join hands, dance around and sing—



Here we go 'round the mul - ber - ry bush,



The mul - ber - ry bush, The mul - ber - ry bush,



Here we go 'round the mul - ber - ry bush,



So ear - ly in the morn - ing.

Then they stand and, singing the second verse, accompany it with the motions of washing their dresses—

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning!"

Then they dance around again, singing—

"Here we go round the Mulberry Bush—"

Again they stop and pretend to iron, singing—

"This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes
So early Tuesday morning!"

The dance is again resumed and at the next pause they sing—

"This is the way we scrub the floor," etc.,
So early Wednesday morning!"

For Thursday they make the motions of sewing, singing—

"This is the way we mend our clothes."
For Friday they sweep in dumb show, and sing—

"This is the way we sweep the house."
For Saturday they sing—

"Thus we play when our work is done,
Our work is done, our work is done;
Thus we play when our work is done
So early Saturday morning."

Whereupon each child frolics after his or her own
sweet will.

LITTLE SALLY WATERS

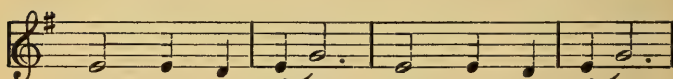
This game is a favourite with very little folks.



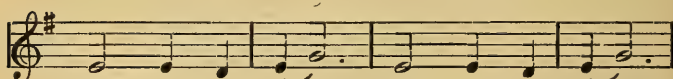
"Lit - tle Sal - ly Wa - ters a - sit - ting in the sun,



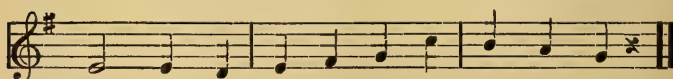
Cry - ing and weep - ing for a young man;



Rise Sal - ly rise, wipe off your eyes,



Fly to the East, Fly to the West,

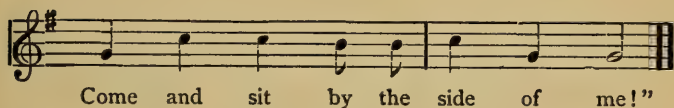
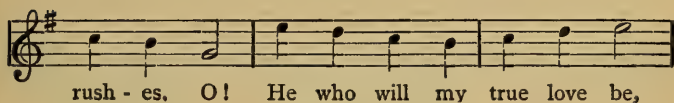
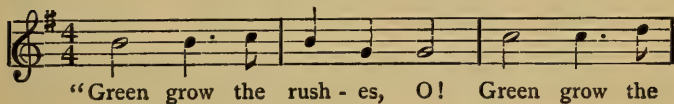


Fly to the ver - y one that you love best."

One little girl sits on the floor and pretends to be crying, while the rest join hands and circle around her, singing. At the conclusion of the song, they all stand. Sally rises and chooses one from the ring. A kiss is given, and the chosen one takes Sally's place.

"GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!"

Chairs are placed in a circle in which the girls sit, leaving a vacant chair between each pair.



The boys then enter the room and seat themselves in the vacant chairs, one by one. If the wrong boy—the one not mentally chosen by the girl—seats himself beside her, she sings, joined by the others—

“Pick and choose, but choose not me,
Choose the fairest you can see!”

When the right boy takes the seat reserved for him, his welcome is sung in chorus:

“Give her a kiss and let her go,
Green grow the rushes, O!”

The boys then take their turn, and the girls have to guess who has chosen them.

OATS, PEASE, BEANS

Of all the singing games, this is first favourite.

The children join hands in a circle, one standing in the middle.



"Oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grows,



Oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grows;



You, nor I, nor no - bod - y knows, How



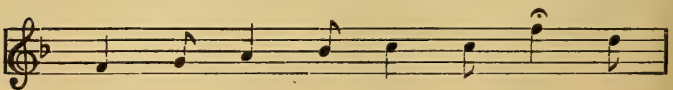
oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grows.



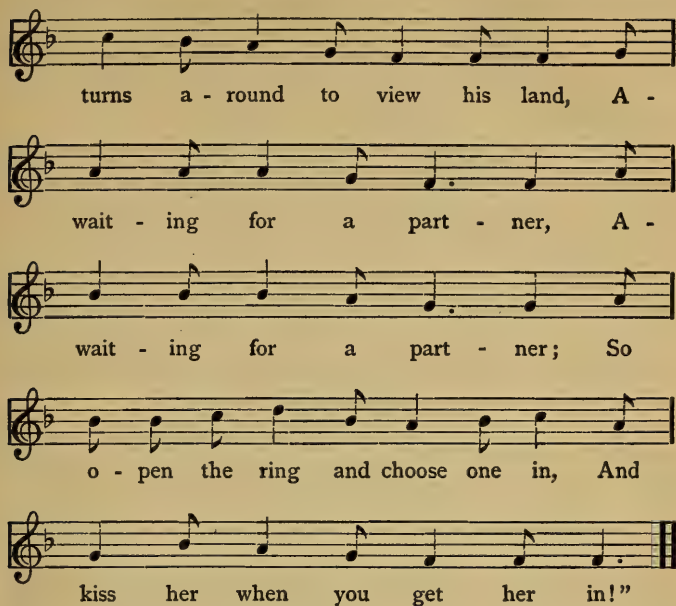
Thus the farm - er sows his seed,



Thus he stands and takes his ease,



Stamps his foot and claps his hand, And



turns a - round to view his land, A -
wait - ing for a part - ner, A -
wait - ing for a part - ner; So
o - pen the ring and choose one in, And
kiss her when you get her in!"

At the words, "Thus the farmer sows his seed," the children loose hands and stand swinging their arms, imitating the motions of seed-sowing. At "Thus he stands and takes his ease," they stand with folded arms or hands on hips. During the next couplet they stamp their feet, clap their hands and turn around, then join hands again and move around in a circle, singing the rest of the song given above. After which they all stand still, and the one in the centre, if a boy, chooses a girl, kisses her, and they both kneel together in the ring, while the others take up the song—

"Now you're married, you must obey,
You must be true to all you say,

You must be loving, kind and good,
And keep your wife in kindling-wood."

The first half is addressed to the wife, the second to the husband.

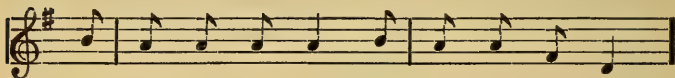
If a girl is in the centre, she chooses a boy, whereupon he kisses her and leads her into the middle of the ring.

MISS JENNIA JONES

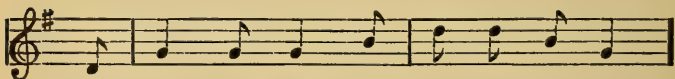
This game is a very ancient one and must appeal to children's taste to account for its survival. One player represents the mother, who is seated with her daughter, Miss Jennia, in her arms, apparently ill. The rest join hands, advance and retreat, singing—



"We've come to see Miss Jen - ni - a Jones,



Miss Jen - ni - a Jones, Miss Jen - ni - a Jones.



We've come to see Miss Jen - ni - a Jones,



And how is she to - day?"

One of their number steps forward, and the Mother, laying her daughter down tenderly and coming forward, announces unblushingly that "Miss Jennia Jones is washing."

The inquirers take up the song again, while dancing back and forth, to the words—

“Miss Jennia Jones is washing,
Is washing, is washing,
Miss Jennia Jones is washing
And can't be seen to-day.”

The questions are taken up again, and reply comes that she is ironing, sweeping, baking, etc. Finally it is confessed that she is very ill, then worse, then dead. The news is received with pantomimic expressions of deep grief.

The question of her apparel is then taken up:

“What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in, dress her in?
What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in to-day?”

Some one suggests “Blue” and the chorus sings—

“Blue is for sailors,
For sailors, for sailors,
Blue is for sailors
And that will never do.”

Green?

“Green is forsaken,
Forsaken, forsaken,
Green is forsaken,
And that will never do.”

Black?

“Black is for mourners,
For mourners, for mourners,
Black is for mourners,
And that will never do.”

Pink?

“Pink is for babies,
For babies, for babies,

Pink is for babies,
And that will never do."

White?

"White is for dead people,
Dead people, dead people,
White is for dead people,
So that, of course, will do."

Then they continue—

"Where shall we bury her,
Bury her, bury her,
Where shall we bury her?
Under the apple tree."

"I dreamt I saw a ghost last night,
A ghost last night, a ghost last night,
I dreamt I saw a ghost last night,
Under the apple tree."

At this Miss Jennia Jones revives.

The ring breaks up and flies with shrieks, pursued by the ghost of Miss Jones. The one caught must take the place of Miss Jennia, and the game goes on.

CHAPTER X

Games for Sunday Evenings

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET

THE slenderest rhyming facility only is needed to play the game of Scripture Alphabet.

One person writes a line beginning with "A," which must be the initial of somebody or something mentioned with some prominence in the Bible. The second player must write the next line in the same metre, beginning with "B"; the third "C," and so on, until the end of the alphabet is reached—passing the paper from one to another. Any one who confesses inability may refuse, and the next player writes the line, until finally one person may be left alone as victor. If two or more contestants still dispute the victory when "Z" is reached, they may recommence with "A."

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET

No. 1

A was a traitor found hung by his hair.
B was a folly built high in the air.
C was a mountain o'erlooking the sea.
D was a nurse buried under a tree.
E was a first-born, bad from his youth.
F was a ruler, who trembled at truth.
G was a messenger, sent with good word.

H was a mother, who lent to the Lord.
 I was a name received at the ford.
 J was a shepherd in Arabian land.
 K was a place near the desert of sand.
 L was a pauper begging his bread.
 M was an idol, an object of dread.
 N was an architect, ages ago.
 O was a rampart to keep out the foe.
 P was an isle, whence a saint looked above.
 Q was a Christian, saluted in love.
 R was obscure, yet a mother of kings.
 S was a Danite, who did wondrous things.
 T was a city that had a strong hold.
 U was a country productive of gold.
 V was a queen whom a king set aside.
 Z was a place where a man wished to hide.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ALPHABET

A-bsalom	II. Sam. xviii, 9.
B-abel	Gen. xi, 49.
C-armel	I. Kings xviii, 42, 43.
D-eborah	Gen. xxxv, 8.
E-sau	Heb. xii, 16.
F-elix	Acts xxiv, 25.
G-abriel	Dan. ix, 21.
H-annah	I. Sam. i, 27, 28.
I-srael	Gen. xxxii, 22, 28.
J-ethro	Exodus, iii, 1.
K-adesh-barnea	Deut. i, 19.
L-azarus	Luke xvi, 20, 21.
M-olech	Lev. xx, 2, 3.
N-oah	Gen. vi, 13, 22.
O-phel	II. Cron. xxvii, 3.
P-atmos	Rev. i, 9.

Q-uartus	Rom. xvi, 23.
R-achab	Matt. i, 5.
S-amson	Jud. xiv, 5, 6.
T-yre	II. Sam. xxiv, 7.
U-phaz	Jer. x, 9.
V-ashti	Esther i, 9, 19.
Z-oar	Gen. xix, 22.

SCRIPTURE ALPHABET

No. 2

The following doggerel was the result of an attempt at an impromptu alphabet given *viva voce* by the players in turn—quoted for the encouragement of feeble-minded folk:

A stands for Abigail, noble and fair.
 B is for Balaam, whose ass had a scare.
 C is for Cain, who his brother did slay.
 D is for Daniel, prayerful three times a day.
 E for Elijah, who by ravens was fed.
 F is for Felix, who trembled with dread.
 G is for Gideon, who had a famed band.
 H is for Haman, both tricky and bland.
 I is for Ichabod, last of his race.
 J is for Jezebel, who painted her face.
 K is Karenhoppock, a daughter of Job.
 L is for Levi, who wore the priest's robe.
 M is for Mary, who had seven devils.
 N is for Noah, who escaped many evils.
 O for Onesimus, who did run away.
 P for the Publican, who taught us to pray.
 Q is the Queen, who came from the East.
 R is for Reuben, whom Joseph did feast.
 S is for Stephen, killed by a stone.
 T is for Titus, of whom little is known.

U for Uriah, killed in the fight.

V for the Virgins without any light.

W the widow, whose cruise never failed.

X was the letter at which we all railed.

Y was the young Man who buried the liar.

Z for Zaccheus, who tried to climb higher.

The players, one by one, retired from the conflict, until one alone remained in possession of the field.

BIBLE CHARACTERS

No. 1

A character is chosen by the company in the absence of one player, who, upon his return, is told, for example, that the person selected is "a woman of the Old Testament, whose eagerness to secure a blessing for her son brought sorrow instead of joy."

Each person is then questioned in turn, and each has chosen a new character, the initial letters of which in succession will spell the word originally decided upon.

No. 1 answers, "I am one whose rejection of faithful counsellors led to a national rebellion."

No. 2. "To me was the charge of the Tabernacle committed during the wilderness journey."

No. 3. "I was so wrong-headed that even my dumb beast tried to lead me aright."

No. 4. "I am a prophet who was a witness for God before multitudes, and yet fled for my life at the threat of a woman."

No. 5. "I am the father of a man who made a failure of his life, though in appearance 'every inch a king.'"

No. 6. "I represent the place of Israel's first defeat after entering Canaan."

No. 7. "I had a fine navy, which brought great riches to Jerusalem."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHARACTERS

No. 1

Rebekah:

1. Rehoboam.
2. Eleazar.
3. Balaam.
4. Elijah.
5. Kish, father of Saul.
6. Ai.
7. Hiram of Tyre.

BIBLE CHARACTERS

No. 2

To be written and the answers appended:

Who like the lion seeketh to devour,
The godly man in an unguarded hour?
Whose occupation did the apostle share
When forced to labour for his daily fare?
In what did Ruth her present take away,
Which to her mother she did straight convey?
To what great sin was Israel's nation prone?
Which robbed their God of what was his alone?
Who was by faith enabled to despise
The lion's yawning jaws and glaring eyes?

Take the above initials, and you'll find the name of one most favoured of mankind. He, choosing in his youth the better part, was called by God one after his own heart.

ANSWERS

Devil.
Aquila.
Veil.
Idolatry.

Daniel.

The initial letters of which spell David.

CAPPING QUOTATIONS

One person gives a quotation from the Bible, which must be promptly followed by another from the next player *beginning with* the letter that concluded the former quotation. For example:

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right.

'The way of transgressors is hard."

"Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

"Endure all things."

"Search the Scriptures."

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above."

"Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."

"Seek, and ye shall find."

"Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again."

"Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father."

"Rejoice in the Lord always," etc.

BIBLE CONUNDRUMS

No. 1

What character is mentioned in the Bible, though not by name, a part of whose winding-sheet is in every house; and whose last act was chosen as the title of a book that made famous an American author?

No. 2

We left our little ones at home,
And whither went, we did not know,
We for Religion's sake did roam
And lost our lives in doing so.

We wandered in a perfect way,
With many wicked in full view,
We lived for man, we died for God,
Yet of religion nothing knew.

No. 3

God fashioned Adam out of dust,
But in His wisdom made me first;
A living creature I became,
And Adam gave to me a name.

Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew,
But God, whose purpose none can see,
Next put a living soul in me.

But soon that soul He did reclaim,
Though changed in this, not changed in name.
I have no legs, no arms, no soul,
I wander now from pole to pole.

I labour hard both night and day,
To fallen men much light display.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

No. 4

My name declares my date to be
The morning of a Christian year;
Though motherless, as all agree,
I am a mother, it is clear;

And, not to puzzle you too much,
'Twas I gave Holland to the Dutch.

No. 5

The highest gift of God to man,
When all His wondrous works we scan,
That which we always lose with sorrow,
And sometimes are compelled to borrow.
The lover's gift, the poet's song.
What art makes short and nature long,
And made the mighty Samson strong.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE CONUNDRUMS

No. 1. Salt. The book, "Looking Backward," by Bellamy.

No. 2. The milch kine are supposed to tell of their experience in being compelled by the Philistines to leave their calves, and drag the cart bearing the Ark of the Covenant out of the land, where its presence had brought trouble upon the enemies of the Lord—wherever it was kept. Driven out, they wandered into the land of God's people, where the cart furnished the wood, and the kine a burnt offering, as a sacrifice of thanksgiving for the safe return of the Ark. I. Sam. 6, 10-14.

No. 3. The Whale that swallowed Jonah.

No. 4. Adam, a dam (mother), a dam (dyke).

No. 5. Hair.

HOW TO PLAY THE GAMES OF QUERIES

The following games of questions may be played in two ways:

First, the questions may be written upon slips of paper and thrown into a receptacle, from which they are withdrawn by the players in succession. After a few moments for reflection, the first player gives the answer

to the question that has fallen to his lot. If correct, according to the list of answers kept by the leader, he or she pins the bit of paper on coat-lapel or bodice. If unable to answer, or if the answer be wrong, it must be passed on, until some one is found who can give the right reply. The one who has the most "decorations" wins the game, and—bristling with paper slips—the victory is very apparent.

Another way is for two leaders to be chosen, who divide the company between them. Each leader in turn puts a question to the followers of his opponent, and at every failure to answer correctly the delinquent is lost to the side of his original allegiance and must join the enemy.

In order to divide the questions, one leader might choose those marked by the even numbers and the other those marked by the uneven.

At the close of the game, curiosity is often felt and expressed about some question or answer, which leads to "looking it up" in the Bible, which helps to familiarise the players with the book.

MISCELLANEOUS QUERIES

1. Which were written first, the epistles or the gospels?
2. Who wrote the book of Acts?
3. Which was the first book of the New Testament written?
4. Which was written first—John's Gospel, or the Revelation?
5. Where was Tarshish?
6. What were "the Isles"?
7. What does the "God of Sabaoth" mean?
8. What was the Talmud?
9. What were the Targums?

10. What were "the Urim and the Thummim"?
11. What is called the "Royal law" in the New Testament?
12. How did St. Peter die?
13. Which of the Apostles was first martyred?
14. How did St. Paul die?
15. What is the difference between a disciple and an Apostle?
16. Is regret the same as remorse? and is remorse repentance?
17. Where were the disciples first called Christians?
18. What does the oil typify in the parable of the Virgins?
19. Why were miracles performed by Moses and our Lord?
20. In Oriental languages, how is truth taught and thought communicated?
21. What in symbolic language does the No. 7 stand for?
22. What is the symbolism of "eyes"?
23. What is the symbolic meaning of "horns"?
24. What was the first religious or national observance that marked the Jews as a people?
25. What is the meaning of "Mammon"?
26. What is the meaning of the word "mercy"?
27. What is the meaning of "grace"?
28. What did the "seed" typify in the parable of the sower?
29. What is the difference between a prophesy and a prediction?
30. When was the Bible divided into verses?
31. Who first translated the Bible into Latin?
32. What is meant by a "canon" of Scripture?

33. What things were kept in the Ark of the Covenant?
34. What language did our Lord speak?
35. What interval of time elapsed between the chronicles of the Old and New Testaments—represented by the blank pages in our Bibles?
36. Who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews?
37. What was the last epistle that St. Paul ever wrote?
38. What was the leviathan mentioned in the book of Job?
39. Who was the Pharaoh of the Oppression?
40. Who was the Pharaoh of the Exodus?
41. How much was a mite?
42. What was the measure of a cubit?
43. How far was a "Sabbath day's journey"?
44. How is Jewish time computed by modern reckoning? What time, for instance, is the "third hour," the "sixth hour"?
45. How much was a talent?
46. How is Ahasuerus, of the Book of Esther, known in profane history?
47. Who was Gallio, who "cared for none of these things"? Acts xviii, 17.

ANSWERS TO MISCELLANEOUS QUERIES

1. Paul wrote his epistles twenty-five years before any of the gospels were written.
2. St. Luke.
3. The Epistle to the Thessalonians.
4. The Revelation was written many years before St. John wrote his Gospel.
5. Called Tartessus by the Romans—on the coast of Spain, the extreme western limit of the world known

to the ancients. Jonah went there when commanded to go *east* to Ninevah.

6. The islands of the Grecian Archipelago.

7. The God of Hosts or Armies.

8. The Talmud is a commentary on the Hebrew Scriptures, and eventually came to be regarded as quite as binding upon conduct.

9. They were the Aramaic translations of the Hebrew Scriptures, also interpretations and paraphrases. Hebrew was a dead language in our Lord's time.

10. The words mean "Light and Perfection." They were the sacred symbols worn "on the heart" of the High Priest. Some scholars suppose them to have been the twelve gems of the breastplate, others that they were two additional stones. Josephus says that they emitted rays—if God's response was favourable—when consulted as an oracle.

11. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," called the "royal law." James ii, 8.

12. He was crucified with his head down, at his request, as unworthy to die like his Lord.

13. St. James, the brother of John, beheaded at Herod's order. Acts xii, 2.

14. Shortly after Nero's persecution of the Christians, to divert from himself the blame of the firing of Rome, Paul was imprisoned, treated with great rigour, and finally led out beyond the walls of Rome on the road to Ostia, and beheaded.

15. An apostle is a divinely accredited messenger. A disciple is a learner or follower. There were twelve Apostles, Paul taking the place of Judas; the other believers were called disciples.

16. To feel regret is to remember with dissatisfaction or sorrow. Remorse is the anguish caused by a sense

of guilt, compunction of conscience, self-accusation. Repentance adds the deep purpose of self-amendment.

17. At Antioch.

18. Character.

19. To attest their claims.

20. By symbolism, where we use imagery. When the Western mind tries to understand Eastern thought, it must not make pictures in imagination, but interpret its meaning by the symbols that stand for things incapable of representation. "The Revelation" becomes intelligible and sublime thus read, abhorrent if its descriptions are pictured.

21. Completeness.

22. Intelligence.

23. Power.

24. The Passover.

25. Money—God's great rival.

26. Compassion, forbearance. We appeal from God's justice to His love.

27. Undeserved favour, unmerited love.

28. The seed of the parable is the word, which contains a thought, that germinating moulds character, controls action, inspires conduct.

29. A prediction is a forecast of the future based upon something that the present or past has shown. A prophesy is a foretelling of events that have no relation to past or present. Men may predict, but, uninspired, they can never prophesy.

30. In the ninth century the work was begun, but in the thirteenth century a more systematic division was made (ascribed to Archbishop Langton) to facilitate reference to the text—later into chapters.

31. St. Jerome—living in Bethlehem twenty-one years for that purpose.

32. Canon—Greek word for a straight rod, testing-rule, as a rule of life and gauge of excellence. From the time of Origen, applied to those books regarded as genuine and of divine authority.

33. The stone tables upon which were the Ten Commandments, written by the finger of God, a sample of the manna, and "Aaron's rod that budded."

34. Aramaic, a mixture of Hebrew and Chaldaic. After the captivity in Babylon, Hebrew in its purity was no longer spoken, but from that time a language was formed by its admixture with Chaldaic.

35. Four hundred years.

36. Some ascribe it to Apollos, but most critics believe Paul to be its author.

37. The second epistle to Timothy, written just before his martyrdom.

38. The crocodile.

39. Rameses II.

40. Menephtha—son of Rameses II.

41. One-sixteenth of a cent.

42. The length of a man's forearm, from his elbow to the point of his middle finger, about 20 inches.

43. About seven-eighths of a mile.

44. In order to transpose the Jewish reckoning to the modern mode, add six to the Jewish hour, and if it makes more than 12, then subtract 6. The third hour would thus be 9 o'clock.

45. A talent in American money equivalent would be \$26,280, and would probably purchase ten times as much as the same sum now. A Roman penny (about fifteen cents) was then regarded as a good day's wages.

46. He is generally supposed to be the same as Artaxerxes.

47. A younger brother of Seneca, a very handsome but shallow youth, spoiled by popularity.

THE "FIRST THINGS" OF THE BIBLE

1. What was the first command of God?
2. On what occasion did man first exercise his power of speech?
3. Who was the first human transgressor?
4. What was the first recorded prophecy?
5. Who was the first exile in Bible times?
6. Who told the first recorded lie?
7. Who was the first bigamist on record?
8. Who was the first person that died a natural death?
9. Who offered the first recorded prayer?
10. What was the first mentioned meat for food?
11. By whom was the first land purchased?
12. What is the first recorded use of current money?
13. How was the first recorded oath administered?
14. Of what did the first wedding-present consist?
15. Where is the first mention of giving a tenth to God?
16. Who erected the first monument to the dead?
17. With what operation are physicians first mentioned?
18. Who was the first Jewish High Priest?
19. Who was the first sacred historian?
20. Which of the tribes marched first in the wilderness journey?
21. Who was the first to commit suicide, and how?
22. Where is the first mention of a library?
23. What was the text of our Saviour's first sermon?
24. Who was the first recorded Gentile convert?

ANSWERS TO THE "FIRST THINGS" OF THE BIBLE

1. "Let there be light."—Gen. i, 3.
2. On giving names to the animal creation.—Gen. ii, 19.
3. The woman Eve.—Tim. ii, 14; Gen. iii, 1.
4. The coming of Christ.—Gen. iii, 15.
5. Adam.—Gen. iii, 24.
6. Cain.—Gen. iv, 9.
7. Lamech.—Gen. iv, 23.
8. Adam.—Gen. v, 5.
9. Abraham.—Gen. xviii, 18.
10. Veal.—Gen. xviii, 7, 8.
11. Abraham.—Gen. xxiii, 3, 4, 16, 18.
12. By Abraham in the purchase of land.—Gen. xxiii, 16.
13. By putting the hand of the person sworn under the thigh of the person administering.—Gen. xxiv, 2.
14. Ear-rings, bracelets, jewels, etc.—Gen. xxiv, 22, 30, 53.
15. Jacob at Bethel.—Gen. xxviii, 22.
16. Jacob, at the grave of Rachel.—Gen. xxxv, 20.
17. The embalming of Jacob's body.—Gen. 1, 2.
18. Aaron.—Ex. xxviii, 1.
19. Moses.—Num. i, 1.
20. The tribe of Judah.—Num. x, 14.
21. Saul, by falling on his sword.—I. Sam. xxxi, 4.
22. The house of the rolls, or books, the king's library.—Ezra vi, 1.
23. Repent.—Matt. iv, 17.
24. Cornelius.—Acts x, 3.

OLD TESTAMENT QUERIES

1. Who built Ninevah?
2. Who suggested selling Joseph to the Ishmaelites?

3. What was the name of Joseph's wife in Egypt?
4. From whom did Moses receive his name?
5. Who built a monument in the middle of a river, and why?
6. What criminal in his confession said, "I saw, I coveted, I took"?
7. Who said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"?
8. Who said, "Ye are witnesses against yourselves"?
9. Who told his life's secret to a woman with disastrous results?
10. What is the most noted instance of devoted friendship?
11. Six women once took a journey which resulted in a wedding. Who were the bride and groom?
12. From what king's head did David take a crown and place?
13. Whose head was cut off and thrown over a wall at the suggestion of a woman?
14. Who does the Bible say had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot?
15. Who preferred in the time of trouble to fall into God's hands, rather than into man's?
16. Whose daughter was Solomon's first wife?
17. Who built Tadmor (Palmyra) in the desert?
18. What two Old Testament persons fasted forty days?
19. What queen sent a message with a forged signature?
20. Who destroyed the brazen serpent Moses made?
21. What labouring men were so honest that no accounts were kept?
22. By whom was Solomon's temple destroyed?

23. To which son of Jacob was the birthright given when taken from Reuben?
24. Whose faces were like the faces of lions?
25. What tribe furnished the counsellors of Israel?
26. What tribe of Israel was specially characterised by sincerity?
27. Who were the doorkeepers of the Ark?
28. To whom was applied the military title of general?
29. What king had eighty-eight children?
30. Who was in command of one million of soldiers?
31. What queen in Bible times is described as that "wicked woman"?
32. Who, of the Kings of Israel, was carried captive to Babylon, and brought back to Jerusalem?
33. What king of Judah had not seen a copy of the law till he was twenty-six years old?
34. What women helped to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem?
35. Who said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away"?
36. Who said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life"?
37. Who expressed a desire to be where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?
38. Who said, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him"?
39. Who says, "In his heart there is no God"?
40. Who acknowledges that the lines are fallen unto him in pleasant places?
41. Who said, "All men are liars"?
42. Who said, "He who ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city"?
43. Who said, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly"?

44. Who does the Scriptures say "cannot prosper"?
45. Who prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"?
46. Who said, "There is no discharge in that war"?
47. To whom was it revealed several hundred years before that the Redeemer should be born of a virgin?
48. Who said, "The heavens shall be dissolved"?
49. Who lamented "the harvest is past, and the summer is ended"?
50. Who asked, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin"?
51. What other nation besides Israel is to be scattered to all people?
52. Who was Belshazzar's successor as king of the Chaldeans?
53. Who said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone"?
54. What prophet was a herdsman?
55. What prophet was sent as a missionary to the Gentiles?
56. What prophet said, "In wrath, remember mercy"?
57. What prophet said, "They save wages to put into a bag with holes"?
58. Who said, "At evening time it shall be light"?
59. Who asked the question, "Will a man rob God?"
60. What became of the golden calf set up by Aaron in the wilderness journey?
61. For how long did marriage exempt a man from going to war?

ANSWERS TO OLD TESTAMENT QUERIES

1. Asshur.—Gen. x, 11.
2. Judah.—Gen. xxxvii, 26, 27.
3. Asenath.—Gen. xli, 45.

4. Pharaoh's daughter.—Ex. ii, 10.
5. Joshua, in Jordan, as a memorial of God's deliverance.—Josh. iv, 9.
6. Achan.—Josh. vii, 21.
7. Joshua.—Josh. xxiv, 15.
8. Joshua.—Josh. xxiv, 22.
9. Samson.—Judges xvi, 5, 6.
10. That of Jonathan and David.—I. Sam. xviii, 1.
11. Abigail and David.—I. Sam. xxv, 42.
12. From the head of the king of the Ammonites.—II. Sam. xii, 30.
13. The head of Sheba.—II. Sam. xx, 21.
14. Goliath.—II. Sam. xxi, 20.
15. David.—II. Sam. xxiv, 14.
16. The daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt.—I. Kings iii, 1.
17. Solomon.—I. Kings ix, 18.
18. Moses and Elijah.—Ex. xxiv, 8; I. Kings xix, 8, 9.
19. Jezebel used Ahab's name.—I. Kings xxi, 8.
20. Hezekiah.—II. Kings xx, 1.
21. Workmen on the Temple.—II. Kings xxii, 7.
22. Nebuchadnezzar.—II. Kings xxv, 1, 11.
23. To Joseph.—I. Chron. v, 1.
24. The Gadites.—I. Chron. xii, 8.
25. Issachar.—I. Chron. xii, 32.
26. Zebulun.—I. Chron. xii, 33.
27. Obed-Edom and Jehiah.—I. Chron. xv, 24.
28. Joab, of David's army.—I. Chron. xxvii, 34.
29. Rehoboam.—II. Chron. xi, 21.
30. Zerah.—II. Chron. xiv, 9.
31. Athaliah.—II. Chron. xxiv, 11.
32. Manasseh.—II. Chron. xxxiii, 11, 13.
33. Josiah.—II. Chron. xxxiv, 1; i, 8.
34. The daughters of Shallum.—Neh. iii, 12.

35. Job.—Job i, 21.
36. Satan.—Job ii, 4.
37. Job.—Job iii, 17.
38. Job.—Job xiii, 15.
39. The fool.—Psalms xiv, 1.
40. David.—Psalms xvi, 6.
41. David.—Psalms cxvi, 11.
42. Solomon.—Prov. xvi, 32.
43. Solomon.—Prov. xviii, 24.
44. He that covereth his sins.—Prov. xxviii, 13.
45. Agur.—Prov. xxx, 8.
46. Solomon.—Ec. viii, 8.
47. Ahaz.—Isaiah vii, 14.
48. Isaiah, God's command.—Isaiah xxiv, 4.
49. The Jews.—Jer. viii, 20.
50. Jeremiah.—Jer. xiii, 23.
51. Elamites.—Jer. xlix, 36.
52. Darius.—Dan. v, 31.
53. The prophet Hosea.—Hosea iv, 17.
54. Amos.—Amos i, 1.
55. Jonah.—Jonah i, 2, 5.
56. Habakkuk.—Hab. iii, 2.
57. Haggai.—Hag. i, 6.
58. Zechariah.—Zech. xiv, 7.
59. Malachi.—Mal. iii, 8.
60. It was ground to powder, mixed with water, and the Israelites forced to drink it.—Ex. xxxii, 20.
61. For a year. "He shall be free at home for one year, and he shall cheer his wife which he hath taken."—Deuteronomy xxiv, 5.

NEW TESTAMENT QUERIES

1. Who was reigning in Judah when Joseph returned from Egypt with the child Jesus?

2. Who were the first called of the disciples?
3. Whose birthday was celebrated by dancing?
4. With whom did Jesus spend his last Sabbath?
5. Who was the only person, according to the sacred Scriptures, who raised a voice in behalf of Jesus during the trial?
6. Who rose from the dead without the interposition of the Prophets, Jesus, or the Apostles?
7. What prophet was seen 1,500 years after his death?
8. Of whom was it said, "She hath done what she could"?
9. What are the first recorded words of Jesus?
10. Who paid the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed?
11. To what king did Christ refer when he said, "Go ye and tell that fox"?
12. Who asked Jesus, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem"?
13. Who testified of Jesus that he was both his successor and predecessor?
14. By whom are we told to "search the Scriptures"?
15. What is the test of discipleship?
16. Whose curiosity was checked by Christ, telling him in effect to mind his own business?
17. Who is pronounced a Doctor of the Law?
18. Who was reading the writings of a prophet while riding in a chariot?
19. What were Paul's first words after conversion?
20. Who was the first Apostle to raise a dead person to life?
21. Which of the disciples was a tanner?
22. Who, in speaking of Christ, said, "He went about doing good"?
23. Who was the first Christian convert in Europe?

24. What Athenian judge was converted under Paul's preaching?
25. What emperor banished all Jews from Rome?
26. Of whom was it said, "He was mighty in the Scriptures"?
27. What prisoner in chains stood on the steps of a castle and addressed a multitude?
28. Who was St. Paul's teacher?
29. What unrighteous judge trembled before a prisoner in chains?
30. Who was captain of the guard that took Paul to Rome?
31. Who was the chief man on the island of Malta, where Paul was shipwrecked?
32. How long did Paul preach at Rome?
33. What apostle expressed a desire to travel in Spain?
34. What Christian was recommended to the apostles for hospitality?
35. What woman carried St. Paul's epistle to the Romans?
36. Who said, "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow"?
37. Who said, "Hold fast to that which is good"?
38. What example have we of early piety in the New Testament?
39. Name three heathen writers whom St. Paul quotes?
40. Who said, "To the pure all things are pure"?
41. Who said, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above"?
42. Who said, "The devils also believe that there is one God"?

43. Name three persons whose afflictions were a source of enjoyment?

44. What member of the primitive church tried the patience of the loving disciple John?

45. God will wipe away all tears from the eyes of whom?

46. Give the name of two angels mentioned in the Bible?

47. Who was the first Christian martyr?

48. From what place in Palestine did the Ascension take place?

ANSWERS TO NEW TESTAMENT QUERIES

1. Archelaus.—Matt. ii, 22.

2. John and Andrew.—John i, 37-41.

3. Herod's.—Matt. xiv, 6.

4. Simon, the Leper.—Matt. xxvi, 6.

5. The wife of Pontius Pilate.—Matt. xxvii, 19.

6. "The Saints that slept arose."—Matt. xxviii, 52.

7. Moses, by Peter, James, and John.—Mark ix, 2 and 5.

8. The woman who poured the ointment on the Saviour's head.—Mark xiv, 3, 8.

9. "How is it that ye sought me?"—Luke ii, 49.

10. The good Samaritan.—Luke x, 35.

11. King Herod.—Luke xiii, 31, 32.

12. Cleopas.—Luke xxiv, 18.

13. John the Baptist.—John i, 15.

14. Our Saviour.—John v, 35.

15. "If ye have love one to another."—John xiii, 35.

16. Peter's.—John xxi, 21, 22.

17. Gamaliel.—Acts v, 34.

18. The eunuch.—Acts viii, 30.

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19. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—
Acts ix, 6.
20. Peter.—Acts ix, 40.
21. Simon.—Acts ix, 23.
22. Simon Peter.—Acts x, 38.
23. Lydia, at Thyatira.—Acts xvi, 14.
24. Dionysius.—Acts xvii, 34.
25. Claudius.—Acts xviii, 2.
26. Apollos.—Acts xviii, 24.
27. Paul.—Acts xxi, 40.
28. Gamaliel.—Acts xxii, 3.
29. Felix.—Acts xxiv, 25.
30. Julius.—Acts xxvii, 1.
31. Publius.—Acts xxviii, 7.
32. Two years.—Acts xxviii, 30.
33. St. Paul.—Rom. xv, 24, 28.
34. Gaius.—Rom. xvi, 23.
35. Phebe.—Rom xvi, 27.
36. Paul, to the Philippians.—Phil. ii, 10.
37. Paul.—I. Thes. v, 21.
38. Timothy.—II. Tim. iii, 15.
39. Aratus.—Acts xvii, 28. Menander.—I. Cor. xv,
33. Epimendes.—Titus i, 12.
40. Paul.—Titus i, 15.
41. James.—James i, 17.
42. James.—James ii, 19.
43. Paul.—Rom. v, 3; II. Cor. xii, 9, 10. James.—
James i, 2. Peter.—I. Peter ii, 25.
44. Diotrephes.—III. John, 5.
45. Those who have washed their robes and made
them white.—Rev. vii, 13, 17.
46. Gabriel.—Dan. ix, 21; Luke i, 19. Michael.—
Jude i, 9; Rev. xii, 7.
47. Stephen.—Acts vii, 54, 60.
48. Bethany.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

A contest in which all present write the names of the books of the Bible, in their correct order of succession, will be found to offer *surprising* difficulty among adults as well as children—unless they have been brought up so that ignorance of that subject would rank with lack of knowledge of the multiplication table. Instead of making lists, separate cards each with the name of a “book” written upon it will facilitate the arrangement for the competitors. A time-limit should be set, and the one who takes the place of umpire receives the lists or inspects the rows of cards, and announces the winner, who should receive some little honour.

SCRIPTURE CAKE

Here is a contest for finding out the recipe for a very delicious cake. The cake itself may be served at the conclusion of the game with afternoon tea, or would probably not be unacceptable at any hour. Those who can write the correct answers either from memory or by guesswork, naturally win the contest. For verification, or in looking up the various ingredients in the Bible, interest is likely to be aroused in the subjects which occasion their mention.

RECIPE

4½ cups of I. Kings iv, 22,
1 cup of Judges v, 25, last clause,
2 cups Jeremiah vi, 20,
2 cups I. Samuel xxx, 12,
2 cups Nahum iii, 12,
2 cups of Numbers xvii, 25,
A pinch of Leviticus ii, 13,
6 Jeremiah xvii, ii,
½ cup of Judges iv, 19, last clause,

2 teaspoonfuls of Amos iv, 5.

Season to taste of II. Chronicles ix, 9.

BENEDICITE

A game that stimulated reading and investigation in many directions was invented by a mother to entertain and instruct her family of growing boys and girls—based upon the Benedicite of the Prayer-Book, which, as is supposed, was the song sung by the “Three Children in the fiery furnace.”

After several Sunday evenings devoted to playing it, the children declared that when the “Benedicite” was sung in church they really understood *how* birds, beasts, fishes, and stars could praise God.

Each verse of the famous psalm was written on separate bits of paper. These were thrown into a covered basket and withdrawn, one by one, by the players in turn.

The person to whose lot fell the lines calling upon any one of God’s creations to praise Him, was expected to tell some fact in relation to that being or object.

Failing to answer, the paper was passed on.

Each person who contributed any interesting fact received a counter with the name of the subject in which he had shown himself well informed written upon it. One who showed greater proficiency and familiarity with the subject was given a card with a picture upon it that had to do with that topic.

A sample game, for instance, would be: “A” receives the line of the psalm calling upon “the ice and snow to praise the Lord,” and he tells how water, when cooled below a certain temperature, passes into ice and, becoming lighter, rises to the surface, interposes a barrier to the cold air, and leaves a body of water below it, in

which the fish can live and move freely in a temperate region.

To "B's" lot falls the opportunity to tell of "mountains and hills" that act as loadstones to the clouds and draw down the fertilising rain, and also form the great watersheds of the earth, where the rivers rise, so distributing the water-supply and preventing it's lying in stagnant pools, as it would if the earth were flat.

"C" may draw the paper about the "fowls of the air," and, beyond appreciation of their singing as a contribution to the joys of life, knows little and passes on the paper.

"D" tells of their plumage—so light that that of an owl weighs but an ounce and a half, warm to resist the heat-robbing currents of the air, and made waterproof by the bird's power to secrete an oily substance to smear over the feathers. The bones, hollow for lightness, and their structure so strong that a swallow flies ninety miles an hour, unwearied.

For the "beast and cattle" one tells perhaps of the internal reservoir of the camel, which is filled with water when opportunity serves, its complex stomach set around with deep sacs which, compressed, give forth their contents for the beast's refreshment. The hump, too, gradually disappears during a long journey, having contributed to the animal's nourishment.

The subject of "green things upon the earth" gives great scope, and the attempt to tell of the "stars of heaven"—the nearest fixed star twenty millions of millions of miles away—Sirius three times as far—leaves one mentally gasping in the effort to imagine space.

The "powers of the Lord" offers opportunity to tell of interesting facts of electricity.

Each player kept the counters and cards received

until a certain time agreed upon, when prizes were given, appropriate to the subjects that had won distinction for those who had proved themselves best informed upon them.

For example, the one who knew about fishes received a globe of gold fish; he who contributed interesting facts about beasts and cattle was given a framed picture of a noble lion's head. The girl who knew about birds was made happy by the gift of a canary, and the one who had informed herself about "Angels of the Lord," having read Geo. Macdonald's interesting essay, and, being the only one not taken unawares by the subject, had told much that was new and interesting, received as her reward one of Fra Angelico's angels, set in the usual little shrine of gilt wood.

The children thought the questions had all the charm of conundrums, and the fun for the parents came in when the young folk esteemed it a privilege to "study up" for the game.

PRIZES AND PENALTIES

In playing games, while the interest and pleasure of winning should be sufficient reward in itself, a simple prize to mark the little victory and make it more conspicuous certainly adds much to the *éclat* of the occasion and makes an effective climax to the fun.

The etiquette of giving prizes—according to the present dicta of those who make a fashion by adopting it—requires that they are not seen until the moment of their bestowal by the hostess. They are usually wrapped very daintily and tied with ribbons, that the moment of impatient curiosity may be shared by all the players and the pleasure to the victor be enhanced by the little delay. Where there is a ladies' prize and one

for gentlemen, when both are playing, the host awards the former and the hostess the latter. Of course, the recipient unwraps it at once, that the other players may see and admire.

Among friends who are well acquainted, or where the entertainment is very informal, a "booby" prize—some absurd article suggestive of crass ignorance or failure in the particular line emphasized by the success of the victor—certainly adds much to the fun. A stranger, however, or a very sensitive person, would feel embarrassed by its bestowal, and therefore upon many occasions it is preferable to have a second prize both for ladies and gentlemen, which goes by the name of the "consolation" prize.

All who have not won the first award cast lots for this. The usual mode of doing so is to place a pack of cards, face down, upon the table, when each player in succession turns up a card. The first one to turn an ace is entitled to the prize.

It is a grave mistake to provide prizes so costly or so much to be desired as to arouse cupidity and tempt those who are ostensibly playing for pleasure to really play for gain. Neither does one wish to go so far to the other extreme that that which is intended to do honour to the winner shall be seen only to be despised. Better than this is it to have some little mock ceremony in which the victor shall be made prominent.

He or she may be crowned with a laurel wreath, given a palm-branch, or flag with "Victory" in gilt letters upon it, or "decorated" with an imitation "order" or medal. A broad moire ribbon adorned with a gilt tinsel star may be worn by the successful contestant across the breast, or a gorgeous "Order of Victory" be evolved out of gilt paper or tinsel cord and mock

gems. A leather medal, a dunce-cap, or a toy donkey or goose, make good "boobies."

Small, round boxes tricked out in crêpe paper frills make pretty, inexpensive prizes or favours, particularly for children. Scarlet ones look like poppies, pink like roses, or if the petals are notched, like carnations; green of two shades like heads of lettuce, etc. The crêpe paper lends itself to manipulation so that the petals look most natural. Any one with the ordinary complement of wits and fingers can make them.

For the penalties, required by some games in order to redeem the forfeits given, something in the nature of "stunts" or "parlor-tricks" will make an amusing entertainment in itself. Some one with inventive wits should be chosen to impose the task for each culprit. Sometimes each player writes a penalty upon a bit of paper. Those for the gentlemen and ladies, respectively, are upon papers of different colours. They are then collected by the leader.

Here are a few suggestions:

1. Stand an umbrella upon its end in the middle of the room, let go its handle, pirouette rapidly, and snatch the umbrella before it falls.

2. Stand against the wall, drop a handkerchief at your feet, and, without bending the knees, stoop and pick it up.

3. Make a paper ball of any size, lay it upon the floor, then stand away from it the distance of three times the length of your own foot and try to kick it out of the way.

4. The leader may impose this penalty upon two delinquents together: They are told to stand upon an open newspaper in such a manner that they cannot possibly touch one another. Their puzzled attempts may

be ineffectual, until it is explained that if the newspaper be placed over the sill of a door, the feat may be accomplished if they each stand upon the paper with the door closed between them.

5. Two other culprits may be ordered to kneel opposite each other, one holding a lighted candle and the other one unlighted. Each then takes his or her left foot in the left hand, and balancing upon one knee, tries to light the one candle from the other. No suspicion of its difficulty will appear until it is tried.

6. Another feat with a candle is to drop upon one knee, holding the other foot straight out before one. A lighted candle is then placed on the floor at one side, an unlighted one at the other. Balanced thus on the one knee and without touching the floor with the hands, one is required to pick up both candles, light the one from the other, replace them, and rise to one's feet.

7. Eating a string rabbit-fashion is an amusing feat, if there is a person at each end and a bonbon suspended between. The string is taken into the mouth, drawn in with the lips—each one endeavouring to reach and appropriate the bonbon before the other.

8. Two persons are blindfolded, and, starting from opposite ends of the room, are told to shake hands. Their efforts to comply are amusing to the spectators.

9. A gentleman is sentenced to speak to every lady in the room, merely saying, "Poor Pussie," to which they each respond, "Meow!"

10. Two persons are blindfolded and each is given a bowl and spoon. They are then requested to feed each other. The bowl contains flour, bread or cracker-crumbs, or rice. The fun remains with the spectators.

11. A gentleman is ordered to propose his own health in a complimentary speech.

12. Two persons, blindfolded, are sentenced to waltz together.

13. This is called "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance." The condemned must take a lighted candle in his hand, and select some other player to be his squire, who takes his arm and leads him before each lady in the company, whose hand the squire must kiss, and after each kiss must carefully wipe the Knight's mouth with a handkerchief. The Knight must carry the candle all through the penance and preserve the utmost gravity.

14. This rather difficult feat should be given to an athletic player. A card with ends folded down is placed upon the floor. The person under sentence is told to pick it up without touching it with his hands. He must kneel, and, placing his elbow against his knees, reach out his arm at full length on the ground. Where the point of his middle finger reaches, the card is placed with its upright end next him, and, with both hands behind his back, he must pick up the card.

CHILDREN'S FORFEITS

The time-honoured mode of imposing the penalties for forfeits is for one to hide his or her head in the lap of another, who takes the articles up one by one, and holding it up, the following dialogue ensues:

"Here is a thing, and a very pretty thing. What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

"Fine or Superfine?" (meaning boy or girl).

The answer is given and the owner is called by name and sentenced.

For example:

1. Two persons are told to "sail the ship." Their feet are braced together, and they must whirl rapidly around, and then slowly come to a standstill. The gait

of the "sailors" immediately thereafter will suggest rough weather and a heavy sea.

2. A bit of paper is pinned to a curtain or portière, and then blindfolding the culprit, he is requested to remove it.

3. One is told to kiss himself or herself—which may be done on the hand or on the reflection in a glass.

4. "Walking Spanish" is an old favourite. A cane or umbrella is given to the person under sentence, which he rests upon the floor, puts both hands upon its top and then rests his forehead upon them. While in this position, he must turn around three times, and then, with head erect, walk straight ahead.

5. A large bottle is placed upon its side. The delinquent is seated upon this, with the heel of his right foot resting upon the ground and the heel of the left foot against the toe of the right. A good-sized needle is then given him, and a thread which he must endeavour to pass through the needle's eye without losing his balance.

6. A boy or girl may be told to lie down at full length on the floor and rise with the arms still folded.

7. A German band is announced as about to give a performance. Three or four of the company are requested to imitate the sound of some musical instrument in concert—to some popular and familiar air.

8. Blindfold a person, and then let each of the company give him a spoonful of water from a glass until he guesses who it is that is feeding him.

9. A favourite sentence for transgressors of the laws of games is the following: Two persons stand at opposite ends of the room, each holding a lighted candle. They advance slowly, and with deep gravity look into each other's faces. When they meet, the following dialogue takes place:

"The Princess Hugger-Mugger is dead, defunct and gone."

"Can it be possible! Alack and alas!"

They then retreat to their starting-points with the same solemnity. The fact that they must not smile makes it very difficult to refrain.

10. The penance of a pilgrimage to Rome is another old favourite. The penitent announces his intention, and, going around to each of the company, begs for something to take on his journey. Every one must give him something—the more cumbersome the better. When he has collected them all, he may be relieved, but not before.

12. The person whose forfeit is called is sent into exile—*i. e.*, banished to the part of the room the most remote from the rest of the company, with whom he is forbidden to communicate for five minutes unless he can repeat "Bandy-legged Borachio Mustachio Whiskenfusticus of Bagdad, boldest, bravest of bandits, beat down a bumble-bee at Balsora."

A good way to impose the collection of forfeits is to supply every boy with a bag of peanuts or hickory nuts and every girl with one of beans or clothes-pins, each bag containing a like number. When a forfeit is incurred a nut, bean or clothes-pin is given up, and the one who at the end of the game has the most nuts, beans, or pins left is accounted the winner of the game—and perhaps of a prize. This is appropriate for any game like "Yes and No," in which a failure does not impose banishment from the competition.

CHAPTER XI

Catches and Riddles

CATCHES

I.

A QUESTION OF FOREST LORE

TO be repeated rapidly:

“How much *wood* would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?” “If a woodchuck *could* chuck, a woodchuck would chuck as much wood as a woodchuck could chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood.”

2.

A Frenchman's report of Hamlet's famous soliloquy—
To be repeated after one hearing.

“To was or not to am,
To were or is to not,
To shall or not to be!”

3.

Betty Botta bought some butter.
“But,” she said, “this butter's bitter,
“But a bit o' better butter
Will but make my batter better.”

So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And it made her batter better.
So, 'twas better Betty Botta
Bought a bit o' better butter.

A PERSONAL PUZZLE

Put down the year in which you were born, to which add 4, then add the age which your next birthday will make you, provided it comes before January first, otherwise your age at your last birthday. Multiply result by 1,000, and deduct from this 693,423; substitute for the figures, corresponding letters of the alphabet: A, for 1, B for 2, C for 3, D for 4, etc.

The result will give the name by which you are popularly known.

This arrangement is for the year 1904. For each succeeding year add 1,000 to the amount to be deducted. Thus for 1905 deduct 694,423, for 1906 695,423, and so on.

GENERAL SAPT

This catch is simply a matter of memory and attention, but it is surprising how few persons are able to follow its directions to a successful issue. Sometimes a dozen persons will make the attempt in turn, and everyone be tripped up on some point omitted.

The leader sets the example, and, telling the players to watch carefully that each in turn may do as he has done, he raises his wine-glass held between his thumb and forefinger, saying, "I drink to the health of General Sapt." He takes one sip and sets the glass upon the table with a marked tap of the glass on the wood, strokes his moustache with the right forefinger, then on the opposite side with the forefinger of the left hand, taps the table once with each forefinger, stamps once with each foot, bows once, and rises and reseats himself once.

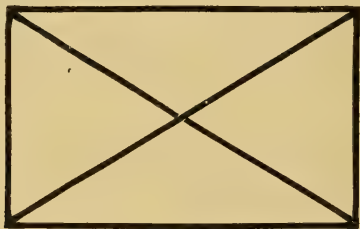
Next, he raises his glass held between thumb and two fingers, exclaiming, "I drink to the health of General

Sapt, Sapt," He sips twice from the glass, sets the glass down, tapping the table with it twice, smooths his moustache twice in succession with two fingers of the right hand, then twice with two of the left, taps the table with two fingers of the right hand, then two taps with two of the left. He stamps twice with each foot, bows twice, rises twice from his chair, and then resumes it. This is repeated, doing everything in threes, then in fours. The one who makes no mistake is entitled to applause.

ARTISTIC REFLECTIONS

Seat a person at a table and place before him a mirror. Give him pencil and paper and request him to draw the following design while looking in the glass:

Hold a sheet of paper over his right hand so as to hide it entirely from his sight.



It will be found surprisingly difficult to draw the diagonal lines.

Another test may be to write his own name while looking in the glass.

GEORGE CANNING'S RIDDLE

There is a word of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.
Now, any word you chance to take,

By adding "s" you plural make;
But if you add an "s" to this,
How strange the metamorphosis;
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Answer: Cares—Caress.

MACAULAY'S LAST RIDDLE

Let us look at it quite closely—
'Tis a very ugly word,
And one that makes us shudder
Wherever it is heard.
It may be very wicked,
It must be always sad,
And speaks of sin and suffering
Enough to make us mad.
They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true,
And when we decompose it—
(Which, of course, we're free to do)—
If from the letters we take off
And sever the first three,
We leave the nine remaining ones
As sad as sad can be!
For though it seems to make it less
In fact it makes it more,
For it takes the brute creation in
Which it left out before.
Let's try if we can mend it;
'Tis possible we may,
If only we divide it
In some new-fashioned way.
Instead of three and nine, then,
Let's make it four and eight;

You'll say it makes no difference,
At least, not very great.
But only see the consequence,
That's all that need be done,
To change the note of sadness
To unmitigated fun !
It clears off swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie knives,
And all the horrid weapons
By which men take their lives.
It wakens better feelings,
And how joyfully is heard
The native notes of gladness
Compressed in that one word.
Yes, four and eight, my friend,
Let that be yours and mine,
Though all the hosts of evil
Rejoice in three and nine.
Answer: Manslaughter—man's laughter.

RIDDLE BY BISHOP WILBERFORCE

I am a singular piece of mechanism, as all allow.

1. I have a chest,
2. Two lids,
3. Two musical instruments,
4. A number of articles indispensable to a carpenter,
5. Two lofty trees,
6. Two good fish,
7. A number of shell-fish,
8. A fine stag,
9. A number of small animals, swift and shy,
10. Two playful animals,
11. A number of weathercocks,
12. Two established measures,

13. Two implements of war,
14. Whips, without handles,
15. The steps of a hotel,
16. The sides of a vote,
17. Fine flowers,
18. A fruit,
19. Two scholars,
20. Two places of worship,
21. Ten Spanish noblemen to wait upon me,
22. A way out of difficulty,
23. A poor bed,
24. A desert place,
25. A probable remark of Nebuchadnezzar when eating grass.

ANSWERS TO BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S RIDDLE

The human body, which has:

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. A chest. | 14. Lashes. |
| 2. Two eyelids. | 15. Inn-steps. |
| 3. Drums (ear-drums). | 16. Ayes and noes. |
| 4. Nails. | 17. Tulips. |
| 5. Palms. | 18. Adam's apple. |
| 6. Soles. | 19. Pupils. |
| 7. Muscles. | 20. Temples. |
| 8. Hart. | 21. Ten-dons. |
| 9. Hares. | 22. Cheek. |
| 10. Calves. | 23. Pallet. |
| 11. Vanes. | 24. Waste. |
| 12. Feet, Hands. | 25. "I browse" (eyebrows). |
| 13. Arms. | |

RIDDLE BY CHARLES JAMES FOX

What is pretty and useful in various ways,
 Tho' it tempts some poor mortals to shorten their days;
 Take one letter from it, and there will appear

What youngsters admire every day of the year;
Take two letters from it, and then without doubt
You are what that is, if you don't find it out?

ANSWER: Glass, - lass, -- ass.

"PUZZLE VERSE" BY DR. WEIR MITCHELL

"A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing and Taylor preach,
Though through all learning Swift I glide
No wisdom doth with me abide."

ANSWER: A paper-cutter.

FLOWER RIDDLES

1. What did the bull do in the old woman's china-shop?—Buttercups.
2. What did the man on the ice do to his nose?—Bluet.
3. What facial characteristics have we all?—Tulips.
4. What do unmarried men lose?—Bachelor's-buttons.
5. What followed the tax on tea?—Tea-rose.
6. What is a popular girl who can't go to a ball.—A blue-bell.
7. What's an unpopular one who does go?—A wall-flower.
8. When you go to buy an alarm clock, what do you ask for?—Four-o'-clock.
9. What are fire-crackers?—Poppy.
10. What are they mostly connected with?—Cat-tails.

11. A fact which the cat is inclined to what?—Rue.
12. Old-fashioned flowers were planted in what?—Primrose.
13. When a bashful young man is calling, conversation is apt to what?—Flag.
14. What are stage-houses made of?—Shamrock.
15. What is often impressed on little boys?—Lady's slippers.

STINGS

1. A sting that cures fatigue?
2. A sting that cures hunger?
3. A sting that tidies your room?
4. A sting that cooks your meat?
5. A sting that makes you laugh?
6. A sting that foolish people indulge?
7. A sting that spoils your tools?
8. A sting that browns your bread?
9. A sting that makes you read a book through?
10. A sting that tries?
11. A sting that adapts?
12. A sting that shop-keepers dislike?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. Resting. | 7. Rusting. |
| 2. Feasting. | 8. Toasting. |
| 3. Dusting. | 9. Interesting. |
| 4. Roasting. | 10. Testing. |
| 5. Jestng. | 11. Adjusting. |
| 6. Boasting. | 12. Trusting. |

MISCELLANEOUS RIDDLES

My name declares my date to be
 The morning of the world's first year;
 Though motherless, as all agree,

I am a mother, it is clear.
 A father, too, without dispute,
 And when my son comes, he's a fruit,
 And not to puzzle you too much
 'Twas I gave Holland to the Dutch?

ANSWER: Adam—a dam—Adam—a damson—a dam.

The highest gift of God to man,
 When all his wondrous works we scan;
 That which we always lose with sorrow,
 And sometimes are compelled to borrow.
 The lover's gift, the poet's song;
 What art makes short, and nature long.

ANSWER: Hair.

My first some men will gladly take
 Entirely for my second's sake;
 But very few, indeed, there are,
 Who both together well can bear.

ANSWER: Mis-fortune.

My first is what,
 My second is not,
 And my whole is a piece of furniture.

ANSWER: What-not.

Unto a certain numeral
 One letter add, sad fate!
 What first was solitary
 You will annihilate.

ANSWER: One—n-one.

In my first, forever flow
 Sounds of mirth and sounds of woe;

In my second, newly made,
Thousands every day are laid;
In my whole, we never jest,
Prayers are said and sins confessed.

ANSWER: Ear-nest.

My first means company,
My second shuns company,
My third calls company,
My whole entertains company.

ANSWER: A conundrum.

My first is everything,
So is my second,
My third is also.

ANSWER: Also.

My first is private property,
My second is its friend,
My whole we guard with jealous care
And borrow not, nor lend.

ANSWER: Tooth-brush.

An old king of England,
By violence heated,
Endangered the weal of his soul—
To atone for my second,
My first he repeated
Full nine times a day on my whole.

ANSWER: Ave-rage.

A MUSICAL TEST

QUESTIONS

1. Where is the earth?
2. An old man's friend?

3. What do the weary need?
4. A useful article to a cook?
5. Found plentifully in most rivers?
6. Part of a fish?
7. An important part of a letter?
8. What title is coveted by military men?
9. What do all public speakers do sometimes?
10. Not served in bar-rooms?
11. The most popular style of music with debutantes?
12. What locks the stable when the horse is gone?
13. The one who guesses the most answers?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. In space. | 8. Major. |
| 2. Staff. | 9. Repeat. |
| 3. Rest. | 10. Minors. |
| 4. Measure. | 11. Hymns. |
| 5. Bars. | 12. Key. |
| 6. Scale. | 13. Beats. |
| 7. Signature. | |

BOTANICAL PUZZLE

What may be found in a boat? Leeks.

On any clock twice in twenty-four hours? Four-o'clock.

About a shepherd? Phlox.

A travelling Israelite? Wandering Jew.

In historical works? Dates.

A body of water? Bay.

Found on a ship? A ragged sailor.

In a king's cap? Prince's feather.

In my watch? Thyme.

At dawn? Daisy. (Day's eye.)

In the alphabet? L.M. (elm); U. (yew).

In a book? Leaves.

In the water? Currants. (Currents.)

CHANGEFUL ADDITIONS

1. Add 50 to a drink and find a water-bird.
2. Add 50 to an animal and find part of a monk's costume.
3. Add 50 to a girl's name and find a record.
4. Add 50 to a piece of glass and find part of a wainscot.
5. Add 50 to an ocean and find an animal.
6. Add 50 to a weapon and find a round vessel.
7. Add 50 to a place of burial and find small stones.
8. Add 50 to a vegetable and find a loud noise.
9. Add 50 to a thicket and find a loose covering.

ANSWERS

- | | | |
|------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. Tea-1. | 4. Pane-1. | 7. Grave-1. |
| 2. Cow-1. | 5. Sea-1. | 8. Pea-1. |
| 3. Anna-1. | 6. Bow-1. | 9. Shaw-1. |

ANAGRAMS

From a box of letters printed on small cardboard squares, one selects those forming a word or short sentence, to be made into quite a different word by the players through transposition of letters. It is mentioned whether the word, after its metamorphosis, should result in one, two or more words. For instance, the words "Best in Prayer" are laid out upon the table to be transposed into "Presbyterian." "Golden Land" becomes "Old England." "Flit on Chcering Angel" is "Florence Nightingale." Another that is probably known is "I hire Parsons" for "Parishioners," and to "Use a blunder" is "Undesirable."

No. 1

The following anagrammatic letter will interest those who enjoy a puzzle.

*Rubhendig, Tanscold
Bear fury, Ruth-ten-foe.*

MY DEAR ERIN-GLADE:

I send you a letter in a *rag-man*, knowing that the *house-rats* of such learned books as yours will soon come to an *red nuts and gin* of my meaning.

I can imagine that *no stern action* of your good father, the *crymangle*, should this *early bat* of my feelings for *surly foe fall* into his hands.

So I will place it upon the *I creep safe*, where you will find it when you descend to your quite *spruce garden*.

Any of his *I hire parsons* would expect the heaviest *nine thumps* which words could inflict, in approaching the *crymangle* as the accepted *there we sat* of his only *aged Ruth*.

Please advise me whether to employ a *Pliny ate no tripe*, or whether to come myself with what *mad policy* I can command.

To-night I shall go to the *I roar too*. I wish that you might be with me to hear the new *a dry shop* performed by the *cart horse*. When I return, I shall look for the light of your *nice herald* as no *moon-starer* ever looked for the light of a new planet. If it is burning, I will accept it as a sign that I may present myself as a *cat dined for into my arm* to your respected *Norse cat*, so to call him.

If you do not approve, send me word by *great help*.

I am much occupied at the *Nay I repent it*. The *stains crash* have excited a spirit of *I love ruin* among the men.

One of them has been shot. I was his *go nurse* and must attend his *real fun* to-morrow. During his last

days he told me that he had acquired *the law* by the sale of *oil soap*, but had wasted it all in trying to crush the *ten tea-pots* of different countries. He assured the *live agents* who visited him that he belonged to the *Best in Prayer Church*, and maintained with his latest *the bar* that he had never sympathised with the *neat herds* of the doctrine of *sin sat on a tin tar tub*, but on the contrary thought it a *Simon Peter in tears*.

Two *sly ware* of my acquaintance tried with their witty *hair mops* to obtain control of his effects, but he left everything to the *Sheep at Cairo*, who attended him. I have a ring of *thy mates* which is of somewhat *neat leg* design, which I consider *one hug*.

Love Teddy,

For an end.

No. 2

FLOWER ANAGRAMS

In each sentence find the name of a flower by transposing the letters.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Love it. | 7. In a grade. |
| 2. Thy china. | 8. One lucky she. |
| 3. Get me no tin. | 9. A wee pest. |
| 4. Tears. | 10. Chant mus rhyme. |
| 5. List came. | 11. Me in a rug. |
| 6. One name. | 12. Untie Pa. |

No. 3

ANAGRAM—FAMOUS WOMEN

Each sentence contains the name of a woman known to fame in the past.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. A rusty tram. | 4. Clatter, hoary cod. |
| 2. Net a frill, going hence. | 5. An oar of J. C. |
| 3. I never quit a Co. | 6. To hash capon. |
| 7. Miss Marie. | |

No 4

ANIMAL CONTORTIONS

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Shore. | 11. Talligora. |
| 2. Soon gome. | 12. Hungry Doe. |
| 3. Tassy cup. | 13. Present. |
| 4. Areb. | 14. Fullborg. |
| 5. Kendoy. | 15. Kacopec. |
| 6. Sinob. | 16. Gip. |
| 7. Kats Rum. | 17. Obar. |
| 8. Chowdouck. | 18. Act. |
| 9. Padrole. | 19. Somue. |
| 10. Allam. | 20. Somsoup. |

These hieroglyphics are written upon cards, to which small pencils are attached, with space between the words in which to write the name of each animal, the letters of which have been so transposed as to offer a problem.

No. 1

KEY TO ANAGRAM LETTER

Edinburgh, Scotland, February fourteenth. Geraldine anagram, authoress, understanding, consternation, clergyman, betrayal, yourself, fire-escape, picturesque, parishioners, punishment, clergyman, sweetheart, daughter, plenipotentiary, diplomacy, oratorio, rhapsody, chandelier, astronomer, candidate, matrimony, ancestor, telegraph, penitentiary, anarchists, revolution, surgeon, funeral, wealth, sapolio, potentates, evangelist, Presbyterian, breath, adherents, transubstantiation, misrepresentation, lawyers, aphorisms, apothecaries, amethyst, elegant, enough. Devotedly, Fernando.

No. 2

KEY TO FLOWER ANAGRAMS

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. Violet. | 7. Gardenia. |
| 2. Hyacinth. | 8. Honeysuckle. |

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 3. Mignonette. | 9. Sweet-Pea. |
| 4. Aster. | 10. Chrysanthemum. |
| 5. Clematis. | 11. Geranium. |
| 6. Anemone. | 12. Petunia. |

No. 3

KEY TO FAMOUS WOMEN ANAGRAMS

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Mary Stuart. | 4. Charlotte Corday. |
| 2. Florence Nightingale. | 5. Joan of Arc. |
| 3. Queen Victoria. | 6. Pocahontas. |
| 7. Semiramis. | |

No. 4

KEY TO ANIMAL CONTORTIONS

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Horse. | 11. Alligator. |
| 2. Mongoose. | 12. Greyhound. |
| 3. Pussy-cat. | 13. Serpent. |
| 4. Bear. | 14. Bullfrog. |
| 5. Donkey. | 15. Peacock. |
| 6. Bison. | 16. Pig. |
| 7. Muskrat. | 17. Boar. |
| 8. Woodchuck. | 18. Cat. |
| 9. Leopard. | 19. Mouse. |
| 10. Llama. | 20. Opossum. |

CHAPTER XII

Fortune Telling

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

THIS form of unveiling the mysteries of the future would be appropriate for a valentine party, or one given to announce an engagement, or in honour of the approaching nuptials of a young woman who wishes to entertain her bridal attendants in some way suggestive of the same kind of happiness in which she is presumably revelling.

After dinner, or whenever the guests are ushered into the room where their fortunes are to be put to the test, they should find lying upon a round table a wheel three feet in diameter that, at a touch, revolves on a pivot. It is cut from heavy pasteboard, and its entire surface covered with pink paper roses. Upon one of the spokes, a gilded arrow is fastened, pointing outward.

A number of cards must have been previously prepared with fortunes, characters, etc., written upon them, four for each guest if but few are bidden, two or three if a numerous party be expected.

These cards are dealt in a circle around the wheel, blank side uppermost, placed either on the table or the floor by the person who is to unveil the future and learn his or her fortune by setting the wheel in motion by a vigorous whirl. When it has ceased its revolutions, the arrow will point to a card which records the answer.

The first question should have reference to the future art, profession, or business of the inquirer—to what he or she will owe success. For this, a separate set of cards is prepared. Upon one is fixed a tiny thimble, on the others a ring, a button, a dime, a butterfly, a laurel wreath (sketched or painted), a pill-box, a pen, a legal-looking document tied with red tape, a paint-brush, a booklet marked "sermons," a "folly" bell, a marble (to typify a rolling stone), which may be enclosed in a bit of tarletan pasted to the card.

If the symbol be inappropriate to the sex of the questioner, it may be assumed as belonging to his or her future mate.

The third set of cards will reveal the character of the one who sets the wheel of fate in motion.

One may read:

"Gay without folly, good without pretense,

You have that rarest virtue—common sense."

Another:

"A man he seems of pleasant yesterdays and confident to-morrows."

A third, perhaps, will be flattered by:

"Framed in the prodigality of nature."

Many a man would like this to be regarded as applicable to him:

"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder."

A young woman will be pleased with:

"To know her is to love her

And love but her forever!"

A good one will like:

"She hath a daily beauty in her life—

A tear for pity and a hand

Open as day for melting charity."

And a pretty one, this:

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Suckling's line may apply to many a maiden:

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

The answers are more graceful when given in the shape of quotations from noted authors.

Especially are the poets rich in suggestion for the third set of cards, which has to deal with love and marriage. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" will be found helpful.

What man would not be glad of the following pleasant picture of his future wife:

"Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command thy heart and thee,
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven, hath a summer's day."

Another may read and make of this what he please:

"Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
She'll still be a woman to you."

The following may apply to the inquirer of destiny, or the one whom he is dreaming of:

"Her tongue will not obey her heart."

These promise serene happiness as a portion:

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy."

"Fireside happiness and hours of ease,

Blest with that charm—the certainty to please."

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,

Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

This has a consolatory suggestion:

"Know this the truth—enough for man to know—
Virtue alone is happiness below."

If a fourth set of cards is needed, descriptions of the future mates will interest the questioners—and add to the fun. Upon each card should be written some descriptive adjective: Tall, lank, fat, pretty, plain, dark, blonde, thin, stupid, charming, adorable, beautiful, aristocratic, fascinating, etc.

The interest is more sustained if each person successively has a turn at the wheel—and reads his or her card aloud. Or, if very flattering, it may be passed to the hostess to be made public.

TEA-CUP LORE

Any amount of harmless fun and merriment may be had by telling fortunes by the grounds in the tea-cup. Given a little imagination, figures, initials—all sorts of indications may be seen. After the tea has been drunk—leaving but a few drops to “carry the grounds”—the inquirer must make a wish, repeating it in mind three times, after which the tea-cup must be whirled around vigorously to throw the grounds as much as possible into the upper part of the cup. This must be done three times from left to right, when the cup is turned over into the saucer to “settle the affairs of the future,” given three turns again from left to right and then handed to the fortune-teller, without looking into the cup one’s self, or else, so the oracle says, the spell will be broken.

The prophet or prophetess then picks it up and begins reading from the bottom of the cup (the past), and then around spiral fashion until the top (present or near future) is reached; or three cups may be used—one for the past, the second for the present, the third for the future.

A *man* is indicated by a long, hard leaf, with

something that suggests a hat or cane, or legs that fork.

A woman by a light-coloured leaf that spreads to indicate a gown, or with something atop that may be imagined to represent a woman's headgear.

A figure in kneeling posture denotes an offer of marriage, either made or received. Groups of dots near means acceptance. If these are absent, the suit will be rejected.

One figure alone, surrounded by a group of grounds, promises a lover or sweetheart.

A figure alone, with no grounds near, means single blessedness at the time indicated by its position in the cup.

A heart promises a love affair and much pleasure.

Two hearts, a marriage.

Two figures near together, with no grounds very near, means an engagement.

Three figures together is the sign of a speedy marriage.

A love letter is indicated by four dots forming a square. If near the top, it will be received in a short time. An extra dot within the square, or just outside, means good news; many small specks about it, bad news.

Three dots in a group promises the granting of your wish, as does a triangle.

A number of tea-leaves, short and tall, means a company of great and small.

Crosses, adversity.

A ring, a happy marriage.

Dots in form of a parallelogram, sickness or bad news.

Fine dots reaching in a long line, a journey. Many dots clustered about the end of the line means many new friends and pleasures.

An anchor, if at the bottom of the cup, means success;

at the top, love; in the middle, constancy. If surrounded by "clouds," the course of true love will not run smooth.

A star, if not surrounded by "clouds," means happiness; if circled by dots, long life.

Mountain, favour of persons of high position, social success. If clouded on its summit, ill-success in society.

Serpent, an enemy. If near the top of the cup, you will be successful, and, finally, turn him or her into a friend. If near the bottom and clouded around, the enmity will cause you sorrow.

Fish, lucky news from over seas. If clouds are near, the reverse.

Seven dots in a row, great prosperity.

A straight line, if surrounded by many grounds, foretells an illness.

Wavy lines, if circled by dots, money; if cloudy, reverses of fortune, either past or to come—according to their position in the cup, near the bottom or top.

Tears are indicated by drops at the bottom of the cup, or by many thick dots there.

A succession of large dots in a line foretells difficulties to be overcome. Many fine dots among them, unfriendliness will be superadded.

A leaf folded over the rim promises something unpleasant.

If the rim of the cup is clear a happy future is assured.

The following jingle is always quoted as a good condensation of the subject. It is a translation of an old Chinese "*chia*" (tea) song, for the "science" is very ancient:

"One leaf alone, alone you'll be;

Two together, the priest you'll see.

Three in groups, your wish you'll gain;

Four, a letter from loving swain.
Five, good news the letter'll bring;
Six in a row, a song you'll sing.
Seven together, great fortune waits
For you, so say the Tea-Cup Fates.
Tea-leaves short and tea-leaves tall
Bring you company great and small.
Tea-leaves many and dotted fine
Are, of bad luck, the surest sign.
Tea-leaves few and clean the rim,
Your cup with joy o'erflows the brim."

PALMISTRY

An amateur may give much pleasure and entertainment to friends by a little knowledge of the science of palmistry, and few accomplishments make one more popular than proficiency in that which purports to read character and forecast the future—even while one has little belief in it and has recourse to it "just for fun."

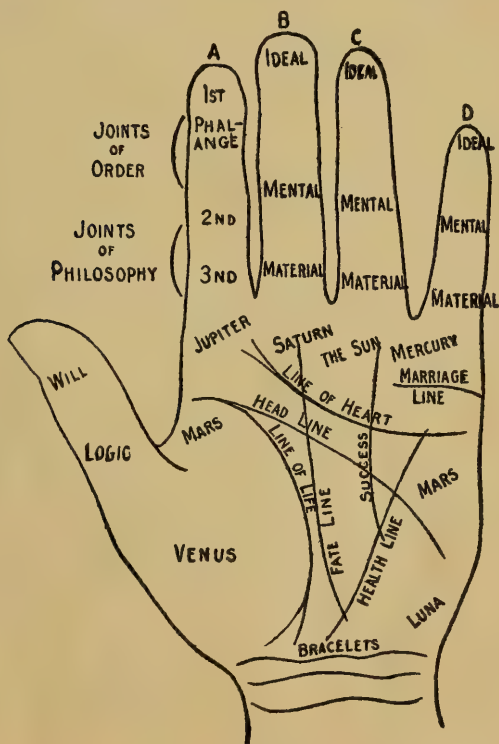
Every one's hand being different, and every line and elevation having its peculiar significance, variety adds its spice to the interest. Begin your "séance" with the grave statement that "Nature makes no mistakes, and every one carries his fortune in his hand."

The hands should be stretched out for inspection without resting upon anything.

The lines and mounts in the left hand are those formed by the acts of our parents and ancestors—the character with which we were born. The right hand reveals what we have made of ourselves, how indulged, curbed or cured inherited tendencies—which also implies that we may yet do much. Our hands are written up to date, but they do not seal the destiny. The will is free.

The next claim is that one's future and one's fortune are indicated in the hand. "Show me thy hand and I'll show thee thy life." Shakespeare's universal genius leaves little untouched.

A hand too slim, narrow, and feeble indicates a weak character—instincts without capacity. If pliant and in good proportion there will be to its owner an appreciation of all the pleasures of life. If unduly thick or hard, it is the evidence of instincts of an unthinking animalism.



TYPES OF HANDS

There are no two hands just alike, but they resemble each other sufficiently to be divisible into seven principle types—of which there are many varieties.

The Elementary Hand.—This hand is the lowest type—on the borderland between brute and man. The hand is short, thick-set and clumsy; the thumb also short, barely reaching the base of the index-finger. There are very few lines upon it. People with such hands are found in occupations requiring only unskilled labour. Such have little self-control, and often are the victims of violent tempers.

The Square Hand.—This hand may be depended upon. It belongs to those who are practical, conscientious, upright, and honest. They respect law and order, are methodical, punctual, trustworthy. They are natural leaders, executive, enterprising, courageous in emergency. They make good and true friends, loyal and constant. They have boldness to undertake difficult tasks, are not quarrelsome, but very determined in their own views. This is the hand of a thorough business man, successful lawyer or statesman. The square hand is so called because the palm is square at the wrist, square at the base of the fingers, and with the fingers themselves square. It is sometimes called the useful hand. Their owners have little originality, imagination, or ideality. Their chief fault is that they are too material.

The Artistic Hand.—The fingers, bulky at the third phalange, taper thence to the extremity. The thumb is small, the palm well developed.

Those who have this hand care more for form than substance, for what pleases than for what feeds. They love beauty—are fond of leisure, novelty, and liberty, are ardent, humble, yet vain. They have more dash

than force; more sentiment than thought; are impulsive, enthusiastic, impatient of routine and monotony. They are lovers of colour, music, poetry, luxury; open-handed, light-hearted, liberal-minded. They are magnetic and hospitable. They make friends quickly, but are somewhat fickle—are mercurial, gay one moment, moody the next—given to gloomy forebodings.

This has also been called the conic hand, and the “hand of impulse.” People with such hands are excellent conversationalists, they grasp the drift of a subject quickly, but it must be confessed that they are more or less superficial.

Women with such hands love admiration. They must love very deeply before one can be certain of the constancy of their affection.

People with this type of hand are quick tempered, but the mood soon passes. They are generous, sympathetic, but to a certain extent selfish where their own personal comfort is concerned.

The Spatuled Hand.—The name of this hand is taken from the instrument that a chemist uses in mixing his preparations—the fingers flat and bulging round at the end.

This hand has confidence in itself. To it belongs the sense of tangible things, an instinctive knowledge of the real, the practical, a genius for calculation, applied sciences, mechanical arts.

Those having this type of hand are unassuming, persistent, and most happy when engaged in real active work. They are logical, full of energy, purposeful, moral rather than religious. They are self-reliant, utilitarian, and appreciate wealth rather than luxury. They love horses, dogs, hunting, sailing, war, agriculture, commerce, bodily exercises. Those who have

smooth fingers ending in a spatule proceed by instinct, intuition, passion. Those with knotty fingers terminating in the same way advance to their conclusions by calculation, reason, deduction.

The smooth fingers will be dexterous. Those with spatuled hands have nerves that move in harmony with a sanguine temperament and muscles respondent to an iron will.

The palm itself is spatulated, sometimes broad at the base of the fingers, tapering back to the wrist, or very broad at the wrist, sloping towards the base of the fingers. The first is the more practical of the two.

The Philosophic Hand.—This is the most easily recognised of all, being long, angular, with bony fingers and developed joints. People possessing such hands have a marked personality, more or less peculiar. They are unselfish, self-denying. Their motto is, "Plain living, high thinking." Their success lies more in literature, metaphysics, and scientific research than in accumulating wealth. When they have it, they use it largely for others. They are silent, secretive, rather proud of being different from others.

The developed joints show the love of analysis. The fingers may be square, pointed, or spatuled—which will influence the action and ideas of the person, by their peculiarities.

The Psychic Hand.—This is of all types the most beautiful and the rarest—rare, because our modern civilisation does not encourage the reproduction of the temperament of which it is the index.

The owners of these hands are the idealists, essentially religious, contemplative, and poetical. These are the dreamers of dreams and the seers of visions. They are little adapted to fight their way in the world—but the

world without them would probably have become grossly material. These are the soulful ones.

Mixed Hands.—This name is given to the hand whose undecided character seems to belong to two or more types. The intelligence represented by a mixed hand attaches to each of the types which its form recalls. When type meets type of an antagonistic kind, the effect is a modification of both.

A mixture of types denotes versatility, but a person changeable, uncertain in the use of his talents. If a strong head-line rule the hand, there will be a chance of success—but the mixed hand usually belongs to a talented dilettante.

THE PALM

Those with soft palms are emotional, demonstrative in affection—they love deeply, but are less constant than others. They are inclined to laziness, ease, and luxury.

Those with firm palms are energetic, active; they have great powers of endurance, and plenty of vitality.

Persons with very hard palms are apt to be unsympathetic, sometimes cruel.

A well-developed palm, taken with other signs not contradicting, denotes success.

A hollow palm shows delicate health.

A slim, narrow, feeble palm indicates instincts without capacity.

The hard, wrinkled hand, which is stretched out with difficulty, indicates intractability, a mind without pliancy, unelastic.

To keep the hands always closed denotes secretiveness—often untruthfulness. It is said that the person who tells a lie usually closes the hand while doing it.

The habit of holding the thumb concealed in the other fingers indicates a covetous and sordid disposition.

THE FINGERS

There are four principal types of fingers: the square, the spatuled, the conic, and the pointed. The various shapes are indicated in the design.

Fingers with knotty joints indicate good taste and inclination to be orderly. If the upper joint is large, it denotes administrative ability, a philosophic, reflective disposition, love of harmony. If both joints are large on all the fingers, and the hand well formed, the actions will be guided by reason. Scientific analysis will be enjoyed.

Smooth-fingered people are impulsive, careless in many things. Such fingers are the evidence of artistic tendencies, love of poetry, music. They have often creative genius. They proceed by intuition rather than reason; by sentiment rather than knowledge.

Long fingers belong to those who are painstaking, regardful of minutiae, capable of good work, easily sympathetic. They worry over trifles.

Short fingers show quickness in thought and action—in those who have them—but such persons jump at conclusions, are careless of appearances, apt to lack tact, restless, and easily discouraged.

Thick fingers at the base denote love of ease and luxury, pleasure-loving disposition, indisposed to exertion.

Conic, or taper fingers are evidence of artistic instincts, love of the beautiful.

Very long and pointed fingers denote religious zeal and indifference to worldly interests.

If the forefinger (Jupiter) is short on both hands, it is

the evidence of a cheerful disposition. If long, of vanity. Of medium size, a love of ruling.

The second finger (Saturn), if long, denotes a morbid nature; if medium, a well-balanced mind.

Third finger (The Sun), if short, a mercenary nature is betrayed; medium, love of admiration; if long, speculative temperament.

Fourth finger (Mercury), if short, shows quick perception; if long, great powers of expression; if medium, a progressive, energetic nature.

Fingers rising straight upward show a well-developed, well-balanced mind, good character, and promise success.

Twisted, crooked fingers are evidences of a hysterical nature.

If the fingers turn towards the thumb a morbid disposition is indicated.

If the fingers bend towards the little finger (Mercury) a love of art and romance is shown.

If much space is shown between Jupiter and Saturn, independence of thought is proved. If between Saturn and the Sun, an easy-going disposition is revealed. If between the Sun and Mercury, it is an indication of independence of action.

Large spaces between the fingers when the hand is fully opened betray great interest in other people's affairs.

Close together, conventionality.

THE PHALANGES

Every hand has fourteen phalanges, of which each finger has three and the thumb but two.

The first or nailed phalange is the tip; the third, the one that joins the palm. In the thumb, the second joins the palm.

The nailed phalange of all four fingers represents the moral and spiritual qualities.

The second has to do with mental traits and capacities, natural and acquired.

The third, with physical, material instinct, and development.

The index finger has been named for Jupiter, the next for Saturn, the third for Apollo, or the Sun, and the little finger for Mercury. The thumb is so important that we will consider it separately.

Jupiter's first phalange, if long, shows superstition; a long second phalange shows ambition; the third, thirst for power.

Saturn's first phalange, if long, denotes melancholy; the second, love of country; the third, economy.

The Sun's first phalange, if long, shows love of art; if short, love of show; medium, intellectual art.

Mercury's first phalange, if long, is the evidence of oratorical powers; if the second is long, it shows business capacity; if the third is long, scheming power is denoted.

The first knot, called the philosophic, forms the boundary, say the chiromants, between the divine world and the moral.

The first phalange receives, as it were, light inspiration. The second joint challenges, examines, discusses, then exacts proof, and in turn forms the boundary between the realms of reason and of matter. Matter accepts the laws of reason on condition that they be profitable.

The knots modify each class of hand, whether the fingers be pointed, square, or spatuled.

THE THUMB

The thumb is the king of the hand. A celebrated author says: "The man is in the thumb"; for it is, of

all the hand, considered by chiromancy as the best index to character.

It symbolises the *will*—the inner or moral sense that we oppose to our inclinations and to the allurements of our instinct and senses. Very young infants keep their hands shut with the fingers above the thumb, but as the mind develops the thumb shuts over the fingers. In the Roman circus, if the thumbs were raised, the prostrate gladiator received his life; if they were reversed, his death was decided.

According to the form, size, and general appearance of the thumb, the weight of the mental and physical strength is measured; and, above all, the degree of will-power and self-control.

The first phalange of the thumb—that which has the nail—represents the *will*, invention, initiation.

The second is the sign of logic, of perception, judgment, reason.

The mount at the inner base of the thumb (say the chiromants, who have given to it the name of the mount of Venus), the greater or less power of the senses—particularly that of love. Three worlds are represented—spiritual, mental, physical.

If the first phalange of the thumb be longer than the second one, the will power and ideas will be little affected by others, aggressive, executive, self-reliant. If the second phalange is long and well formed, it shows good reasoning powers. If of equal length, well balanced nature, self-control.

People with small thumbs are governed by the heart; are more at ease in an atmosphere of sentiment than in one of thought—are idealists.

People with large thumbs are governed by the head, and breathe more freely in an atmosphere

of thought than of sentiment; they see with the eye of reflection.

Those with very small thumbs lack decision, are swayed by their inclinations, impressionable, sensuous.

Those with very large thumbs are overbearing. Their principles are their laws, but they are inclined to despotism. They are true, but they lack grace; are strong, but not pleasing.

It is easier for the great thumbs to outstep the limits of their nature than for the small.

A firm-jointed thumb shows more will and determination than a bendable, supple-jointed kind with large, full nail phalange—it shows obstinacy. Supple joints denote pliant natures. The supple joint on the nail phalange shows adaptability to people; that of the second phalange adaptability to circumstances.

The first is marked by generosity, extravagance—the person is more easily swindled than one with a supple second joint.

The more obtuse the angle made by the thumb, the more independence of will and action is shown. If the thumb lie off from the hand or stand at right angles, the subject is too independent and hard to manage. No two thumbs were ever alike, and the markings do not change from infancy to old age.

Criminals have been identified from impressions that had been taken from the fleshy part of the thumb, when pressed upon paper, smoked or slightly greased. Mark Twain's story of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" turns upon this peculiarity.

THE NAILS

The nails are divided into four classes—long, short, broad, and narrow.

Long nails do not indicate physical strength; rather, threatening delicacy of the chest. Bluish at the base show bad circulation. Persons with long nails are more impressionable, gentler in temper, less critical, than short ones, but they are inclined to be visionary and to shirk what is distasteful.

Short Nails.—People with short nails are more inclined to suffer from heart trouble. Spots all over them show a weak, nervous system. Those with short nails are critical, analytical, and practical. Nails short from biting show a nervous system somewhat impaired.

Broad nails indicate a rather quarrelsome disposition.

Narrow nails show spinal weakness, particularly if curved.

Pink, well-formed nails are an indication of a refined nature.

Long and Fluted.—They reveal weak lungs.

Short and Ugly.—Pugnacity.

THE MOUNTS

There are seven planets or stars that are supposed to have an influence on the destiny of man; so also each has its significant position on the hand.

At the root or base of the fingers and thumb are certain elevations called "mounts," each of which corresponds to a planet from which it is supposed to receive favourable or unfavourable influence.

These influences are:

Jupiter.—Noble ambition or foolish pride.

Saturn.—Good or bad fortune.

Apollo or the Sun.—Love of art or of riches.

Mercury.—Cunning, or activity, industry, promptitude.

Mars.—Self-government or cruelty.

Luna, or the Moon.—Imagination or folly.

Venus.—Love or dissipation.

The mount of Jupiter is found under the index finger—that which orders, threatens, points. Jupiter's mount, if prominent, gives fervid religion, noble ambition, love of nature, honour, gaiety. In excess, he gives superstition, love of pomp and power for itself, a desire to shine. If little prominent or depressed, it is the evidence of indolence, irreligion, egotism, want of dignity.

Saturn's mount is found under the middle finger. Saturn is fate. Time is charged to execute the work of the *Parcæ*. When his mount is large, he gives prudence, wisdom, success. In excess, he gives sadness, asceticism, remorse, morbid feelings. If the mount is low, he gives an insignificant life.

The Sun or Apollo:

The mount of the Sun is found under the third finger. If it is prominent, he gives a taste for arts, genius, success, glory, hope, the grace which charms, riches. In excess, he gives love of gold, celebrity at any cost, pride, haughtiness, levity, boastfulness. If the mount be low or depressed, carelessness of beauty and art is shown, low aims, monotonous life, like a day without the sun.

Mercury's mount is under the little finger. Mercury gives to his favourites science, invention, eloquence, love of labour, activity in thought and action. In excess—pretentious ignorance, untruthfulness, cunning. The absence of this mount shows inaptitude for commerce or science, a useless life.

Mars has two mounts. The first is beneath the mount of Jupiter inside the life-line. This gives active courage, presence of mind in danger. In excess—a quarrelsome, aggressive spirit. The second mount of Mars is found beneath the mount of Mercury. It

denotes moral courage, self-control. When undeveloped, a worrying, childish, apprehensive nature.

Luna's mount is found under that of Mars, which thus terminates the palm of the hand opposite to the root of the thumb.

Luna gives imagination, love of mystery, solitude, silence, harmony in music, poetry, aspirations, meditation, dreams. In excess, she gives caprice, discontent, restlessness, presentiments, superstition. Its absence shows barrenness of thought, mental weakness.

Venus.—The mount of Venus is found at the base of the thumb. If well developed, it indicates sympathy, the love of pleasing; it gives grace, beauty, the desire of being loved, benevolence to all, charity, tenderness, charm. If the mount is depressed, it shows the want of these qualities. Its excess is coquetry, vanity, light-mindedness, inconstancy, debauchery. The most prominent mount is the keynote to the person's character.

The Marks.—The following is the interpretation of a famous Roumanian palmist, of the marks on the hand:

On the mount of Jupiter:

- / (one line) means Success.
- = (two lines) Disappointment.
- × (cross) A happy marriage.
- * (star) Ambitious love.
- (circle) Great success.
- ⊖ (island) Disappointed ambition.
- △ (triangle) Political honour.
- (square) Safety.
- (spot) Misfortune.

On the mount of Saturn:

- / Happy old age.

- = Trouble.
- × Charlatanry.
- * Threatening fatality.
- Rapid progress.
- Sad experiences.
- △ Occult powers.
- Safety in danger.
- Evil influences.

On the mount of the Sun:

- / Success and honour.
- = Many business transactions.
- × Failure in art.
- * Great achievements.
- Glorious life.
- Failure through inconstancy.
- Protection against failure.
- Retreat from society.

On the mount of Mercury:

- / Financial success.
- = Success in science.
- × Tendency to kleptomania.
- * Dishonest nature.
- Death by water.
- Too restless to succeed.
- △ Diplomacy.
- Failure in investments.

On the mount of Mars under Mercury:

- / Aggressive courage.
- = Violent temper.
- × Quarrelsome disposition.
- * Bodily danger.

- Disaster of some sort.
- Cowardly nature.
- △ Great military tactics.
- Military or other promotion.
- Danger of wounds.

Mars under Jupiter:

Many lines indicate worry and opposition.

On the mount of Luna:

- / Strange presentiments.
- = Self-torturings.
- × Deceptive nature.
- * Dangerous journey.
- Inclination to suicide.
- Mental weakness.
- △ Calculating nature.
- Well-balanced imagination.
- Diseased nervous system.

On the mount of Venus:

- / A love affair.
- = An over-affectionate nature.
- × Unhappy love affair.
- * Misfortune through love.
- Too susceptible.
- Lightly loved.
- △ Unfortunate marriage.
- Tender troubles.
- Deserted in love.

The Grille ☸ is often seen. It indicates an uncertainty in the character of the subject that militates against the success of the qualities shown by the mount on which it appears.

THE LINES

Nature's hieroglyphics on the hand are claimed by chiromancy to be a forecast of the future of its owner.

The most important line in the hand is the *life-line*, which surrounds the mount of Venus, at the base of the thumb. Clearly defined and well coloured, with rays crossing it, it indicates a happy, prosperous life. The shorter the line, the shorter the life; a break in it means an illness. A full-length line reaching to the wrist promises a very long life. The reckoning of years is made toward the wrist. The ancient cabalists divided the line into seven or ten sections, each representing ten years of existence, and they thus indicated at what epoch would happen the incidents of life, diseases, death, by examining in what section the predicting signs were placed.

When the life-line, instead of setting out at the extreme edge of the hand, begins under Jupiter's mount or sends out branches towards it, ambition is signified.

If cut by many little lines, many diseases are indicated.

When it is not joined by the head-line, or a large space lies between the two, it reveals in the subject folly, envy, or falsehood. When these are interwoven, the person is easily discouraged.

When separated from the head-line by a broad, empty space, and when the lines are wide and red, it is a sign of cruelty, vanity, inordinate love of money. A medium space is best.

The wrinkles on the life-line are maladies. If the line is double along its entire length, it promises great prosperity and enjoyment of life.

Branches from the life-line passing through the plain

of Mars to the mount of Luna mean travel, change. A branch leading to Jupiter denotes increase of power, some position of authority. A good, long line leading to Mercury promises a marriage. Twisted or with an island—that is, a space enclosed by lines—it foreshadows divorce.

Branches leading to other mounts take significance from those upon which they end. One leading from the life-line to Saturn is important if there is no other fate-line in the palm. One to the Sun promises success and glory. Lines that rise to Saturn (favourable) and those that come from Saturn to the life-line (unfavourable) are distinguished by the fact that they are heavier at the starting-place. Many lines running parallel to the life-line denote a nature very dependent upon affection, betray extreme caution, sensitiveness, and little self-confidence.

The Line of the Heart.—This line is placed horizontally at the top of the palm, and runs along the bases of the mounts. It may begin at the mount of Jupiter, or at Saturn, or between the two.

Rising from the centre of Jupiter, it shows capacity for the highest type of love—the worship of the heart's ideal—proud of its object.

The farther the line of heart goes up through Jupiter to the base of the finger, the more jealous the nature will be, and the more exacting.

The line starting from the mount of Saturn denotes a more sensual and a more selfish love, though it may be strong.

The heart-line rising between the first and second fingers goes with a calmer temperament in matters of the heart, but the devotion is very deep and strong. Pride is less prominent than in those whose heart-line begins

at Jupiter. They can forgive all faults, restore their idol if it fall, and go on worshipping as before. This is more often found on women's hands than on men's.

The line of heart, marked by many little lines crossing or running into it, denotes inconstancy, many flirtations.

When the line is bright red, it shows an ardent temperament.

When pale and broad, an indifferent one.

When very thin, the person is cold, with little capacity for affection.

When the line is broken, it tells of disappointments in love.

When full of islands, the love is unfortunate.

When a line is broken, it is fatal only when repeated in the other hand. One alone cannot indicate a catastrophe.

The Line of Fate.—This line may begin at the wrist, the line of life, the centre of the palm, or from the mount of Luna.

The line of fate relates chiefly to worldly affairs—success, failure, to the people that influence one's career.

When it sets out from the wrist and rises in a straight line to the mount of Saturn, it is luxuriant good fortune and great success. If the line cuts the root of the middle finger, it is a great destiny, good or evil. When the line begins at the life-line, it shows that one will work his way to success without help from others. Starting from the centre of the palm and running to Saturn, it promises good luck, but an uneventful life. Running into the finger itself indicates success, but also of matter going beyond one's control.

Starting from the mount of Luna, one's success may depend upon the opinions of others, and the caprices of others will influence one's destiny.

When the line stops at that of the head, it denotes that the judgment is at fault and will influence one's career. When stopped at the heart-line, the career will be ruined through the affections.

Twisted, it denotes ill-luck.

An island in the line indicates some scandal.

A break in the line means losses or misfortunes.

There are people who have no line of destiny—it is a sign of a life of insignificance. The Esquimaux generally lack this line, from their vegetative existence.

If the line of fate should go or send branches to any mount other than that of Saturn, it promises success in the qualities of that mount.

A straight line, coloured at the end, promises a happy old age.

If the line is straight and full of branches which rise high up, it is passing from poverty to riches.

Bright-coloured lines betray quick temper and ardent natures. Very few lines coming outward denote a nature very self-contained.

The Head-Line.—The line of the head relates to the mentality of the subject, the intellectual development, and the diseases that may affect the brain.

It may rise from three points—from the mount of Jupiter, the line of life, or from the mount of Mars, just inside the life-line, and it crosses the palm. A long line rising from Jupiter indicates great brain-power, especially if near the life-line. Separated from it, a loss of capacity and balance is shown.

A head-line rising on the mount of Mars indicates a worrying nature, irritable, and quarrelsome.

When the line of head is straight, clear, and even it denotes practical common sense and a love for material things more than the imaginative.

When straight in the first half and then slightly sloping, it shows a level head, a well-balanced nature. When it has a long, gentle slope, the general tendencies are imaginative, and the line shows a love of art, music, etc.

When very sloping—on the mount of Luna—it denotes intense idealism, love of the romantic, mysticism, etc. When the head-line is so high on the palm that it leaves a very narrow space between it and the heart-line, it denotes that the head will rule the heart. If a branch from it rises upward and joins the heart-line, some great affection or fascination will rule the subject.

Islands betray a poor memory.

A double head-line shows great versatility. Bifurcated at the end near Luna's mount, it indicates self-deception.

A deep, well-formed, good-coloured line shows a good memory.

A line, twisted or ill-formed, curving on the mount of Luna, indicates worrying timidity, morbid imagination.

A head-line far apart from the life-line shows rashness; very closely connected, lack of self-confidence.

A line chained or linked indicates want of intelligence.

If it goes to the side of certain mounts, the idea turns towards the qualities inspired by those mounts. If toward Mercury, it is commerce; if toward the Sun, it is power, celebrity, or riches.

The Line of the Sun.—This has been variously called the line of Apollo, of success, of fortune. It is found ascending to the third finger. This line promises a life full of brightness, glory, success, if not contradicted by little or no fate-line or a bad head-line, in which case it

denotes a nature longing for such things without power of expression.

If it rise from the line of life and the rest of the hand is artistic, it means success in an artistic career. Rising from the fate-line, it increases whatever is promised by that line—great distinction if the line be clear.

When it runs from the wrist straight up to the third finger, it indicates exceptional success in any career.

If the line runs from Luna up to the third finger, it means an eventful life—full of changes—and the subject of a changeable disposition, dependent, too, upon the fortunes of others and their caprices.

Rising from the plain of Mars, it denotes success after great difficulties, or a fighting chance.

Parallel to a good fate-line, it is the promise of the acquisition of wealth.

The absence of the line indicates that the recognition of the world will be hard to gain.

If the line of the Sun goes to Saturn, it denotes sorrow.

The Health-Line.—This line runs from the mount of Mercury down the hand.

The less of this line, the better. When absent, the constitution is stronger. The heavier the line, the more the nervous system is impaired.

When the line of life and the health-line meet, there will be probability of death when that meeting-place occurs.

When the line is red and heavy, it shows tendency to fever.

When forked or broken, bad digestion.

Lines of Marriage.—Long, horizontal lines on the side of the mount of Mercury relate to marriages; shorter ones to love affairs.

One long, deep, well-formed line foretells a happy

marriage. A line dropping low down in the palm signifies that the person will lose his or her life-companion.

When the line curves upward the subject is not likely to marry at all.

When little hair-lines drop from it toward the heart-line, it tells of trouble and worry in marriage.

A strong line joining the line of Fate predicts the date of the marriage.

When the line of marriage divides at the end into a drooping fork, sloping toward the centre of the palm, it threatens a separation or divorce.

When full of islands, it foretells unhappiness and disappointment in married life.

Children are indicated by fine, upward lines from the middle or end of the line of marriage on the mount of Mercury.

Deeply marked lines denote male children; those more faintly marked, female. Clear lines denote healthy children.

The numbers are counted from the outside or middle of the marriage-line in toward the hand.

Life Bracelets, or Rascettes.—On the wrist are found these lines—three of them, if one is to live to a good old age. Clearly traced, they denote good health. Twisted, criss-crossed, they show uneven health. A star on the centre of the rascettes signifies unexpected good fortune; a cross—they foretell a laborious life.

MYSTIC FORTUNES

To find your mystic fortune, you must first discover the number upon which hangs your fate. To do this, multiply the day of the month upon which you were born by seven—the magical number.

The extreme left-hand digit of the product will be the number upon which hangs your fate.

Select now from the list of questions the one to which you want an answer, and, turning to the "Magic Tables," you will find the number of the section which contains the answer in the column opposite the number of your question and in the column below your mystic number.

For example:

You want an answer to question No. 2. You were born on the 8th of the month, which, multiplied by seven, equals 56 ($8 \times 7 = 56$). Five is therefore your mystic number. Turn to the Magic Table and find No. 2 at the extreme left of the page under the heading "Fateful Questions" and No. 5 at the top of the page. The number below No. 5 and on a line with No. 2 is the number of the section in which your answer will be found, being in this case Section No. 62.

Your mystic number being 5, the answer to your question will be the fifth in that section.

FATEFUL QUESTIONS

1. Shall I soon fall in love?
2. Shall I soon $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{make} \\ \text{have} \end{array} \right\}$ a proposal?
3. Shall I have social success?
4. Shall I have many friends?
5. Have I already met my future $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband} \\ \text{wife} \end{array} \right\}$?
6. Where shall I next see the $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{man} \\ \text{woman} \end{array} \right\}$ whom I shall marry?
7. How many offers shall I $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{make} \\ \text{have} \end{array} \right\}$?
8. Will my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband} \\ \text{wife} \end{array} \right\}$ be handsome?
9. Will the course of my love run smoothly?
10. Shall I inspire true love?

11. Shall I be my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband's} \\ \text{wife's} \end{array} \right\}$ first love?
12. Shall I have a happy life?
13. Shall I be an old $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{maid} \\ \text{bachelor} \end{array} \right\}$?
14. Shall I have wealth?
15. Shall my life be eventful?
16. What event or act of my life will bring me the greatest happiness?
17. Will youth, middle age, or old age be the happiest time of my life?
18. What will constitute my just claims to be loved?
19. Shall I, or will my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband} \\ \text{wife} \end{array} \right\}$, be the more in love?
20. What fault of my disposition will cause me most unhappiness?
21. Shall I have children?
22. What will be the most interesting event in my life?
23. What quality have I that will contribute to my happiness?
24. What good shall I do in the world?
25. Shall my children bring me pride, happiness, or anxiety?
26. Will my ambitions be realised?
27. Shall I have a happy home?
28. May I look forward fearlessly to the future?
29. Shall I realise my ideals?
30. For what will I be envied?
31. Shall my social position be a desirable one?
32. What will be my chief title to the consideration of strangers?
33. For what will my friends care for me?
34. Shall I travel or be a stay-at-home?
35. What pursuit will bring me the most pleasure?

36. Will love for me increase or diminish?
37. With the passage of the years, shall I improve or deteriorate?
38. Shall I live in town or country?
39. What natural or acquired trait will influence my destiny?
40. What shall I do to win the one I love?
41. For what reason shall I marry?
42. Shall I marry more than once?
43. Have I enemies?
44. Shall I have many flirtations?
45. What will be the chief fault of my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband} \\ \text{wife} \end{array} \right\}$?
46. What will be my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband's} \\ \text{wife's} \end{array} \right\}$ chief good quality?
47. What will be my chief ambitions?
48. Which one of us will rule in our household?
49. Shall I like my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband's} \\ \text{wife's} \end{array} \right\}$ relatives?
50. Shall I have good health?
51. In life's troubles, what will be my best comfort?
52. What will be my excuse for living?
53. Will the world speak well or ill of me?
54. Will my family approve my marriage?
55. Shall I know poverty?
56. What will be my greatest anxiety?
57. What will be my life-motto?
58. Shall I retain my looks, such as they are?
59. Shall I receive a legacy?
60. Shall I live to be old?
61. What shall I recall with most pleasure near the end of life?
62. What will be my epitaph?
63. Will my $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{husband} \\ \text{wife} \end{array} \right\}$ marry again?

MAGIC TABLE

FATEFUL QUESTIONS	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.
1.	33	40	47	54	61	5	12	19	26
2.	34	41	48	55	62	6	13	20	27
3.	35	42	49	56	63	7	14	21	28
4.	36	43	50	57	1	8	15	22	29
5.	37	44	51	58	2	9	16	23	30
6.	38	45	52	59	3	10	17	24	31
7.	39	46	53	60	4	11	18	25	32
8.	40	47	54	61	5	12	19	26	33
9.	41	48	55	62	6	13	20	27	34
10.	42	49	56	63	7	14	21	28	35
11.	43	50	57	1	8	15	22	29	36
12.	44	51	58	2	9	16	23	30	37
13.	45	52	59	3	10	17	24	31	38
14.	46	53	60	4	11	18	25	32	39
15.	47	54	61	5	12	19	26	33	40
16.	48	55	62	6	13	20	27	34	41
17.	49	56	63	7	14	21	28	35	42
18.	50	57	1	8	15	22	29	36	43
19.	51	58	2	9	16	23	30	37	44
20.	52	59	3	10	17	24	31	38	45
21.	53	60	4	11	18	25	32	39	46
22.	54	61	5	12	19	26	33	40	47
23.	55	62	6	13	20	27	34	41	48
24.	56	63	7	14	21	28	35	42	49
25.	57	1	8	15	22	29	36	43	50
26.	58	2	9	16	23	30	37	44	51
27.	59	3	10	17	24	31	38	45	52
28.	60	4	11	18	25	32	39	46	53
29.	61	5	12	19	26	33	40	47	54
30.	62	6	13	20	27	34	41	48	55
31.	63	7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56
32.	1	8	15	22	29	36	43	50	57
33.	2	9	16	23	30	37	44	51	58
34.	3	10	17	24	31	38	45	52	59
35.	4	11	18	25	32	39	46	53	60
36.	5	12	19	26	33	40	47	54	61
37.	6	13	20	27	34	41	48	55	62
38.	7	14	21	28	36	35	42	49	63
39.	8	15	22	29	43	50	57	1	56
40.	9	16	23	30	37	44	51	58	2
41.	10	17	24	31	38	45	52	59	3
42.	11	18	25	32	39	46	53	60	4
43.	12	19	26	33	40	47	54	61	5
44.	13	20	27	34	41	48	55	62	6
45.	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	7
46.	15	22	29	36	43	50	57	1	8
47.	16	23	30	37	44	51	58	2	9
48.	17	24	31	38	45	52	59	3	10
49.	18	25	32	39	46	53	60	4	11
50.	19	26	33	40	47	54	61	5	12
51.	20	27	34	41	48	55	62	6	13
52.	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	7	14
53.	22	29	36	43	50	57	1	8	15
54.	23	30	37	44	51	58	2	9	16
55.	24	31	38	45	52	59	3	10	17
56.	25	32	39	46	53	60	4	11	18
57.	26	33	40	47	54	61	5	12	19
58.	27	34	41	48	55	62	6	13	20
59.	28	35	42	49	56	63	7	14	21
60.	29	36	43	50	57	1	8	15	22
61.	30	37	44	51	58	2	9	16	23
62.	31	38	45	52	59	3	10	17	24
63.	32	39	46	53	60	4	11	18	25

I

1. Your unfailing courtesy.
2. Over-indulgence will have its effect.
3. Your beauty.
4. { He } has had fancies, like other people.
 { She }
5. As long as you live you will never lack them.
6. Yes; you will see your great-grandchildren.
7. Your own little world will applaud you.
8. Devotion to you.
9. Patience.

2

1. You are always ready to do one a good turn.
2. Yes, but then you will want something else.
3. There is not much to choose.
4. Far above the average lot.

5. You have heard of $\begin{Bmatrix} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{Bmatrix}$ and you will meet $\begin{Bmatrix} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{Bmatrix}$

for the first time in travelling.

6. The position to which you have attained by your personal qualities.
7. No one would be thought quite good enough.
8. To marry for love.
9. Fish are cheap that are easily caught.

3

1. You will travel a little, but with keen appreciation.
2. It all depends upon you.
3. The desire to shine and outshine.
4. You will have grave fears for a time, but all will turn out well in the end.
5. On an ocean steamer.
6. $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{He} \\ \text{She} \end{array} \right\}$ was a noble character.

7. Long enough to teach you sympathy for others.
8. It will be mutual forbearance.
9. Your many attractions.

4

1. Singing.
2. Your pleasant dreams will all come true.
3. An only son, who will be the joy of your life.
4. Sufficient.
5. More than you will care to remember.
6. How can $\begin{Bmatrix} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{Bmatrix}$?
7. Your $\begin{Bmatrix} \text{husband's} \\ \text{wife's} \end{Bmatrix}$ love.
8. Very much.
9. You will be faithful to the one love.

5

1. You will be all in all to a few.
2. Little by little.
3. When you meet your first love again.
4. Quiet, serene, peaceful, contented.
5. Yes, such will be the world's verdict.
6. Within the year—desperately.
7. Be sure you're right, then go ahead.
8. Good days, and bad days.
9. Not one.

6

1. Life will be a fine schoolmaster. ✓
2. Your social success.
3. The power to make friends.
4. Falling in love.
5. There will be the usual lovers' quarrels.
6. Some one has the thought dearly at heart.

7. You will fade early.
8. Your husband's love.
9. Just for fun.

7

1. In the suburbs of a large city. ✓
2. You will have the entrée where you please.
3. Sympathy with those who grieve and those who laugh.
4. Youth promises much, which middle age will fulfill.
5. Not until you conquer your frivolity.
6. You will win by your merry temper, and keep by your sweetness.
7. Yes, from a most unexpected quarter.
8. You will use your money for the good of others.
9. Over-conscientiousness.

8

1. Thoroughness. Leaving nothing to chance. ✓
2. Social qualities.
3. You will be a proud and happy { father
mother }.
4. Your reliability.
5. { He
She } thinks so, and believes it implicitly.
6. You may throw off your friends
Like a traveller his pack,
For you know when you will,
You can whistle them back.
7. Yes, happy and serene.
8. You will meet its kindest judgments.
9. High breeding.

9

1. Forget yourself utterly. ✓
2. Because you are such a good friend.
3. We always succeed, in a measure, in accomplishing what we try for. You are no exception.
4. Each will make that claim, and believe it.
5. It all depends upon yourself.
6. You saw $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ once, but you do not know $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$.
7. The good that you have done.
8. They will welcome your mate with open arms.
9. To be of use to those you love.

10

1. You are so companionable. ✓
2. You will be familiar with many lands.
3. After you have learned the art of home-making.
4. Jealousy.
5. There are worse fates than that.
6. At a friend's house.
7. Heaven will be the pleasanter.
8. Rich in purse, and rich in love.
9. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{He} \\ \text{She} \end{array} \right\}$ will wear the "breeks."

11

1. Only once. ✓
2. Art.
3. Happy, when you have learned a little philosophy in trifles.
4. You will need a roomy nursery.
5. A steadily increasing income.
6. *Cela dépend.*
7. Not unless $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ commits bigamy.

8. That your beloved will die before you.
9. They will be dearer than your own.

12

1. You are not to blame if you have. ✓
2. You will have fewer friends, but truer ones, as time goes on.
3. Yes, for your ideals will change.
4. Your engagement, the most interesting, not necessarily the happiest.
5. You will go through many emotions whatever happens.
6. The most fastidious would call $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ so.
7. Not seriously; just for fun.
8. God—not luck. *Deus, non fortuna.*
9. You will enjoy poor health.

13

1. No, you are too conscientious.
2. You will grow old gracefully.
3. Your charm of manner.
4. The conviction that what is, is right.
5. The birth of your second child.
6. Money matters will make trouble, soon surmounted.
7. Yes, and profit by the occasion.
8. You will always appear lovely to those who love you.
9. The love that you have inspired.

14

1. Extravagance.
2. In middle life you will live in town, in your old age in the country.

3. Prominent.

4. Show the world a contented $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{man} \\ \text{woman} \end{array} \right\}$.

5. In youth you will have most pleasure, in middle life most happiness, in old age most contentment.

6. A true woman can do that.

7. You will shine in your own little coterie.

8. Yes, an uncle will appear, and disappear at the right moment.

9. Your children will be a credit to you.

15

1. Generosity.

2. Thrift.

3. Your social position.

4. They will tax all your powers to train them, with great success after a time.

5. You are so comfortable to live with.

6. At least you are $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ last love—which is better.

7. Those you have you will keep.

8. You will never be old to those who love you.

9. "The world will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself."

16

1. To belong to the *crème de la crème*.

2. Learn to make cages as well as nets.

3. Your equable temper.

4. No, but your happiness does not depend upon that.

5. The husband more, the wife longer.

6. Your sunny nature will do much toward making it so.

7. No, but $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ will appear when you most want $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$.

8. The happiness that you have given.
9. All your geese they will consider swans in the end.

17

1. You will rule by love. ✓
2. Your winsomeness.
3. A regular globe-trotter.
4. Your ideal realised.
5. Love of ease.
6. Your wedding-flowers are now in bud.
7. In your dreams.
8. None knew $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$, but to love $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$; none
named $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$, but to praise.
9. Yes, at first, but every year will see you better off.

18

1. Some of them. ✓
2. You will not have the opportunity.
3. Yachting.
4. All that will come to you of ill will be but a purgatory.
5. Two boys and two girls.
6. No, but you will make the ends meet comfortably.
7. One too many for your peace of mind.
8. $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{He} \\ \text{She} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ will never love again.
9. Your health.

19

1. Delicate, but you'll never hang out the yellow flag as a signal of distress. ✓
2. Yes, but they are harmless.
3. As your charms of person wane, your attractions of disposition will grow the stronger.

4. Yes, you will marry $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$.

5. A sea voyage.

6. You will have your ups and downs, but both will be good for you.

7. No, but fascinatingly plain.

8. Yes, and with one every way worthy.

9. Devil take the hindermost.

20

1. Your sense of having done what you could.

2. *Il faut bien passer le temps!*

3. "As you sow, so shall you reap."

4. Your happy disposition.

5. The happy-go-lucky.

6. Your engagement.

7. Your relatives will make trouble.

8. In a year and a day.

9. Yes, with care for your health.

21

1. The friend of all who suffer.

2. Laziness.

3. You will have a fine house in town.

4. None better, in the place where you live.

5. Giving happiness, and taking its rebound.

6. You will make all three happy.

7. At eighty, if you choose.

8. You will be liked both by men and women.

9. Yes, when too rich to care for it.

22

1. You will share the fate of all—some good, some ill, will be spoken of you.

2. Domesticity.

3. Tact.
4. You take so much trouble for others.
5. They will inherit your faults, unless you mend them.
6. Your cheerful disposition.
7. You will both believe it.
8. All your friends are lovers.
9. You will not outlive your friends and those you love.

23

1. They will sympathise with all your feelings.
2. To make a good appearance.
3. Clear the coast.
4. Loyalty.
5. Life would have to be a kaleidoscope to do that.
6. The man's love the deeper, the woman's the more demonstrative.
7. Your happiness demands too many conditions; study contentment.
8. Yes, for $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ is an old friend.
9. The burdens you have lifted.

24

1. You will never be very rich nor very poor.
2. You will think yourself master.
3. Money, but it will be the least of your attractions, it will be found.
4. "East or West, Home is best"—you will think.
5. You will be hard to please if you do not think so.
6. Vanity.
7. What can you expect, when you are so particular?
8. Wherever you go next.
9. Who will make us laugh now—and drive away the blues?

25

1. Your dress.
2. Not at first.
3. You will have many temptations.
4. Reading.
5. When you have learned not to expect the impossible.
6. You will be a happy father, or "a joyful mother," of children.
7. Economy is wealth.
8. Only one, but it will be the right one.
9. No.

26

1. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.
2. One serious illness.
3. Yes, through envy.
4. It will never diminish.
5. Better try to idealise the real.
6. You would not believe it if you were told.
7. Its events will not be tragic, at least.
8. Better than handsome.
9. You will love one who already loves you.

27

1. Your face, yes—but you will lose your figure.
2. Your friends.
3. Yes; and, playing with fire, burn your fingers.
4. Where you pull up a weed you will plant a flower.
5. Your facility in making friends.
6. Contentment.
7. Banting.
8. Every day will increase your mutual affection.
9. Next leap-year.

28

1. Yes, a small one, soon spent. ✓
2. All may count upon your sympathy.
3. Jealousy.
4. Town.
5. So good as to be able to confer favours.
6. Be a sunshiny presence wherever you go.
7. All three will be happy.
8. The truest $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{man} \\ \text{woman} \end{array} \right\}$ ever had.
9. In every sense of the word.

29

1. Not so very old. ✓
2. Whatever you do, whatever you say, some will criticise.
3. Truthfulness.
4. Perseverance.
5. Your cordiality.
6. The girls will be a delight, the boys your pride.
7. Frank honesty.
8. Yes, the very first.
9. Many more than you know of.

30

1. The love that you have inspired.
2. They will be sharply critical.
3. To be considered clever.
4. Feel much and express little.
5. You are such a good sort.
6. Not your present ones. You will change them.
7. The wife at first, but she will win him to perfect devotion.
8. It will be like a summer's holiday.
9. Yes, but you do not know it.

31

1. Every one loved $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$.
2. What seems poverty to you would seem wealth to many.
3. You will try to.
4. Your simple goodness and loveliness.
5. You will be forever on the go.
6. You will be like the snail—carry home with you, wherever you go.
7. Extravagance.
8. Many lovers, long indecision, the right one at last.
9. At a Hallowe'en party.

32

1. Circumstances will prevent.
2. Your money.
3. Better than they like you.
4. You will be the happier to avoid second marriage.
5. The use of horses.
6. Your happy disposition will brighten the path.
7. A large family, each one dearer than the other.
8. A very large fortune with the power to enjoy it.
9. A baker's dozen.

33

1. Yes, and then you will begin to live.
2. Penny-wise and pound-foolish.
3. No one will know it, if you are not well.
4. Do not think of it—the enmity will not last.
5. You will get what you give.
6. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.
7. An extraordinary adventure.
8. Uneventful, but full of usefulness.

9. { His } attraction will consist in beauty of expres-
 { Her } sion and style of carriage.

34

1. Not for some time yet.
2. You will be considered well-preserved.
3. Your indomitable pluck that will never say die.
4. No; flirtation is the sacrifice of others to self, and you are not selfish.
5. It depends upon how you meet circumstances.
6. Your well-stored mind.
7. The forgetfulness of yourself.
8. Your marriage.
9. You will share the fate of other true lovers.

35

1. Yes, in spite of your shyness.
2. You will expect one, but be disappointed.
3. You will serve as a warning.
4. Quick temper.
5. Your { husband } will decide.
 { wife }
6. A Bohemian one, but lots of fun.
7. Raising others by your example to higher ideals.
8. In each you will think yourself happiest.
9. In far too many hearts, alas !

36

1. No, only a few very true ones.
2. Yes, and enjoy life to the last.
3. The world will rate you at your true value.
4. Constancy.
5. Hoping for the best, preparing for the worst.
6. Your family.

7. You will live their life with them and always be young.

8. Your unselfishness.

9. Not unless you met in the nursery.

37

1. No, but you will soon,

2. Your successes.

3. It will gratify their ambition.

4. To be good.

5. "Be worthy love, and love will come."

6. You are so uniformly kind.

7. Yes, your worthiest ones.

8. Two hearts that beat as one.

9. A life that any one might envy.

38

1. In church.

2. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{He} \\ \text{She} \end{array} \right\}$ will be much missed.

3. No, you will sometimes wish that you could—
satiety palls.

4. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{You} \\ \text{She} \end{array} \right\}$ will be a patient Grissel.

5. Social position, and also because $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ could not
help it.

6. Your travels will make you a delightful "raconteur."

7. Love in a cottage.

8. Carelessness.

9. The $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{prince} \\ \text{princess} \end{array} \right\}$ comes often disguised—do not
overlook $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$.

39

1. You are too conscientious and too wary.
2. One experience will be enough.
3. The fear of losing your hair.
4. They will think that you do.
5. At your age, dignity, as well as inclination, would forbid.
6. Authorship.
7. Make the most and the best of every day, and the future will take care of itself.
8. One girl, who will be the ideal daughter.
9. You will not care for it; you will have other ideals and ambitions.

40

1. One to be proud of.
2. You know that you have. Why ask?
3. Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.
4. Yes, with ordinary care.
5. A dark $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{man} \\ \text{woman} \end{array} \right\}$ is jealous of you.
6. It will alter, when it alteration finds.
7. Yes, your best ones.
8. Winning the friendship of a great man.
9. Sufficiently so to be interesting.

41

1. Yes, the love will be deep and true on both sides.
2. Yes, but you will not $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{accept} \\ \text{be accepted} \end{array} \right\}$.
3. You will always look younger than you are.
4. The conviction of duty done.
5. Yes, butterfly that you are.
6. It depends entirely upon yourself.
7. Your talents.

8. The power to win love.
9. Helping others.

42

1. Yes, at any and every period of your life.
2. You will be very popular.
3. Not a red cent.
4. The good that you will do.
5. Self-indulgence.
6. If you know what is good for you, you will choose the country.
7. Always respectable.
8. By doing little kindnesses "which most leave undone or despise."
9. You will be loved in all three, and one who is that is either happy or ungrateful.

43

1. The first real love of $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ life.
2. Yes, like bees about a hive.
3. You will never outlive your interest in life.
4. You will know little, and care less, for its opinion.
5. Patience.
6. Self-control.
7. Conversational abilities.
8. Yours will be a merry, happy household, the child inheriting but the virtues of the parents.
9. The truthfulness of your nature.

44

1. Yes, and you will make it so out of any materials at hand.
2. Yes, at a house-party.
3. Your office of peacemaker.

4. They will resent any one's taking you from them.
5. To rule.
6. Try to be what you seem.
7. Your good dinners.
8. Beyond your wildest dreams.
9. You can never tell.

45

1. No, indeed.
2. In a picture-gallery.
3. How much did $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ leave?
4. A little, but never its pinch.
5. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{He} \\ \text{You} \end{array} \right\}$ will be master.
6. You are such a satisfactory person.
7. Many unimportant journeys.
8. The dearest spot on earth to you.
9. Quick temper.

46

1. "Content is rich," says the Saxon proverb.
2. You will $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{make} \\ \text{receive} \end{array} \right\}$ a proposal soon.
3. A burnt child dreads the fire.
4. Your children.
5. You will feel toward them as they toward you.
6. Three times: first for love, then for money, then for rank.
7. Outdoor sports.
8. Your life will be full of sunshine.
9. A merry, happy brood.

47

1. "Happy is the life that has few annals."
2. A most pleasing face and form.

3. Many times.
4. Do the duty that lies nearest.
5. Yes, except small ailments.
6. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"—a man is not more forgiving.
7. What you have won you will keep.
8. Beyond your most ambitious dreams.
9. You have already experienced it, but you did not make the most of it.

48

1. The consecration of your powers and influence.
2. Happiness is worth suffering for.
3. You flirt so much that you will not be taken seriously.
4. Your expression will always give charm and interest to your face.
5. The belief that every one else is in the wrong.
6. You are not without the feline instincts.
7. You will be the same old two-and-sixpence.
8. Your handsome husband.
9. The realisation that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

49

1. Each period will have its peculiar satisfaction.
2. In far too many hearts, alas!
3. Many will find you charming.
4. Yes, at a most opportune moment.
5. Your patriotism will inspire others.
6. Wilfulness.
7. In the country.
8. So good as to make you unconscious of it.
9. Showing others the silver lining of the clouds.

50

1. Loyalty to what is best.
2. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{He} \\ \text{She} \end{array} \right\}$ gave $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ calf-love to another.
3. You will have the same kind of friends as you are yourself.
4. Yes, an honoured old age.
5. The world will honour you when you cease to care about it.
6. Unselfishness.
7. Fairness—justice.
8. Hospitality.
9. They will be the joy of your life.

51

1. A drawn game.
2. You will have your ups and downs.
3. No, but you will at your next ball.
4. Your family relations.
5. They will be much gratified.
6. To be well-read and well-bred.
7. Make your prize worthy your game.
8. Constancy.
9. It depends upon what they are.

52

1. Self-consciousness.
2. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."
3. At the wedding of a friend.
4. What shall we do without $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$?
5. You will think so, but everything is by comparison.
6. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{She} \\ \text{You} \end{array} \right\}$ will have $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{your} \end{array} \right\}$ own way through tact.

7. Beauty.
8. You will travel widely in your own country.
9. A spacious home, a devoted $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{husband} \\ \text{wife} \end{array} \right\}$.

53

1. Twins.
2. Yes, through your own exertions.
3. It is not wise to count them.
4. No, for you will outlive $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$.
5. The dread of false teeth.
6. You will wish them all in Jericho.
7. Yes, both times for love.
8. Music.
9. Yes, it holds much happiness.

54

1. The event toward which all your present plans are directed.
2. You will have a varied experience.
3. Distinguished-looking, not handsome.
4. No, but you will lose nothing by waiting.
5. Might makes right.
6. Robust health and good spirits.
7. Every one that amounts to anything has.
8. Yours till death.
9. Through much tribulation.

55

1. The habit of getting all the happiness possible out of the present day.
2. Forming a certain friendship.
3. It will be in your own hands.
4. Wait a little longer.
5. You will improve in appearance as you grow older.

6. Your mother.
7. Just to make some one else jealous.
8. You will grow more lovable all the time.
9. Your opportunities.

56

1. Always ready to help.
2. If you learn to live in the present, happiness will last to your life's end.
3. Yes, when you *give* true love.
4. Yes, but you will care little for it.
5. Do not hope to wear dead-men's shoes.
6. Your studies will be of value to the world.
7. Self-consciousness.
8. Wherever you wish.
9. Obscure, but honest.

57

1. They will go through the follies of youth.
2. Your tact.
3. Do not be too curious.
4. Yes, staunch and true ones.
5. Yes, and cantankerous sometimes.
6. You will be very popular.
7. Strength of character.
8. Truthfulness.
9. Your nimble wit.

58

1. Some of them.
2. The husband at first.
3. Pick the flowers by the way—don't expect a rose-garden.
4. Only in your dreams.
5. Your usefulness.

6. Much opposition at first; cordial approval in the end.

7. Politics.

8. Be your own sweet self.

9. Your sunshiny disposition.

59

1. Humble, but happy.

2. Love of approbation.

3. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{He} \\ \text{She} \end{array} \right\}$ who will not when $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ may, may not
when $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ will.

4. When next you need a friend.

5. Death canonises, but $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{he} \\ \text{she} \end{array} \right\}$ had $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ faults.

6. No, for you are thrifty.

7. He will rule so wisely that she will not know she is ruled.

8. Pure love.

9. Your travels will be in imagination; it takes wits to do that.

60

1. "Shadow and shine is life," says Tennyson.

2. Boy and girl.

3. More than you will know what to do with.

4. The oracle is silent.

5. No.

6. That you will not be considered to belong to the best society.

7. They will prove your best friends.

8. Heaven forbid!

9. Dress.

61

1. They are too lofty for nature's daily food.
2. A certain house-party.
3. Crowded with interests.
4. No; but there will be so many other attractions you will not care.
5. You will think so, but it will not last long.
6. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
7. You will not know you have a body.
8. You will turn them into friends.
9. Your little faults of temper will strain it, but your warm heart will win in the end.

62

1. Your honourable name and position.
2. The habit of looking on the bright side.
3. Forgiving.
4. Yes, as far as you and your { lover
sweetheart } are concerned.
5. Two years from to-day.
6. Buxom—fair, fat, and forty.
7. Your children.
8. Yes, innocent ones.
9. You will resemble your ideal.

63

1. Honourable, but not prominent.
2. Plucky to the last, nothing can daunt you.
3. The future will always seem bright to you.
4. You are certainly very lovable.
5. Liked, but not envied.
6. No; what your fortunes will be will depend only upon yourself.
7. You will help to purify politics.

8. Over-indulgence to you.
9. Country in summer, town in winter.

A BIT OF ASTROLOGY

The young girl of the period may enjoy knowing her character as predicted by astrology in accordance with her birth month.

A girl born in January will be a prudent housewife, good-tempered, but inclined to melancholy.

In February—humane and affectionate as wife and tender as mother.

In March—a chatterbox, fickle, stormy, and given to quarrels.

In April—pretty, dainty, inconsistent, and not given to study.

In May—handsome in person, and contented and happy in spirit.

In June—gay, impetuous, and will marry early.

In July—fair to look upon but sulky in temper and jealous.

In August—amiable, practical, and will marry rich.

In September—discreet, affable and generally beloved.

In October—pretty, coquettish, and oftentimes unhappy without cause.

In November—liberal, kind, amiable, and thoughtful for others.

In December—well-proportioned, gay, fond of novelty and inclined to be extravagant.

In this, as in other predictions, it is consoling to feel that as a rule they come wide the mark of truth.

CHAPTER XIII

Mesmerism

ONE may pretend to have occult powers and claim that one can mesmerise any who are willing to yield to the influence.

When some "gullible" person is sufficiently impressed to wish to test the boast, or obliging enough to offer his services as a victim, ask that person to sit down, make passes before his eyes and about his person, then sit down and say: "You cannot get up alone now, try as you may." Then in stentorian tones, say: "Get up!" The person may have misgivings, but he gets up, and *so do you*, saying: "There! I told you you could not get up alone."

Tell your friends that, though not the seventh child of a seventh child, you are one of seven generations (who is not?), and that, therefore, you have powers that are not possessed by less fortunate ones. Offer to leave the room, and, after the company shall agree to choose some playing-card, you will return and find out what it is by feeling of the brain of each in turn.

After the company have made their selection of a card in your absence, return and touch the forehead and temples of those present, but among them a confederate will indicate the card by holding the back teeth very tightly together and then relaxing them, which moves a

muscle in the temples. One contraction of the muscle indicates hearts, two diamonds, three spades, four clubs. A pause and then the number of the spots is given by repeated contractions. For the picture cards the contractions are given in very quick succession—four for the king, three for the queen, and two for the knave. It is very mystifying to those who do not know it.

A very elaborate system of questions and answers may be agreed upon between the confederates—the manner and form of the question giving the clue to the answer. A sheet over the head of the one who makes the replies, while apparently increasing the difficulty, enables him to consult a written guide to aid the memory.

At table may be tried a new toy that has made fun for the “grown-ups.” A slender rubber tube is passed under the tablecloth, at one end of it being a tiny bulb, which is placed under some one’s plate. The other end terminates in a larger bulb, which, when surreptitiously squeezed, inflates the small bulb and lifts up the plate. This is repeated now and then, and the uneasy manner of the one who has been selected to be the victim is usually a source of intense amusement to those who are in the secret.

As one man said: “I had taken so little wine that I made up my mind that I must certainly give it up altogether, if I was so easily affected.”

Make the claim that, if each of the company will write a quotation, proverb, saw, or saying on a slip of paper, you will ask some one to hold each paper against your forehead, whereupon you will read it with your eyes closed. You then choose your confederate—who collects the papers and places one upon your forehead,

taking apparently great pains to conceal it from you. You then repeat some proverb or quotation at random, haltingly, as if reading it with difficulty—which quotation your confederate immediately claims, saying, "That's mine." It is then laid open in your lap, where you may snatch a glimpse of what is written, and repeat it when the *next* paper is placed against your mighty brain. Or you may openly read it, as if to verify your former statement, remembering what it is, so as to ascribe it to the paper that follows. The second in your lap, you pretend that what you read belongs to the third, which you are assuming to decipher with closed eyes. Each person acknowledges his or her own, and it appears as if all had been read in turn—to the mystification of all not in the secret.

You may then descant upon the extreme sensitiveness of touch that comes to those who have occult powers, and assure the company that, all humbug aside, and purely by the sense of touch, you will tell them whether the spots on playing-cards are red or black, holding the pack against your forehead—the faces turned outward. You feel card after card with the forefinger, and, promptly naming it red or black, place it on the table.

The difficulty is not great. A confederate sits near you—the opposite side of a table is best—and touches your foot when a red card appears, and refrains from any signal when a black one is revealed—the *sense* of *touch* alone deciding it, as was claimed.

A popular game, called "Mesmeric Influence," is played without trickery or any "*double-entente*." One person leaves the room and in his absence all agree upon something that he shall do upon his return. At his reappearance all concentrate their attention upon him—*willing* him to do the thing agreed upon. In

many cases the person will, after a moment of hesitation, do the very thing that the company decided that he should, though it must be confessed that sometimes the result is disappointing.

A better way, because more successful, is for one person to offer to do what he is *willed* to perform, saying: "I will not only obey your behests, but I ask that two of you volunteer to *will* me to do different things—each shall hold one of my hands, and the one with the strongest will must control mine, and therefore my action."

It does not matter which two persons offer. When each takes the hand of the mesmerist, he or she is so eager to prove the possession of the stronger will that, unconsciously and inadvertently, each will draw or push, restrain or relax, the hold—that will give strong intimation of the direction, first, then of the particular thing agreed upon to be done—especially if your motions are very rapid, when they will be taken un-awares and act impulsively. The audience must be told in advance what the two things are that are to so influence your conduct in competition, while you are conducted by a trusty emissary beyond sight and sound of the company.

Again, the mesmerist may hold two chains and invite three ladies to hold on to one and three men on the other, to prove which sex has the stronger will-power—the one trio willing him to do one thing, the other quite a different thing. Among the three, there will always be some one who will unintentionally give intimations that will help you to a solution, if your movements be very impetuous.

The rivalry tempts.

A really curious card-trick, which yet is not a trick,

but comes nearer to verifying the claims of mesmerism than anything I have known, is the following: Choose five cards from the pack, select some one of them in your mind, spread them out fan-fashion—their faces turned down. Now, hold the right hand of some person, tell him to shut his eyes and command him to draw the card from the fan of five which you hold out to him. Without any action on your part to further it, he will, nine times out of ten, take the card which you have chosen that he shall do. There is no explanation—it simply happens.



PART II
ENTERTAINMENTS FOR
SPECIAL OCCASIONS



CHAPTER XIV

January

A WATCH-NIGHT PARTY

A YOUNG couple, who have won a reputation for being the most original of entertainers, last year, on December 31st, gave a charming Watch-Night party. The invitations, which fairly piqued even a dull curiosity, were unique. They were cut in hour-glass shape from heavy buff paper. The sketching of the hour-glass, the lettering of the invitations, even the address on the buff envelope, was done in sepia ink. The house was decked with evergreens, festoons of pine and balsam were looped about the walls and fell from the chandeliers, wreathed windows, doors and arches, and twined about the bannisters. There was no holly—that belonged to Christmas and was a thing of the past—but here and there hung bunches of pearl-berried mistletoe, in memory of a druidical superstition that mistletoe, cut from some sacred oak and wreathed about a dwelling before the coming of the New Year, guards a household from evil spirits and ill-luck. Here and there, over doorways and arches, hung scarlet banners with 1902 and 1903 in tall letters made of cotton batting. The guests were received by the pretty hostess and three of her girl friends dressed to represent the four seasons. Spring wore a wreath of dandelions on her golden hair; her

clinging robe of delicate green was girdled with white. Summer, a brilliant creature in scarlet, wore red poppies in her brown hair. Autumn was a vivid brunette in a gown of warm brown, with gleams of red and gold in it. Gorgeous autumn leaves were woven into her black hair. Winter was a pale blonde, garbed in white, with a crown of holly and mistletoe.

Downstairs, the young folks danced on floors from which the rugs had been lifted. Two upstairs chambers and a hall had been transformed into card-rooms. The plan for pairing off partners was odd. The ladies were led blindfolded to a table and asked to pick up the first object they touched. There were all sorts of odd favours, each one signifying a holiday or anniversary. A naked doll suggested the shivering infant by which an artist portrays the New Year. A heart-shaped locket, of course, brought St. Valentine's Day to memory. There was a portrait of Abraham Lincoln for February 12th, a hatchet for Washington's birthday, a shamrock for St. Patrick's Day, a miniature hot-cross bun for Good Friday, a dunce's cap for All-Fools' Day, a bust of Shakespeare for April 23d, a tree from a doll's farm-yard for Arbor Day, a portrait of Dewey for May 1st, a rose tied to the Star-Spangled Banner for Decoration Day, a firecracker for the Fourth of July, a toy spade for Labour Day, a jack-o'-lantern for Hallowe'en, a miniature ballot-box for Election Day, a papier-maché turkey for Thanksgiving, a tiny matting-covered tea-chest for the Boston Tea Party, a sprig of artificial arbutus for the landing of the *Mayflower*, and a well-stuffed doll-stocking for Christmas Day.

While the ladies chose their souvenirs, the gentlemen gathered about their host in the smoking-room, where he dealt out a pack of cards. In his hand each gentle-

man found a card bearing a date. The lady who held a favour suggesting that day became his partner. The dance programmes and whist counters were souvenirs of the Watch-Night party. They were silvered bell-shaped cards, with a tiny calendar filled in sketchily at the top, December 31st standing out in scarlet letters from among the other figures. The stars, which did duty as counters, and the pencils on the programmes were also in scarlet. The whist prizes were dainty little diaries, curious calendars, a silver table-bell, an hour-glass paper-weight, a tiny clock, and other trifles which suggested the passing of time.

At eleven o'clock supper was announced.

The centre of the table held a wreath of evergreen with a heap of mistletoe inside. From this centrepiece a narrow scarlet ribbon ran to each plate, ending in a pert bow, tied to a sprig of mistletoe.

After supper each guest pulled from under the mistletoe the ribbon beside the plate. At the end of it hung an English walnut which had been split, emptied of its meat, and glued together again. Inside, folded in a tiny wad, was a New-Year sentiment, which was read aloud to the party. The poets have done justice so liberally to the New Year that it is easy enough to find quotations.

On the eve of January 1st, it was the custom of long ago to open wide the house-door, and with great formality let out the old year and let in the new.

At ten minutes to twelve, before the party had left the table, the door opened, and an odd figure entered. It was an old, old man, with flowing white hair and beard. He wore the satin breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes of Revolutionary days. He carried a scythe over his shoulder and an hour-glass in his hand. There could be no doubt of his identity. He was the Old Year—the

last grain of sand was falling through the hour-glass. He did not speak; he simply walked about the table, shaking hands with each guest. As he stood in the doorway, waving a pantomimic good-bye, the clock began to strike twelve, and the city's bells rang out a clamour of joyous welcome. The Old Year disappeared; in his place stood a tiny, golden-haired child, robed in white and garlanded with flowers. It was the infant New Year. From somewhere in an adjacent room came an outburst of music, and a fine, clear soprano voice, singing:

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty night,
The year is dying in the light;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Merry greetings followed, toasts to the New Year, more song and music. Then good-byes were said, and the guests turned homeward under a clear, starlit sky in the first hour of a New Year.

A NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION PARTY

For a frolic on New Year's eve, it is well to begin with something lively and active, to get every one in the spirit of fun.

The hostess may inform her guests that, on the eve of a New Year, untried, unknown, it will be of supreme interest to all to learn whether it promise good or ill.

She then draws aside the portière in the doorway lead-

ing to an adjoining room, saying, "Thus I draw aside the curtain that veils our future," and upon the floor are twelve candles in a row, all alight and each of a different colour. She explains that each candle stands for a month of the coming year—the white one for January. February has a blue candle, tied with red and white ribbons, to suggest the national holiday. March, pale green; April, bright green; May, violet; June, pale pink; July, bright pink; August, yellow; September, lilac; October, crimson; November, orange; December, scarlet.

Each person in turn is invited to jump over the candles, one at a time, and if the feat be accomplished without extinguishing a single candle, prosperity and happiness are in store through all the months in the coming year; but, whichever one or ones are put out, ill-luck threatens in the month whose shining is thus eclipsed, while to knock one over presages dire calamity.

That this is a children's game, and a favourite, need not deter their elders, if the young women are careful to wrap their skirts safely about them. I have known even "Going to Jerusalem" to be enjoyed by those whose nursery days are but distant memories.

After the vigorous activity of such a testing of the fates, the guests may enjoy a pad-and-pencil game. The hostess announces twelve guests, whom they are all expecting to meet, though not in evidence yet, except in suggestion upon cards, distributed by way of introduction, each bearing the following lines:

"Twelve daughters these of ancient race
Rich and gifted and fair of face.
Their grace by poets oft-times sung,
Their virtues known to every tongue.

So come ye witty and come ye wise,
Guess these maidens and win the prize."

The twelve questions given are answered by the names of the months.

I.

"A provident matron, and a thankful withal,
Somewhat serious-eyed, she belongs to the fall."

II.

"With dreamy eyes and arms all blossom-laden,
'Mid fields of softest green, she comes, a gentle maiden."

III.

"A daughter of Ceres, tall and fair,
She scatters golden blessings everywhere."

IV.

"She's a wilful girly with wind-tossed hair,
Who brings for the housewife a weight of care."

V.

"Eldest of all, the one most dear,
She carries a message of royal cheer."

VI.

"I love a rose," she cries, "and lo!
I scatter its fragrance where'er I go."

VII.

"She greets you with frowns and she greets you with
smiles,
Beware, oh, beware of this coquette's wiles!"

VIII.

"A crown of leaves, bright, golden and red,
She twines in the nut-brown curls of her head."

IX.

"When they're mating and cooing, the bluebird and
dove,

Comes our maiden of two with her tokens of love."

X.

"A woman of melting lang'rous glance
Who holds her subjects in sultry trance."

XI.

"Sizz ! Boom ! Bang ! Hello !
You don't like my style, I know.
Yet prize the gift I bring—Ho ! Ho !"

XII.

"A fair little, dear little, winsome maid
Of good resolutions—alas—how they fade !"

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. November. | 7. April. |
| 2. May. | 8. October. |
| 3. September. | 9. February. |
| 4. March. | 10. August. |
| 5. December. | 11. July. |
| 6. June. | 12. January. |

Calendars make appropriate prizes. Across the pages of a simple one, if the hostess have a talent for jingles, she may write a couplet for each month, and thus make it a really prized souvenir. On the cover of one such I saw—

"Days of busy, busy hours,
Days of idling among flowers,
Days of joys and days of sorrows,
Dark to-days and bright to-morrows;
Days of health and days of weakness,
All make up the year's completeness."

Upon the page for April was written:

"What'er beside the changing years prove true,
Behold, dear friend, my love unchanged for you."

For one of the flowery months:

"I would your path might never know a stone,
And fragrant blossoms meet your steps alone."

Another "home-made" calendar might have a selection from an American poet for each month.

For April:

"Oh, rainy days! O days of sun!
What are ye all when the year is done?
Who shall remember sun or rain?
O years of loss! O joyful years!
What are you all when Heaven appears,
Who shall look back on joy or pain?"

Whittier says of October:

"Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is crowned with autumn leaves."

What prettier for May than Longfellow's lines?

"Then comes the lovely spring
with a rush of blossoms and music,
Filling the earth with flowers
and the air with melodies vernal."

By this time the company should be sufficiently impressed with the fateful moment—waiting at the threshold of a New Year—for the hostess to propose the game of

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

Each person is given a paper and pencil and requested to write at the top of the page the word "Resolved," fol-

lowed by expressions of amendment that he or she is conscious of needing. One such attempt at self-examination resulted in the following resolves:

"I will be as honest as the times will permit."

"I will spend less time before my mirror—be the self-denial what it may!"

"I will break no more hearts."

"I will not cross bridges before I get to them—it would be too difficult."

"I will be good to all, but gooder to myself."

"I will tell no more lies—except social ones, which are necessary, or I should be ousted from society."

These are read aloud, and the authorship guessed.

At the second round, the hostess insisted the resolves should be really serious—if only for the sake of contrast, when, perceiving the artistic value of that argument, the following were evolved:

"I will be what I wish to be thought."

"I will live closer to my ideals."

"My best self shall rule."

"Where I pluck out a fault, I will try to plant a virtue."

"I will look at life through rose-coloured spectacles."

"I will welcome all the bits of happiness by the way."

At the third round, each player selects some one else of the company, and writes his or her resolutions for the New Year, signing the paper with the name of the victim. On the occasion that I am recalling, the following are a sample of the resolutions suggested by "friendly enemies":

"I will part my hair lower down."

"As I probably deserve to be hung, I will be thankful if I am only drowned."

At the end of the game, all the correct guesses at the authorship of the resolves are counted, for the prize of a china mug, with "For a Good Girl" or "For a Good Boy" in gilt letters upon it. Both may be purchased without too great an inroad upon one's pocket-book, so as to be prepared to reward the victor of either sex.

Supper should be served early enough to insure the return of all the company to the drawing-room a few minutes before the entrance of the New Year.

Just before midnight all should be assembled—to the men are given tin whistles and horns, and to each girl a bell of some kind—sleigh-bells may be borrowed or hired for the occasion. All join hands in a ring, and, accompanied by the piano, sing in chorus "Auld Lang Syne," until the clock begins to strike twelve. All then are silent until the last note has sounded, whereupon all shake hands, wish one another a "Happy New Year," blow their horns, ring their bells, and otherwise make noisy demonstrations.

The evening may conclude with a Virginia Reel, or anything that suggests joy and jollity—typical of the outlook for the New Year, which always promises "There's a good time coming."

"Kind hearts can makè December
Blithe as May,
And in each morrow find
A New Year's Day."

A MEETING OF THE YEARS

Our invitations stated that all guests were requested to wear cards attached to their dress, upon each of which should be represented something suggestive of a certain year in the world's history. It was a variation

of the book-title party, which has had such vogue, but its new form was further emphasised by the costumes of our host and hostess. The lady was dressed to represent the world. Her gown, of sea-green tarletan with a silvery lining, was covered with maps, cut out in sections and glued on to form a pattern—South America and Africa lending themselves prettily to the front of the corsage. A gilt ball was worn on a hair ornament to suggest her attendant satellite, the moon.

Our host wore a costume of orange cotton cloth, covered thickly with disks of gilt paper—the type of garment worn by the “beef-eaters” of the Tower of London—covering him to the knees. On his breast was a gilt paper sun with many pointed rays, and we were informed that he represented that luminary about which the world frequently revolved. Some one ventured to guess that he personated “Mammon,” the god of this world, his presence being not inappropriate, since his wooing has been most devoted to Madame Terra throughout the ages, some say with much success!

Upon arrival, all were given cards with pencils attached, and when all were presumably assembled, Sir Sol made proclamation that we were to guess one another’s “age” and note the guesses on our cards, adding that a prize would be awarded to the one whose card showed the greatest number of correct answers.

Then ensued a merry clatter of tongues, and introductions were felt to be entirely superfluous when a stranger’s card arrested one’s interest. Formality was thrown to the winds, and people who had never met before were hobnobbing like old friends in the excitement of recognising one another’s epoch. One young woman wore a card upon which was glued a tiny map of the United States torn in two with jagged edges, a

bit of army blue and a bit of gray cloth, with two swords crossed above them. At sight of it:

“In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
That cruel war was first begun,”

said itself to those of us who knew the old jingle with its sad burden.

Another had upon her card a white flag with a red cross, and underneath the words, “God wills it,” with a cross, a crescent, and a sword dripping with blood. The year of the first Crusade was not difficult to guess from its suggestions.

A third card bore upon it the picture of an Indian and the drawing of a caravel, while underneath it was written, “We are discovered!”

The card of another guest had upon it a few letters printed in script—the capitals done in red ink—to suggest the year of the first successful printing-press in Europe. The red capitals were believed to be done with blood, it will be remembered, when the marvel was thought to proceed from Faust’s dealings with the devil.

The year of the Reformation was represented, of course, by the picture of an open Bible, and the year 1776 by a picture of the Liberty Bell and a few bars of the music of “Yankee-Doodle”—splashes of red paint to represent blood, and palms to suggest victory.

All were not as simple and easy to guess as these. The initial year of the Renaissance was suggested by small cuts of a cathedral, a painting, a bit of bric-à-brac of pure, elegant, and artistic outlines.

The card that was found to be the most puzzling was one decorated with a cannon pointed at a knight who was falling off his horse, while a Chinaman was faintly outlined in the distance of one corner. It was intended to represent the year of the introduction of gunpowder

in Europe, when the histories say, "At its first discharge, knighthood fell forever from its saddle." The Chinaman's presence indicated his claim of having known it two centuries before its supposed first invention.

We were put upon our honour to give no hints or suggestions other than the cards furnished, and at the end of a very busy hour the prizes were given. The first prize was a very little clock, suggestive of marking the flight of Time; the second, a very entertaining volume entitled "Eighteen Christian Centuries," by White. Every one else was given a pretty little calendar by way of souvenir.

"The world is very young for its age"—and all the years joined in a merry contra-dance to the music of popular airs of 1904.

TWELFTH-NIGHT REVELS

Twelfth-Night has an unfamiliar sound to American ears, but to our ancestors, be their nationality what it may, the holiday for which the words—or their equivalent—stood was as well known as Christmas and as widely observed.

In olden days the festivities of Yule-tide, the gala time of all the year, lasted twelve days, which was the time supposed to have been consumed by the Magi in their journey to Bethlehem.

This brought the last evening to the sixth of January, when the gaiety culminated in an entertainment on what was known as "Twelfth-Night."

This had distinctive features belonging to its celebration as well recognised as Christmas itself.

One of the special observances of Twelfth-Night was the baking of a huge cake which contained a bean and a pea. When the cake was cut, the person to whose lot

fell the bean was named the "Twelfth-Night King," and invested with full powers over the rest of the guests until midnight—hence the traditional "King of the Revels."

The chance of the pea determined the queen, and their mock majesties, arrayed in fanciful robes, directed the mummeries that wound up the Yule-tide merry-makings.

When Mary Stuart cut the cake on Twelfth-Night at Holyrood, 1563, her maid Mary Fleming drew the pea, and was forthwith dressed in the robes of her royal mistress and treated with queenly honours.

In France even now "*Il a troué vla feve au gateau*" (he has found the bean in the cake) is applied to one who has met with exceptionally good luck. Later, a ring and a coin replaced the bean and pea.

The revival of old-time merrymakings, in order to add a spice of novelty to the entertainments of the present, found amusing expression on the Twelfth-Night of last year.

Its traditional social features were closely followed by the hostess, whose guests, being well acquainted, fell in readily with her suggestions.

A mammoth star-shaped cake adorned with flowers, among which tiny electric lights were hidden, was cut when all were assembled.

It was made after the recipe for the Twelfth-Day cake, which still exists, dating back two hundred and fifty years. It was composed of flour, honey, ginger, and a little pepper, stuffed full of "plums" (the old name for raisins), and with caraway seeds soaked in cider.

The coin determined the "king," whose wishes were to be laws to the rest of the company until midnight, and the recipient of the ring assumed the rôle of "queen."

They were at once invested with royal mantles of Tur-

key red, lined with white canton flannel, dotted with black worsted tabs in imitation of ermine.

Two arm-chairs on a dais did duty for thrones, and here the sovereigns received their insignia of royalty—gorgeous crowns of gilt paper, lined with red cotton velvet, and sceptres of pokers wrapped with tinsel and gilt paper, which made the coronation very impressive.

They made the tour of the rooms with their train-bearers to the music of a stately march—all bowing low at their approach.

It was explained that a forfeit would be exacted from any one present who presumed to turn his back upon the royalties or failed to address them as “Your Majesty”—which gave rise to some merry confusion.

The rest of the company then proceeded to “draw for characters” by lot, according to ancient precedent, which they were to assume for the rest of the evening, and which were to be guessed by the company.

As soon as they had read their fate upon the cards drawn from hat and “reticule” (old custom again), they were ushered one by one into an adjoining room. Here, their hostess, glancing at each card, selected something appropriate to the character inscribed thereon, from a lot of “properties” provided for the occasion, that a hint of costume might help to a solution of the mystery of each personality. For example, the lady who found “Ophelia” on her card donned a wreath of straw and scarlet paper poppies, let her abundant hair fall about her shoulders, and looked sweetly distraught.

The man who found “Mephistopheles” assigned to him was given a red skullcap adorned with two slender feathers, like antennae (a duster had been despoiled), three yards of red cotton for a cloak, and a piece of burnt cork. To give himself fierce, black eyebrows, elevated

at their outer ends, and the ends of his moustache an upward curve, was but the work of a moment, and he appeared "a very devil." "Friar Tuck" was accommodated with a brown bath-gown and rope girdle, with a sofa-pillow to add rotundity. "Punch" was provided with a mask—with hooked nose and chin tipped with red—and a peaked cap ending in a tassel, while Red Riding Hood stood confessed in a cloak of Turkey red, carrying a basket on her arm.

The guests not being on formal terms, the affair was a merry frolic, ending with a dance.

The hostess declared that it was not half so much trouble to get up the "properties" as to find favours for a cotillion, and the guests averred that to an ordinary dance it added the charms of a "costume ball," with no trouble of preparation.

Fortunately—perhaps not wholly by accident—the "Twelfth-Night King" was the "prince of good fellows" and did much to make the affair the success that it proved.

A CAKE CARNIVAL FOR TWELFTH-NIGHT

Twelfth-Night was to the pastry-cooks what Easter is to the florists of our own day—the opportunity to distinguish themselves by most wonderful achievements.

All London turned out on the eve of Twelfth-Night to look in the pastry-cooks' windows, lighted with unaccustomed brilliancy and gorgeous with cakes of all shapes, sorts, and sizes, often surmounted by marvellous structures, from a dragon emitting fire to a miniature man-of-war, furnished with tiny loaded guns, that went off with a loud report.

The "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie" was not all a myth, for live birds were concealed under the

pastry of enormous pies, and, when liberated, flew about the room, "which gave much delight to the company," according to Horace Walpole.

Cakes, then, must be conspicuous at any Twelfth-Night celebration, and one hostess last January invited her friends to a merry frolic at which a modern adaptation of Twelfth-Night features was attended with success. It was called an "Animated Cake Carnival," for which the guests were requested to appear in costumes representing familiar cakes and to guess each other.

A girl in classic draperies of white cheese-cloth, with large wings of cotton batting, was lovely as "Angel Cake," to whom a contrast was afforded by "Gingersnap" in a snuff-coloured gown, her pockets supplied with many of the "snappers" used in mottoes, which went off from time to time.

A pretty girl dressed as a bride was intended to suggest "Wedding Cake," and seemed to be successful in conjuring visions of the special variety of the cake, if not of the plummy loaf itself.

"Sponge Cake" was all in soft, yellow cheese-cloth, a bath-sponge forming the crown of a hat, of which the brim was of the material of the gown.

The most difficult puzzle of the evening was the wearer of a gown covered with newspaper, with a fringe of "ticker-tape" in short lengths. An erection on her head was made of bits of paper, on which were typewritten words bidding one "Vote for Cupid!" "Vote for Home-Rule!" She proved to be "Election Cake," once so popular.

A gown trimmed with strings of raisins and dried currants in festoons represented "Fruit Cake," and no costume was prettier than "Nut Cake" in noisette brown,

with green leaves galore, and crowned with a wreath of green filberts.

The men, though not required to come in costume, conformed to the spirit of the occasion by wearing small patty-pans as boutonnieres.

When the fun began to flag, the guests were set guessing the following cake riddle:

What kind of cake should a geologist eat?—Layer cake.

What kind for a pugilist?—Pound cake.

What kind for a lover?—Kisses.

What kind for a gardener?—Fruit cake.

What kind for a glover?—Lady-fingers.

What kind for a man who lives on his friends?—Sponge cake.

What for a politician?—Election cake.

What for a jeweler?—Gold and silver cake.

What kind would one have who ate all these?—Stomach-ache.

This last answer was whispered in confidence.

A cake-knife was the prize given to the most successful guesser.

A cake-walk made a merry "finale" to the evening. A cake of imposing dimensions, iced and decorated with candied fruits, was mounted on a round, flower-decked table in the centre of the room, and the contestants, indulging in all sorts of antics and capers, danced or marched around it.

They were expected to emulate the toilettes, airs and graces which marked the competitors in a cake-walk on a Southern plantation long ago.

The girl, with hair braided in numberless pig-tails, each tied with a ribbon of a different colour and her escort with flashy neck-tie, enormous shirt-collar, and paper sunflower boutonniere, won the prize.

CHAPTER XV

February

A LEAP-YEAR PARTY

ONLY in one year out of four does the opportunity occur to enjoy the fun and frolic that constitute some of the privileges of Leap-Year—and one of the secrets of happiness is to take whatever of pleasure the hour brings. A Leap-Year party may be given at any time through the year; the favourite dates are December 31st and February 29th.

Upon receipt of an invitation upon which the numerals of the year are conspicuously written at the top of the sheet, and the words "Leap-Year Dance" in the lower left-hand corner, the young women hasten to write to the men with whom they wish to dance the cotillion, requesting that pleasure—though it is wise first to inform themselves whether or not the gentlemen in question have been included in the invitation.

On the evening of the entertainment many favoured swains are the recipients of large boxes from the florists—who usually have a sense of humour that may be appealed to—containing a tiny buttonhole bouquet in the midst of many wrappings—like a needle in a haystack—or one of huge proportions, composed of cabbage leaves, or an onion or cold-slaw cleverly wired to make a burlesque imitation of a chrysanthemum. These, of course, must be worn at the dance.

Upon the arrival of the young men, they crowd together and hold each other's hands, after the manner of some timid *débutantes*, while the girls give themselves lofty airs of lords of creation. Some copy the type of male creature who refused to dance the early part of the evening, remarking that he "always let the girls look and long for him a little while first!"

The hostess may delegate the duty of receiving the guests upon their entrance to her husband, if she chooses—or, perhaps, rather, if *he* choose—and stalk about as if disclaiming any responsibility.

The men find seats; the girls walk about or stand in groups near the door. They may, and should, solicit introductions, and are brought up to the men by host or hostess.

As the music strikes up, the girls seek the desired partners, often selecting for especial devotion some man whose absence of conceit makes the flattery innocuous.

In the pauses of the dance, the young women gallantly fan their partners for a moment or so, but soon transfer that attention to their own faces in apparent thoughtlessness—after the manner familiar to girls as one of the ways of mankind.

When walking about the room, the girls offer their arms to the young men, which are accepted, of course, but many have to be instructed in the proper manner of resting but the tips of their gloved hands upon the forearms of their escorts, at the bend of the elbow.

Compliments are in order, and mock declarations, if made, so that the fun is enjoyed on both sides.

At supper-time the men get their revenge for any teasing of which they have been the object, and, seated at their ease, they sometimes keep their partners running back and forth to supply abnormal demands of

hunger, giving them no opportunity to satisfy their own claims of appetite, until they cry quarter.

The cotillion may be a "Frolic German" (described elsewhere), when all are supposed to know each other, and may choose to favour strangers as well as acquaintances, according to the European custom.

Some girls prefer to "dance doe" instead of having a partner, and occasionally they agree to punish—"freeze out" and condemn to adorn the wall—some fellow who has been conspicuously disobliging in times past and selfishly "danced stag" when some girls were partnerless.

This should not be prolonged, however, beyond the limits of a harmless tease (save to suggest the thought to the culprit), for no greater discourtesy could be offered to a hostess than for one guest to deliberately mar the enjoyment of another—if no higher principle were at stake.

Among the favours for the girls may be small boxes of chocolate cigars and packages of cigarettes of the same composition, and for the men, "housewives" containing scissors, needles, thread, and buttons.

Tissue-paper hats and bonnets of the prevailing fashion will be found amusing, if not becoming to the sterner sex, who are, however, condemned to wear them, for a time at least, and tam-o'-shanters, billycock hats, Scotch bonnets, sombreros, jockey-caps, and military *chapeaux* with gorgeous "*panaches*"—also fashioned of the ever-accommodating crêpe paper—look very "fetching" above the saucy, smiling faces of merry girls.

Bonbon boxes with "Sweets to the Sweet," or other appropriate quotation, in gilt lettering on the covers, may be also offered to the gentle swains, and toy-pistols, swords, and gorgeous "decorations" for "bravery on

the field" will please the young women—or German pipes and "bocks," manufactured for cotillion favours.

It is the girls who are clever enough to combine the sparkle of fun and merry aping of manners masculine, while not altogether relaxing the charm of femininity, who may be said to score the greatest success at a Leap-Year party; and the men, who, in the midst of frolicsome gaiety, never "go too far" and who prove that their gallantry and breeding is innate, will be remembered with favour when the Leap-Year is past and gone.

The especial privileges of the evening cease when the good-byes are said. At the door of exit Madam Grundy draws the line sharply between the sexes, and no self-respecting maiden will proffer her escort home to any youth, however timid and unprotected!

CANDLEMAS

It is the delight of a hostess to have the character of her entertainment suggested by special holiday occasions. It gratifies a sense of fitness when the Christmas dinner table is ablaze with holly and scarlet decorations—suggestive of cheer and joyous festivity. The Fourth of July imposes patriotic emblems, and the month of February is especially rich in gala days.

"Candlemas," falling on the second of February, lends itself to pretty and unique decorations, and its celebration has the attraction of novelty for us latter-day holiday-makers.

It is a church festival that was observed by our remote forbears as conscientiously as Christmas. In its ecclesiastical meaning it is the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, the candle being a symbolic representation of the body of our Lord, its wax not made by human

hands, unchanged by time, "not seeing corruption," serves but to supply the needful nourishment to the flame—the "Light of the World."

In mediæval times the burning of candles at Candlemas was supposed to frighten off evil spirits from the house for a year.

The celebration, I think, would find favour at a luncheon. The American hostess is as eager as the Athenian of St. Paul's time for "something new."

In arranging the table a lighted candle should be before each place, white and without shades. Snow-drops are the "proper" flowers for the occasion—but are not always to be had. "I can light a taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snow-drop which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas," is quoted from an ancient book by a Franciscan Friar. A low centrepiece of lilies of the valley, or Roman hyacinths with maidenhair fern, is lovely, and among the blossoms many small white candles all alight. If the ends are heated, the wooden splints that florists use may be inserted or wired firmly to the candles. Strands of asparagus fern or smilax on invisible wires hanging from the chandelier and carried to the edge of the table, fastened at the edge under a spray of leaves or flowers, make a pretty bower-like effect. The cakes, bonbons, etc., should be iced in white or green.

One ambitious hostess, who had some skill in water-colours, painted in the lower left-hand corner of each name-card a representation of a lighted candle, the smoke spelling the name of the guest as it passed off in attenuated curves.

It may give a turn to conversation at table, and interest those who care for old customs, to learn that the superstitious notions and observances connected

with candles are relics of the once far-spread worship of the sun and fire.

The burning of the candle on this day has for ages been regarded with superstitious faith, as an augury. It may amuse twentieth-century maidens to try their fate by it. At a certain time, wax matches should be passed around, and each person in turn is requested to light her candle.

A bright spark in the candle flame denotes that the person nearest will receive a letter. A thief in a candle is the prophecy of a wedding—the lover stealing away the light of the home is presumably the flattering origin of the superstition.

Windy weather is foretold by the waving of the flame without visible cause, and wet weather if the flame does not light readily. In most parts of Europe the peasants believe that a fine Candlemas portends a severe winter. In Scotland they say:

“If Candlemas be fair and clear

There'll be twa winters in the year.”

The one that burns longest means a happy and prosperous marriage; the one going out first, a poor and luckless one. This is always extremely exciting, and will be eagerly watched.

Before leaving the candles to burn themselves out, a test of fortune may be made for fun. Each girl stands three paces from her candle and endeavours to extinguish the light with as few puffs as possible—for each puff counts for a year's delay of her marriage.

The candle idea may be carried out further in the refreshments. The caterers have ice-cream candles in pretty cardboard candlesticks of any colour, and a blanched almond inserted for a wick will burn for several minutes.

FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

If we Americans are ever in danger of setting up a saint of our own, we shall canonise, I think, the simple-minded, great-hearted hero whom the world reveres under the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Those who in the past scoffed at the "rail-splitter" for president now hold him next in honour to Washington—and to him is paid the great compliment of a general holiday on the day of his birth.

Anaxagoras, the philosopher of Athens and preceptor of Pericles, it may be remembered, when asked how they best could show him honour, replied: "Give the school-children a holiday—in remembrance of the day of my birth. Then my memory will be loved."

No special observance of Lincoln's birthday has as yet become general—it is just a day to be happy in, to gratefully remember the man who bore the chief burden in our time of national peril, and to rejoice in our reunited country and restored brotherhood.

A dinner is the most popular of all entertainments, particularly a *little dinner* among friends. For such a modest feast, the hostess may give free play to her fancy in the table appointments, unhampered by any rule or precedent.

The centrepiece, if of flowers, may be of the national colours—red and white carnations with bluets, which bloom in February in hot-houses, and are of the same size as the carnations. Failing these, a blue ribbon may be tied about the dish. Surrounding the flowers, leaving a space of a few inches, a chain made of cardboard, covered with tin foil or black paper, may be placed, the links severed in one place—to typify the broken shackles of slavery.

At each place a little black china doll, dressed in the blue-and-white-checked garment of the Southern "pickaninny," may hold the name-card. An American flag should be attached to the chandelier, or a small one might stand up from the mound of blossoms. In any event, the "restored flag" should be a conspicuous feature.

If it be desired to give favours:

Each guest might receive a small map of the United States, with a line of red ink drawn between the States that were at variance. The country represented as a *whole* is a testimony to Lincoln's wisdom—and his famous motto, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," might be written on the margin of the map.

After dinner, some little entertainment, game or contest of a national character would probably be welcome, for which I would suggest:

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLES

The questions are propounded, and all are provided with pads and pencils, in order to write the answers.

The hostess should know the dates, and any bit of information that may add to the interest and pleasure of her guests.

A good prize might be any one of the many excellent accounts of the "Life of Lincoln," tied up with ribbons of two colours—"the blue and the gray."

1. Which President his horse bestrode
And off to his inaugural rode?
2. Who first his oath of office took
In open air where all might look?
3. Who, fearing much some dark surprise,
Came to his office in disguise?
4. Who first at Washington did swear
The Nation's good should be his care?

5. What man to his inaugural hied
Just one short month before he died?
6. What President took the oath of state
On other than the usual date?
7. Who at his New York residence
Became one of our Presidents?
8. Who was succeeded by the one
Whom he succeeded the next run?
9. What President to Quakertown
To his inaugural came down?

ANSWERS

1. Thomas Jefferson, March 4, 1801. Rode on horseback.
2. George Washington took oath April 30, 1789, on the balcony in front of the Federal State House, New York.
3. President Madison.
4. John Adams, inaugurated March 4, 1797, at Washington.
5. William H. Harrison, inaugurated March 4, 1841. Died April 4, 1841.
6. President Monroe, on March 5, 1820.
7. President Arthur, 1881.
8. Grover Cleveland.
9. George Washington, second inauguration, 1793, at Philadelphia, and John Adams.

A ST. VALENTINE DINNER

An agreeable way of observing the day which is sacred to the patron saint of lovers is to invite half a dozen young people to a dinner, which shall in all its details recall the subject in which St. Valentine presumably most delights.

Let the centrepiece be heart-shaped and composed of

Jacqueminot roses or red carnations, pierced by a gilded arrow, which may be had at a very moderate cost.

In these days nearly every home possesses some decorative piece of Dresden or bisque, of which a cupid is usually a prominent feature. These, though designed to hold flowers, may appropriately be pressed into service as receptacles for the salted almonds, cakes, and bonbons. These last should be in the shape of hearts, which any confectioner will undertake to make to order. Even the bread at each place may be cut in the same form.

The name-cards should of course be hearts, and may be made to serve the double purpose of name-card and menu. They should be made to imitate a heart as nearly as Bristol-board and red paint can be made to do, carefully shaded to represent its inequalities, with a tongue of flame burning at the top between its two lobes. The names may be written in gilt across its ardent surface, while on the reverse side is given the

MENU

Oysters

SOUP

Cream of Love-Apples

FISH

Twin-Soles

ENTRÉE

Sweetbreads

ROAST

Tenderloin of Beef

GAME

Turtledoves

Ice-cream

(Form of two doves kissing each other)

Kisses

Coffee

Bonbons

When interpreted, "cream of love-apple" soup may read "cream of tomatoes"—"love-apples" being the pretty alias under which that vegetable was known to our ancestors.

Soles, so delicious in England, take the name of flounders in America, and properly cooked are very palatable. Two good-sized fish would be sufficient for eight persons.

The turtledoves would be better known as squabs, but would not be so suggestive of "billing and cooing."

The ice-cream birds may be made of any compound preferred, provided that the outside coating be white, to recall the doves' plumage.

The small meringues called "kisses" from time immemorial have inspired conversation and repartee among young men and maidens for some occult reason.

IN PRAISE OF LOVE

After dinner, an adaptation of the once popular game of Literary Salad may be played. Shut up within two red paper hearts, the edges of which are lightly pasted together, may be a heart-shaped bit of white paper inscribed with some quotation in praise of Love. Every known poet has waxed eloquent upon the theme.

For instance:

"For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

WALTER SCOTT.

"All love is sweet

"Given or returned. Common as light is love,
But its familiar voice wearies not ever."

SHELLEY.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

TENNYSON.

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!"

MOORE.

"Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."

DRYDEN.

"There's beggary in the love than can be reckoned."

SHAKESPEARE.

The hearts enclosing the quotations are passed around, each one that was withdrawn is torn apart, the selections then read aloud by the players in turn, and either correctly ascribed to its author by the chance recipient or passed on until some one can give its source. The one whose memory proves the most dependable receives a prize.

A prize once awarded to the young woman whose mind proved to be best stored with the tender thoughts of the poets, was a panel picture of the little God of Love lying at ease among roses—a copy of Bougereau's picture, "*Le Reveil de l'Amour*." It was enclosed in a large valentine envelope, addressed to her in Cupid's care.

The young man who was least successful was given for the "booby" prize a huge red worsted "mitten," since he was told that he "evidently knew nothing about love."

FAMOUS LOVERS

Famous Lovers is another game that is adapted to St. Valentine's evening.

Hearts of red cardboard are divided into two halves—cut or torn apart. Half the number are placed in one grab-bag, made of Turkey red in the shape of a heart, and the other halves of the severed members in another.

The ladies draw from one, the men from the other, and then proceed to "match for partners." Those whose pieces fit must then choose the names of some well-known pair of lovers—which the others try to guess, after the manner of the game of Twenty Questions. A wedding march might be played, and the couples make the tour of the room, and then, seating themselves—each pair is questioned in turn.

The host and hostess take the lead in putting the questions, remarking that they are all eagerness to know whom they have the honour of entertaining. The general trend of the questions to make the couple reveal their identity may run thus:

"Are you fact or fiction?"

"Do you remember where you met?"

"Was it love at first sight?"

"Did the course of your love run smooth?"

"Did love end in marriage?"

"What was the most interesting feature in your relations with each other?"

The questions may be improvised, each person asking one in turn for three rounds, after which the next couple are under examination. Ivanhoe and Rowena, Miles Standish and Priscilla, Hiawatha and Minnehaha, Dante and Beatrice, Othello and Desdemona, are offered as suggestions.

A good prize for such a game would be a box of bonbons, which the winner could share with his or her partner. If made of red satin, in the shape of a heart, a cheap little clock might be hidden among the bonbons—so that it could be distinctly heard to beat. In those of inexpensive make the tick is usually the more perceptible.

A prize for the ones who were least successful in

guessing might be a tea-cup and saucer for the lady—as the “cheering cup” is popularly supposed to be one of the spinster’s consolations—a worsted parrot or a live kitten. For the man, a card of buttons, with a tiny work-box with sewing material—for those who fail on St. Valentine’s Day are supposed to be foredoomed to a single life.

IN HONOUR OF ST. VALENTINE

St. Valentine’s evening is the time of all the year that lends itself most easily to special features in entertaining that never lose interest for young men and maidens.

The invitation for an informal frolic for that interesting occasion should be written on heart-shaped cards. If the guests are wide-awake, nimble-witted young persons, each may be requested in the invitation to write a valentine, to be brought on the appointed evening—the more ridiculous the better.

These must be distributed in such manner among the company that chance—or fate—alone shall determine the destination of each glowing epistle.

Those for the ladies, written by the young men, and those destined for the masculine guests, composed by the young women, should be placed in different receptacles and drawn therefrom at haphazard. If an even number of both sexes be present, and it is desired to pair them for some subsequent game, the male authors of the ardent verses and their recipients may be regarded as partners. It is for the young men to discover during the evening to whom they are indebted for the valentine which they have *received*.

It may add to the fun if each person in turn is asked to read aloud the one that has fallen to his or her lot.

A HEART HUNT

may form another diversion, played after the manner of the well-known peanut hunt.

Several dozens of paper hearts are scattered about and hidden all over the rooms. A prize is to be awarded to the finder of the greatest number. Occasionally one comes across a candy or chocolate heart—trophies for the finders—but only the paper ones count in the competition for the prize, which should be something in the shape of a heart—a bonbonnière, perhaps, or photograph frame.

Instead of paper hearts, those made of opaque white candy may be used instead. Each has some tender message or love-sick protestation done in red lettering. These confections were known in the days of our remotest grandparents.

Especial prizes may be given to those who find both parts of a divided heart that fit perfectly together.

"BROKEN HEARTS"

This contest requires a little preparation in advance.

Sheets of red cardboard are cut into many heart-shaped pieces. The easiest way for its accomplishment is to draw one heart within a space six inches square, cut it out and use it for a pattern, tracing from it the outlines of all the others, which are also cut out with a sharp pair of scissors. When one has a sufficient number of these large red hearts to supply one for each pair of guests expected, each one is cut into six pieces—wedge-shaped, square, crescent, and circular bits. The parts of each heart are put into separate envelopes.

Each pair of guests is given one of these envelopes and the problem is offered them to piece together the bits

of the broken hearts so that they may appear whole again—after the manner of dissected maps. The pair who first attain that success rise and announce the fact, and to them is awarded the prize of being crowned with paper roses—one of the classic honours bestowed by Cupid. The young man may find a wreath of laurel leaves less embarrassing to wear.

PASSING THE GUESTS

One of the prettiest ways to pair one's guests, if it be thought desirable to do so by chance selection—which must be ascribed to fate on St. Valentine's Day—is to offer flowers—natural or of paper—from two different baskets. To the stem of each flower is tied a card containing the names of famous lovers of history and fiction. The man drawing "Romeo" then seeks the girl whose card is inscribed with "Juliet's" name; "Hamlet" finds "Ophelia"; Leicester, Queen Elizabeth; Petrarch, Laura; Dante, Beatrice; John Alden, Priscilla; etc. If there are more gentlemen than ladies, which advantage a hostess should always try to insure, the "extra" men may draw the names of certain faithful lovers whose devotion has not been crowned with success—as, for instance, Sydney Carton, Tom Pinch, etc.

LOVE'S TARGET

This oracle of fortune will offer a pleasing variety to the foregoing games. The target should be made with a wooden frame in the shape of a heart, over which is stretched white muslin. This is painted with a border of green, three inches wide. A second row within it of black, of the same width, and next that again one of yellow, a fourth of blue, a fifth of red, and a bull's-eye

of gilt are painted. Each band, of course, retains the heart shape, one inside the other.

Or, a cheaper target may be made of heavy cardboard, twenty-five inches long by twenty inches wide, covered with muslin, and painted as before directed.

The target should be set up at the end of a spacious room, from which the smaller furniture has been removed.

A gilded bow of classic shape, such as Cupid carries, should be provided, and as many arrows as there are guests. Each one takes a shot in turn, and as the arrows hit their marks the success or failure is announced by St. Valentine, who presides at the wheel, dressed as the "King of Hearts," in the following couplets:

If your arrow hits the red
You will very shortly wed.

Should your arrow pierce the green
No wedding bells for you, I ween.

When your arrow hits the blue
Cupid takes a shot at you.

If the arrow touch the black
A true love you'll never lack.

If it chance to hit the white
You will meet your fate to-night.

If the dart go wide astray
You will throw your heart away.

Should it pierce the heart of gold,
Joy for you and love untold!

The costume of the King of Hearts may consist of a coat of Turkey red with hanging sleeves, knee-breeches of blue denim, cut in points at the knee and covered

with red paper hearts, a broad collar, made of three heart-shaped pieces, and a red cap, also made of three hearts—their points meeting at the top. A band of gilt paper encircling the forehead serves for a crown.

Next on the programme

A HEART-CONTEST

might be given.

Out of compliment to the little God of Love, the ten questions should be presented very daintily, that they may form a souvenir of the occasion. Heart-shaped booklets, the covers artistically decorated with cupids, roses, lovers'-knots, etc., may be used, or as a substitute the pretty, old-style, lace-edged valentines. Pencils are attached by narrow satin ribbons, preferably pink, love's colour, as the rose is its flower. It should be stated to the guests in distributing the questions that every answer begins with the word "heart."

QUESTIONS

1. What she takes from us?
2. How we greet her?
3. Where we sit?
4. What disease threatens?
5. What oftentimes her conduct?
6. What then comes to us?
7. How do we feel?
8. Describe the catastrophe?
9. What flower consoles us?
10. Under its influence, what do we become?

The answers are written opposite the questions, the guests often guessing in pairs, as being more sociable than singly. The cards are taken up, and the prize-winners determined by the greatest number of correct answers. The prizes selected should be appropriate to

the occasion—a silver chain and heart, a “Friendship” bracelet, two hearts united as a brooch, a heart-shaped box of “sweets,” a silver paper-cutter with arrow handle, etc., etc.

ANSWERS

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Hearts. | 6. Heart-ache. |
| 2. Heartily. | 7. Heart-sick. |
| 3. Hearth. | 8. Heart-rending. |
| 4. Heart-burn. | 9. Heart's-ease. |
| 5. Heartless. | 10. Heart-whole. |

THE MATRIMONIAL NOOSE

After these diversions, if one's guests are well acquainted, the hostess may venture to tie by the wrists each man and maiden in pairs, as they may be found together.

The noose is made by taking two pieces of string a yard long, crossing them like the letter X, and attaching an end around the wrists of each of the pair. A wedding ring, or brass curtain ring, may be slipped upon the string.

The problem before them is how to separate. Their devices and contortions are very amusing until they discern the simple trick of getting their freedom. To do this, one of the fettered pair takes the under string at its point of intersection with the upper and—careful not to twist it—makes a loop, which is then passed through the ring, over his companion's hand, and slipped under the string that is binding that person's wrist. This done, the bound are free.

A cynic might make some invidious remarks—not at all appropriate to the day—but salutary if the influences of the season have induced ephemeral emotions.

The refreshments should carry out as far as possible

the features peculiar to the occasion; the sandwiches cut heart-shaped, the cakes iced in rose colour, pink peppermints, or other bonbons in the form of hearts.

The caterers have moulds for ices in the shape of cupids, wedding-bells, hearts, and doves in pairs kissing each other. A dish of the little meringues called "kisses" would not be forgotten.

After supper the fun is apt to flag a little, and to prevent this it may be intimated that something very interesting is to follow.

FATE

When all have returned to the drawing-room, the hostess may appear dressed all in black, a bandage over her eyes, a black veil over her head—which should fall over her forehead. She makes the announcement that she is *fate*, blind, as they see, and therefore "no respecter of persons." She claims that with unerring certainty she can give to every man present the name of his future wife—admitting that she is not yet sufficiently proficient to tell the names of the future husbands, with precision. The men are then asked to come forward and receive at the hands of the King of Hearts a card for each man present, inscribed with the name of the wife whom Fate assigns him. She then draws from some receptacle under her veil an envelope, which she hands to St. Valentine, who passes it to the man to whom it is addressed—with the injunction that it is not to be opened until a signal is given for all to read their fate. When every one has received his card, the hostess raises her hands solemnly to her head, palms down, elbows extended, then stretching her arms outward as if in blessing, with bent head, mutters the incantation said to have been used by the great Cagliostro:

*"Eludor Mirpan Gulith
Harcon Dibo."*

She then says in unison with St. Valentine: "Read your fate!" Whereupon every man opens the envelope in his hand and finds therein one of his own visiting-cards with the word "Mrs." written before it!

"A Proposal Party" and "Progressive Courtship" are other appropriate entertainments for St. Valentine's evening—directions for which are given below.

THE PROPOSAL PARTY

This function is conducted according to immemorial precedent—that is, by lottery—which is said to govern Dan Cupid's manipulation of the marriage market.

Men and maidens, therefore, are invited to draw at random from separate baskets tiny gilt bows and arrows, each pair of which is tied by a different shade of narrow ribbon.

The bows naturally belong to the men, as the active ones in the chase—who fasten them to a vest button—and the arrows are worn by the "victims" in their hair, or otherwise conspicuously placed.

The man discovering a girl wearing a ribbon matching his own in colour understands that he has met his fate, and during the evening must contrive to offer for her acceptance his hand, heart, and worldly goods without reservation.

She meanwhile must do everything in her power to avoid the important climax.

Not alone in words, but by note or flower, expressing sentiments of affection, may the sweet message be conveyed. A prize is offered to each man who succeeds in placing his proposal so that a definite answer must be

given; and one to each girl who is so watchful and adroit as to prevent an avowal.

One bright young woman managed to drop the note in the most natural way possible before reading it, when her swain had grown so desperate by her clever fencing as to resort to writing his proposal.

The men's prizes were heart-shaped key-rings; the women's, bonbonnières of the same interesting form.

In Leap-Year, the maids may be the ones to carry the bows, and follow with ardent attentions the holders of the arrows, who must on their side defend themselves with armour of nimble wit.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

The average American of middle age hardly knows what to do with a holiday when he has one. An exhaustive perusal of the morning papers, a walk, or a drive in the park, or possibly a horse-back ride, is in the large cities his usual programme. He has almost forgotten how to have a good time, and, like his English cousins, "takes his pleasures sadly." In the evening, perhaps, he may attend a fine dinner or go to the play—but why might it not be a pleasant change to invite him to a luncheon?

It would be a novelty to most business men to meet a few choice spirits of both sexes at that pleasant and informal meal, and Washington's Birthday might furnish such an occasion.

Every one is on the alert to provide entertainment for the young people, but the good husbands and fathers are usually counted out of most of the pleasures of life.

Leaving St. Valentine's day to the young folk, let us claim the fête day of the greatest American for the men

who are bearing the burdens and carrying the responsibilities of the country.

I would suggest a thoroughly national menu, and anything in the way of table decoration that might be suggestive of the man in whose honour the day has been set apart.

The Colonial colours, blue and buff, may be recalled by a centrepiece of daffodils, tulips, or other yellow blossoms, the other decorations to be of the same shade, with blue plates and dishes, if one is the fortunate possessor of dark-blue Staffordshire, Canton, or even the cheap imitations of the willow pattern.

If one's china does not lend itself to this colour scheme, a centrepiece appropriate to Washington tradition would be a miniature palm called the "Ardecia," which, though not two feet high, makes a very creditable imitation of a cherry tree. The little trunk is about two inches in diameter, and the leaves long and pointed like those of the tree so famous in the history of the Father of His Country. The pot, placed on a tray and banked with moss, would look as if growing on an elevation. If the natural clusters of berries are removed and artificial cherries hung in their place, with a toy hatchet laid at the foot of the tree, the imagination will be further stimulated.

Fold the napkins into cocked hats, and at each place a bonbon box in the form of a hatchet, with a bunch of artificial cherries tied to the stem with red, white and blue striped ribbon. The shops are full of these things. Name-cards, with cuts of the heads of George and Martha Washington upon them, may be easily procured.

If the hostess has a little skill in the use of water-colours, she may cut bits of Bristol-board in the shape of a heraldic shield and decorate them to represent

the Washington arms. In the language of heraldry, "two bars gules and in chief three mullets of the second," which being interpreted is simply a white shield crossed horizontally by two red bars, and above these three red stars. This is surmounted by a coronet out of which rises the head and wings of a nondescript bird, remotely resembling an eagle. Almost any attempt at drawing our national bird could not fail to equal if not surpass the one forming the Washington crest.

On the reverse side, in quaint gilt lettering, might be given the motto of the Washington family: "*Exitus Acta Probat.*" "The result approves the act." And for variety upon each card a quotation from some well-known writer who has delighted to honour our hero should be inscribed. These may be read aloud in turn.

The following quotations may be suggestive:

"In a gallery of sculpture, were I asked whose form would best grace the tallest pedestal, I should name that of Washington."—GLADSTONE.

"Washington has left
His awful memory
A light for after times."

—SOUTHEY.

"The hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe
For Freedom only, deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade
For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade."

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"—
GEN. HENRY LEE.

"Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm."—
CANNING.

For the menu, I would suggest only such dishes as are notably American:

Grape Fruit with Brandied Cherries

Clam Bouillon

Planked Shad

Grouse, Canvasback, or other Game Ducks, with
Celery Salad

(Canned) Whortleberry or Pumpkin Pie

With this the "wine of the country"—cider—must have recognition.

If a dinner be preferred, the menu may be as distinctively national:

Blue Points

Clam Soup

Terrapin

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

Sweet Potatoes

Cherry Sherbet (with artificial cherries tied to the handles of cups or glasses)

Game Ducks, with Celery Salad

(Served in Green Peppers)

"Whips"

Frozen Custard

This last is the ice-cream of Washington's day—first served in America at a reception given by him at Philadelphia.

The turkey is peculiarly American. By some misapprehension that caused the people of our newly discovered continent to be called Indians, our national bird upon its introduction into France was called "*poulet d' Inde*," later contracted into "*Dinde*" and "*Dindon*," its diminutive. In England they confounded

India with Turkey, in their ignorance, and called the new bird after that country.

After luncheon, while sipping the coffee in another room, or after dinner, when the gentlemen rejoin the ladies, a game is often productive of fun, even to those for whom the heyday of youth is past. The human heart at forty or fifty is not so very different from the same organ at twenty. If it be desired to give a national character to the game on Washington's Birthday, we may easily prepare a game of questions that will reveal how much that is interesting and little known there is in our national history. It is played like the game of "Definitions," previously described.

For example:

What was the first American flag?—An English Union Jack was hastily prepared for its new character by sewing strips of white cotton cloth across the red surface, thus forming the stripes. The stars afterward supplanted the cross in the corner of the English flag.

What is the origin of the word "Yankee"?—It is said to have been originally an imitation of the manner in which the Indians pronounced the word "English" (Yengese).

What was the origin of the term "Brother Jonathan"?—The earliest mention of it has been traced to a pamphlet published in 1643. When speaking of the monument to Queen Elizabeth, it reads, "Our Brother Jonathan wrote her epitaph in a loyal poem, before he had a thought of *New England*."

What were the original thirteen States?—(It is astonishing how few can name them without a mistake.)

Massachusetts.	Pennsylvania.
Connecticut.	Maryland.
Rhode Island.	Virginia.
New Hampshire.	North Carolina.
New York.	South Carolina.
New Jersey.	Georgia.
Delaware.	

How often has the United States been at war since 1776?—War with the Barbary States, during Jefferson's presidency, 1804; war with England, Madison, president, 1812; war with Mexico, Polk, president, 1845; Civil War, Lincoln, president, 1861; war with Spain, McKinley, president, 1897.

A prize of Irving's "Life of Washington" may be given.

Other appropriate games are given elsewhere in this volume, as, for instance: "The Nicknames of the States," "Sobriquets of Noted Americans," "Military Euchre."

A colonial tea or "An Ancestors' Reunion" would also be in accord with the traditions of the day.

CHAPTER XVI

March

A MERRY DINNER

FOR

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

EVEN for those who are not sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, the day chosen to do honour to its patron saint affords opportunity for the introduction of special features, of which they may take advantage to give to an entertainment a spice of novelty.

Such a Hibernian feast was given recently.

To each invitation was added a postscript requesting that every guest should come prepared to tell an Irish story or anecdote, recite a poem or sing a song belonging to the nation that claims the seventeenth of March as their own.

When the guests entered the dining-room, they found a table profusely decorated with soft green foliage. A harp wound closely and thickly with smilax, and having strings of the tiniest white "immortelles," formed the centrepiece, raised on a mound covered with ferns. The skeleton harp was hired from a florist, and home talent did the rest.

The dishes holding the cakes, bonbons, and salted nuts were all wreathed with smilax and ground pine,

and the name-cards were daintily painted and cut in the shape of the "shamrock, so green." The bonbons were merely sticks of chocolate, made thicker at one end by a complacent caterer, in order to resemble the black-thorn "shillalah" of pugnacious fame, while the little cakes were excellent imitations of the national "praties," their surfaces covered with chocolate dust, and with bits of almonds for "eyes." They are obtainable of almost any caterer.

The candelabra were twined with smilax, and the candle-shades made of small paper Irish flags, crimped into shape, as folding fans are made. Nothing is more grateful to the eyes than a green-shaded light, and, unlike blue, it is not unbecoming.

The menu was made to conform as far as possible to the sentiment of the day.

The entrée was a most savoury and highly seasoned Irish stew, served very hot, in little earthen saucepans. In France it would have masqueraded under some pretty alias—such as *mouton braisé à la jardinière*, but no fancy name was needed to enhance the enjoyment of the blended flavours of bay-leaves, thyme, clove, celery, pepper-corn, parsley-root, and onion—which last is "to cookery what accent is to speech."

The *pièce de résistance* created a sensation upon its appearance—for it was no less than "the gintleman that pays the rint"—a "sucking pig," with an apple in its mouth. This dish, so popular with our forefathers, is a novelty to this generation.

With it was served, with marked honours, smothered in parsley, a dish of potatoes, in their jackets, which were so tight a fit that the flowery roots burst all bounds and looked like snowballs or cotton bursting from the pod.

The Irish cook had prepared the dinner *con amore*, feeling herself "under compliment," as she expressed it, to do honour to the occasion. Some one proposed her health, which was drunk in something that was pronounced more like real "mountain dew" than the fiery "poteen" with the pretty name—a "wolf in sheep's clothing."

The ice-cream was in the form of a prosperous-looking porker, which stood firmly on his short legs, and when laid low by the sacrificial knife revealed in his interior all sorts of deliciousness in the form of "marrons" and candied fruits.

Stories and anecdotes of Irish wit and humour, bulls and blunders, circulated freely around the table, everyone's memory seemingly well stocked when once the train of thought was started. Some were gifted with a rich "brogue" that greatly enhanced the effectiveness of their narration.

One of the guests surprised her audience by saying that St. Patrick was not an Irishman at all, but a Scotch lad, who in the fifth century was stolen by a wild band of Irish pirates, and, when finally restored to his home, could not forget the heathen in the land of his captivity, and so returned to them as a missionary, devoting his life to their service.

When, after dinner, a young girl sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," with its pathos of love and longing, it was the more effective in contrast with the rollicking fun that had preceded it, and the little company separated with many protestations of enjoyment so unconventionally expressed as to carry their own evidence of sincerity.

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY LUNCHEON

Green at once suggests itself as the colour most appropriate for a St. Patrick's Day luncheon. As there is

nothing more refreshing to the eye nor more effective in table decoration than the various shades of green, a luncheon given on the day of Ireland's patron saint can be made an extremely attractive affair. A snowy cloth, dainty china and sparkling silver, with a centrepiece of Battenberg lace over green silk, upon which rests a large cut-glass bowl of tulips gleaming white among their pale-green leaves, will certainly make the guests feel that spring is at hand, no matter what the weather may be outside. The colour scheme may be still further carried out by means of tall vases of ferns at either end of the table, green candles whose light is softened by green paper shades, and at every plate little nests of spun sugar of verdant hue, containing wintergreen and peppermint bonbons. The menu may also be made to suggest the spring season in colour and substance as follows: Green pea soup served in cups; timbales of fresh cod, with parsley sauce; cucumbers; spring lamb, with mint sauce; Bermuda potatoes and spinach; asparagus salad served on lettuce leaves; pistache ice-cream and little cakes cut out in the form of the shamrock. Coffee. *Crème de menthe* served in green liqueur-glasses.

After luncheon, by way of diversion, the hostess invites her guests to accompany her on a trip through Ireland, by giving to each one a card having a pencil attached to it by a narrow green ribbon. Upon each card is inscribed in green ink the itinerary of the journey clothed in the following riddles, which the guests must solve in order to discover for what places they are booked:

THE ITINERARY

1. A sovereign and a city.—Queenstown.
2. A stopper.—Cork.
3. Adam's ale and a crossing.—Waterford.

4. To slay and to brave.—Kildare.
5. The capital of Ireland.—Dublin.
6. A popular girl and to be speedy.—Belfast.
7. Part of a lamp and an adjective.—Wicklow.
8. To be cunning and to depart.—Sligo.
9. A winter garment.—Ulster.
10. A pathway for one of huge stature.—Giant's Causeway.

The prize for the one guessing correctly the greatest number of names may be either inexpensive or costly, as the hostess may choose. A bunch of spring flowers tied with a green ribbon, a volume of Moore or Goldsmith—the poets from Erin who immortalised in verse the joys and sorrows of the Irish peasantry. For the booby, a paper snake, to be had at the Japanese shops.

If it be desired, one of the following quotations from Moore might be written upon each place-card at table:

“When friends are nearest,
When joys are dearest,
Oh, then remember me.”

“Here still is the smile that no cloud can o’ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.”

“You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of roses will hang round it still.”

“Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart!”

“There’s nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s young dream.”

“Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.”

"My only books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

"When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

"'Tis never too late for delight, my dear."

LENTEN FESTIVITIES

During the few weeks of Lent, whether or not we regard the season as having any restraining claim upon our consciences, it would be good for all of us to take the opportunity to show hospitality, instead of entertaining. The things are not synonymous. Hospitality opens doors of welcome, "hoping for nothing again." There is nothing commercial about it. Let us seek out the lonely, the burdened, those who have few pleasures, whom we may know, and give them a "thoroughly good time."

If our merry-makings have a character peculiar to the season, we shall assuredly lose nothing of enjoyment.

"Lenten festivities" have an incongruous sound, but we believe in these days that it is "religious" to be happy and to try to make others so, if we but use innocent means. One way leading to success is to link our pleasures with ultimate good to others.

Sewing societies have great vogue in Lent, but their novelty has certainly passed by. Why not try a "Kaffeeklatsch," at which the company of friends make "layettes" for the little babies of the very poor?

A "Kaffeeklatsch," or, being interpreted, "Coffee and Chatter," is a variation of the afternoon tea. Being of German origin, with the coffee should be served the various kinds of cake and bread peculiar to that people—zwieback, pretzels, sandwiches made from brown

bread with caraway seeds, and the small cakes which the German bakers have in great variety. The coffee should be of the best and served with whipped cream.

It should be understood that at a "Kaffee" the guests bring their work and "make an afternoon of it." Invite them at half after three and serve the refreshments at five. A little music is in order, or the entertainment would lack its German character—"homely" music, that encourages others to contribute what they have to give. It is a great mistake to do things too well.

"Poverty Luncheons" offer another way of combining pleasure and philanthropy—they are more nearly synonymous than many think. Half a dozen girls agree to meet at the home of each, in turn, once a week, or once a fortnight, for luncheon. At every meeting each guest brings fifty cents, which is given to some charity, and each hostess pledges herself not to exceed three dollars in preparing her entertainment. These prices and contributions may, of course, be varied at pleasure. At the close of the meal the hostess must tell the price paid for each article of food, which the guests note upon their menu cards. It taxes ingenuity, teaches economy, stimulates interest in the preparation of new and inexpensive dishes, pleases by its novelty, and makes possible an interchange of pleasant sociability to some who, otherwise, would deny themselves the pleasures which they crave and sometimes need.

A sample menu would be: canned bouillon (15 cents); creamed codfish, served in green peppers (40 cents); two pounds chops (50 cents); with purée of French chestnuts (15 cents); salad of chopped apple and celery with mayonnaise, served in red apples (35 cents); pineapple ice, served in the whole rind (45 cents); coffee (8 cents); bread and butter (15 cents). Total, \$2.23.

The idea for "Poverty Luncheons" may be carried out in a dinner, and the young men be invited as guests. They may contribute their donation for the charity, limited strictly to the small sum given by the girls, or they will feel that in order to appear generous they must make a gift larger than inclination warrants, and the pleasure will be lost.

After dinner few things will be more productive of amusement than giving the men to understand that they have met to sew for charity; and that there must be no drones, each girl may teach her cavalier to hem an apron!

"MOTHERING SUNDAY"

An old English custom, which still survives in some of the rural districts among that conservative people, celebrates mid-Lent Sunday as a day for special devotion to one's parents.

It is called "Mothering Sunday" and is observed by the assembling of all the sons and daughters of a household, who come from far and near, bringing gifts, and intent upon making the occasion a joyous one to the "old folks at home."

The fruits of housewifely zeal or of the industry of nimble fingers are proudly brought for the mother's acceptance and approval, while a gift of home-brewed ale, or some exceptionally fine farm produce—treasured for the occasion—is offered to the father.

We may easily imagine the pleasant little feast that brings the family around a common table, as in the days before their separation—the happy faces, the exchange of loving glances, the narration of personal affairs that cannot fail to find sympathetic and interested listeners, and, best of all, the grateful love and reverence expressed for the faithful parents, who must indeed have counted that Sunday a red-letter day.

We have national holidays, we set apart special days for the honour of saint and patriot, but, without an enactment of Congress or official authorisation, we may privately follow the pretty custom, and do honour to the dear household saints, than whom none surely are more worthy our most loving homage.

So thought a certain family in an American city not very long ago.

During the day mysterious parcels were left at the door, merely addressed to "Mother," which upon investigation were found to contain gifts from each of her children, accompanied by loving messages and fond little notes that are likely to be long cherished.

The happiest kind of a "surprise party" met at dinner, which included all the sons and daughters, married or single. The "consorts" did not appear, but only those who owned themselves "her very own," and all did their best to make the occasion a happy one.

At each place at the table was a name-card, upon the reverse side of which some quotation in praise of motherhood was written, and these were read aloud in succession.

For example:

"A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive."—Coleridge.

"God cannot be everywhere, so he made mothers."—Arab Proverb.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—Proverbs, 31-28.

Before leaving the table, the eldest son proposed the toast:

"Mother! God bless her!" and all arose, glass in hand, to pledge her to long life and happiness.

CHAPTER XVII

April

AN APRIL-FOOL DINNER

"A bit of folly now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

SUCH was the preface to the invitations sent to the masculine guests by a certain young hostess for a dinner on April the first. Others bore "Come, catch folly as it flies," and other quotations in praise of inconsequent light-heartedness—to which one reply read, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread—therefore expect me"; and another, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—I would not be other than unwise."

The guests, half suspecting a hoax, found the decorations of the table were intended to symbolise the customs of the day. In its centre, the flowers (daffodils) were held in a large fool's-cap inverted, made of pale yellow satin with narrow ribbons criss-crossed around it, to which were attached many little round bells, the "badge of office" of fools and jesters.

The name-cards were in the form of fishes; the fish is in France the type and expression of the customs of the first of April. As we use the term "April Fool," they say "*Poisson d'avril*," in allusion to the fact that they are easily "caught."

At each lady's place appeared a round bonbonnière about six inches across, surmounted by a doll's head and trunk without arms, the dress being gathered around the neck with a lace ruffle and its edge pasted around the cover of the box. Each one was different. One doll was dressed to represent a king's jester. Another painted a dead white, with a close-fitting, white kid cap and a dress of white linen, was intended to suggest the French Pierrot—their national clown—while another of papier-mâché had the hooked nose and prominent chin of Punch. These boxes when opened revealed only peanuts, rice, white beans and coffee-grains—beneath which the sweets were concealed.

Among the bona fide dainties were "April-fool" bonbons, "chocolate creams" stuffed with cotton, wooden button-moulds covered with chocolate, and round yellow pill-boxes filled with flour, and iced to represent little cakes.

There is a well-known English dish called "Gooseberry Fool"—a compound of crushed gooseberries and cream. In the case which I am recalling, strawberries were substituted and frozen in cream, which dish they called "Strawberry Fool."

After dinner the hostess announced that she had a picture to show her friends that had arrived that day and which had given her much pleasure. A curtain was hung before it, which, when withdrawn with grave ceremony, revealed a mirror, reflecting the expectant faces of the group before it, while upon its surface were written with soap the words, "April Fool!"

Then followed all sorts of attempts to "fool" one another, the hostess offering a prize to the one who should not be fooled once during the evening, and

another to the person who had been successful in "catching" the greatest number.

Forewarned was forearmed, but after a while it was pretended that the effort was useless and other forms of amusement were ostensibly resorted to. One then claimed to have special mesmeric powers and asked for volunteers upon whom to show his spells, and two empty saucers. A single person offered, and was seated before the mesmerist, who looked his victim sternly and fixedly in the eyes, as though to gain an empire over his will. Each was then given an empty saucer, and the mesmerist touched with his forefinger the underside of the one he held and then passed his forefinger across his forehead, down his nose, touched his chin and both cheeks, commanding the "subject" to follow faithfully his every motion. A mirror was then produced and the victim beheld himself and discovered the reason of the suppressed laughter that he had been hearing, for although the saucers were apparently alike, the under side of the one held by the mesmerist was clean, while that of the other was smeared with lampblack. Only one unacquainted with the hoax would have offered himself when the saucers were produced.

Another "April fool" was tried after the suspicions of the company had been somewhat lulled to sleep by other tricks and "stunts," one of which was called

PILLOW-CLIMBING

In the middle of the floor were scattered sofa-cushions, plates, books, etc., and a volunteer was directed first to walk over the course between these articles, so as to fix in his mind the distance and the situation of the various things. He was then blindfolded and requested to thread his way as carefully as possible between them so

as not to touch one. Meantime, the articles were removed noiselessly one by one, and it was extremely amusing to the audience to see how earnestly the walker strove to avoid stepping upon anything, the pleased look at his success, and his surprise when, the bandage having been removed, he found that he had been "made a fool of."

THE HISTORICAL EASTER

Among our Saxon forefathers, the goddess Eastre—the personification of the opening year or spring as well as of the dawn or east—was worshipped with most elaborate ceremonies. The return of spring, observed as a season of rejoicing in almost every land, was especially welcomed among northern peoples, where its contrast with the previous desolation was the more marked.

When the church, in the persons of the earliest missionaries to Britain, sought to lead its new converts to a joyous recognition of the great truth of our Lord's resurrection and the promise of their own—the Christian festival was, with the usual policy, grafted on a pagan stock, and a new significance was given to their popular custom.

Joy in the rising of the natural sun and the awakening of the earth from the death of winter the people were led to regard as typical of the rising of the "Sun of Righteousness."

We Anglo-Saxons have retained the name of Easter, but among other nations the season is known as Pâques, Pasque, etc.—according to lingual peculiarities—derived from the Paschal feast of the Jews, which was coincident with it.

It is the fashion to decry the present, and in the opinion of the pessimists, "the world is going the way of all flesh

—to the devil”—but a comparison of the ancient modes of commemorating the great feast and our own more reverent observance is certainly reassuring.

During the middle ages Easter was regarded as a religious carnival. The reaction after a Lent of austerity led the people to give themselves up to the wildest sports, dances, and farcical exhibitions. Even in the pulpit the clergy tried to move their audiences to laughter, and it is on record that one priest preached his sermon with his head encased in a mask imitating the head of an ass!

Puritanism in England and the teachings of Calvin on the continent taught the people more reverence and dignity.

Eggs have always been a feature of the Easter celebration. Formerly it was forbidden to eat them in Lent, but they were preserved until Easter, as peculiarly appropriate to typify life out of dead matter and introduction into a new phase of existence, just as the chick makes its way out of the narrow cell into the great world where new powers attend new experiences.

The vast accumulation of eggs therefore led to various games and customs connected with their use—of which that of “matching eggs” is the most common. The eggs are struck together, and the broken one is forfeited to the person whose egg resisted the attack.

Eggs coloured in all the tints of the rainbow were first blessed by the parish priest and then distributed among the poor, while gilded ones were the exclusive prerogative of royalty.

Lovers exchanged eggs upon which sentimental verses were written, like those in old valentines. Gifts of beautifully painted ones, which were often real works of art, were interchanged among friends. Even

Watteau and Lancret did not disdain to paint them—some of these are still preserved. The subjects were usually of a sacred character.

Nowhere has Easter been observed with more elaborate and joyous ceremonies than in Russia. It is still the custom for persons meeting on that day (emperor or *moujik*) to greet one another with a kiss—after which one says "Christ is risen," and the other responds, "He is risen, indeed."

In Poland an ancient custom exacted that on Easter morning every host and hostess should divide an egg with each visitor. Even in exile, the Polish nobles preserved the custom in the lands of their adoption. Prince Czartoriski used to receive many guests at his fine *hôtel* in Paris, at Easter. Standing at the door of his salon, he broke the traditional egg with all comers—merely touching to his lips the half he retained, while the visitor was expected to eat his portion, according to the etiquette of time and place.

Paris at Easter is seen at its most typical season. The churches are gay with flowers and thronged with people who, in their newest clothes and with holiday faces, "make to themselves the duty of being happy," as they, themselves, express it.

The finest, most uplifting music aids their devotion, and after the religious service the day is given up to every kind of pleasure.

Among the more sober-minded, and notably the *ancienne noblesse*, family reunions, such as mark our Thanksgiving Day, are the accepted forms of hospitality.

The origin of "Easter bonnets" has its interest. Many years ago the fashionably religious used to compromise with their consciences by going to church frequently, but made choice of one a few miles distant

from Paris. This secured a pleasant drive both ways and one met acquaintances on the route.

There was an abbey at Longchamps and thither the fashionable saints would drive, in the quiet garb prescribed by good taste during Lent, but, the penitential season over, the toilets made that thoroughfare the place for all Paris to congregate to see the inauguration of the spring fashions.

The significance of the hare in connection with Easter is of German origin.

Instilled by nursery lore and very ancient is the belief of German children that on Easter eve a snow-white hare visits every household where the little folks have been "good, obedient, truthful and kind to each other" since the previous Easter. Timid after the nature of its kind, it waits until everybody is asleep and then soft-footed it brings and secretes in odd, out-of-the-way places any number of wonderful coloured eggs that the children may find and enjoy on Easter morning. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the rule in nurseries of Germany on that particular night, the little Hanses, Gretchens and Karls in bed, but not asleep, waiting and watching for the beautiful and beloved guest, meanwhile wondering whether their conduct has been such as to merit visit and gift. Finally sleep triumphs, drooping lids close over dreamy eyes, and the "Easter Hare" comes and goes unseen and unheard as in former years. The day previous the mother goes to market as usual, and on her return, hidden under vegetables and household stores, are eggs galore, together with lengths of cheap, gaily coloured prints. These are very carefully guarded that they may not be discovered by the "kinderchen," thus spoiling their belief in the hare. In the kitchen late at night the loving parents wrap each egg in a piece

of print and boil them until dyed red, blue, green, or a variety of colours united. This accomplished, they are unwrapped and hidden in readiness for the joyous hunt in the morning. The children are up and dressed with the dawn, when the search begins—the entire family joining in the fun. Each egg discovered is with name attached as testimony to the good behaviour of the recipient.

A knowledge of the reason why we follow certain customs in connection with our gala days is certainly necessary to our intelligent observance of them. It has been said that “the world is very young for its age,” and most of our holy-days have become mere holidays. Easter alone still holds its sacred character, and is the one day in all the year that educates and emphasises the duty of *praise*.

“It is a pretty fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.”

A BUTTERFLY LUNCHEON

With Easter week comes a revival of social pleasures, and the lovely messages entrusted to the flowers on the preceding Sunday still lingering in their minds, some young girls planned an Easter luncheon, recognising no incongruity between so innocent an enjoyment and the lessons taught by the holy season.

The ancients regarded the butterfly as so perfect an emblem of the soul that in Greece the word “Psyche,” which properly means the human soul, was used also to signify the butterfly.

These young girls then determined that these “flying flowers” should be the prominent features of their little fête. In the centre of the table, above a low, round basket filled with growing hyacinths—white, pink,

lilac, yellow—eight or ten little butterflies were apparently hovering over or lightly poised on the blossoms.

Made of Japanese paper, some white, some yellow, and about two inches across the outspread wings, they represented the most common species found in this country and usually seen fluttering in pairs—"twin souls"—in our lanes and byways. Attached to tiny spiral wires concealed among the flowers, they had the tremulous motion that simulated life.

A wide, pale-yellow satin ribbon was tied around the basket.

The candle-shades were of white crimped paper, with large yellow butterflies surrounding them; the wings, just meeting at the tips, were marked with fantastic designs, and the little nervures slightly traced like the veinings of a leaf.

It needs but the most superficial skill in water-colour painting to decorate their wings, and every public library can furnish plates that are easily copied.

Since there are over three thousand different varieties, one could improvise the markings of a wing and hardly fail to find its counterpart in nature. The little bodies were mere tiny bundles of paper, divided so as to indicate the head, and the antennæ were of fine wire.

At the place of each guest was a little bonbonnière of yellow satin, upon which was poised a large butterfly, trembling on its wire as though just about to take flight. No two were alike, and each guest claimed to have been favoured in the one assigned to her, as across the wings, in quaint gilt lettering and in zig-zag lines, she read her own name.

MAKING BUTTERFLIES

An appropriate contest by way of entertainment after the luncheon would be the making of butterflies—

a favourite amusement of the art-students in Paris. To each person is given a sheet of note paper and a palette-knife, paper-cutter or silver table-knife, and each should have access to about a dozen tubes of colour—King's yellow, Naples yellow, flake white, ivory black, Prussian blue, cobalt vermilion, Venetian green, Antwerp blue, cerulean blue, burnt umber—are some of the shades that are most successful in depicting the tones of the butterflies' wings.

The scrapings of a palette, or various dabs of paint squeezed from the tubes taken at random, are transferred to the sheets of paper—say about as much paint as would cover the surface of a silver quarter. The paint is applied on the inside of the paper, near the crease where it is folded and exactly in the centre.

The papers are then folded together, thus repeating the dabs of colour and various markings, of course, in exact duplicate. They are then held against the window-pane, which permits the paint being seen, and with a clean palette-knife or paper-cutter one presses upward and outward, starting at the left edge of the folded paper, thus spreading the paint in that direction to form the upper and larger wing and outward and downward to indicate the lower one. The folded papers show the butterflies in profile, but when opened a great variety of them with spread wings is revealed—some of them wonderfully beautiful, the haphazard designs far transcending anything that one would probably have thought out with intention. Some made up entirely of several shades of blue and others of different yellows in combination are especially attractive. Sometimes, if the quantity of paint used be a bit in excess of the requirement, the tiny scales on the wings are represented.

A body and antennæ may then be added to each

butterfly with a few strokes of the brush; the whole is then cut out, and a drop of mucilage will hold the body fast to a card, while the wings are slightly raised, as if the insect were about to take flight.

They are then ready to be placed on exhibition, and votes are taken as to which is deserving of the prize.

The artist's name should be on the back of each card—unknown until the votes have been taken.

An appropriate prize might be a large paper butterfly, made to screen the eyes from the too direct glare of gas or lamp, or a pen-wiper in the form of a butterfly. A fan, upon which numbers of butterflies are seen disporting themselves, is a favourite design on inexpensive Japanese fans, or home talent may be equal to turning a small white or yellow folding fan of paper into the semblance of a sober-hued butterfly by tracing the nervures with lines done in sepia—either of which would make a good prize. More acceptable still might be one of the pretty gauzy-winged butterflies of white or black “mousseline de soie,” studded with silver spangles and tiny Rhinestones, made to be worn in the hair.

AN EASTER FÊTE

We had been reading of old-time festivals in England and learned of the joyous celebration of Easter among our Saxon forefathers.

The modern demon of restless activity had not yet gotten possession of the world, and people had leisure to rejoice together for eight consecutive days at Easter-tide. “Joy was duty, and love was law.”

Fired by the description of such a golden age, it was proposed to give an Easter fête, and all agreed that the idea would find pleasantest as well as most reverent expression in a family party—when old and young

should meet together and the children have an especial welcome.

An early dinner on Sunday was to be followed by music, games, singing—anything that should be promotive of joy and impress the lessons of the day.

Our first care was to send to the country for large bundles of fruit - boughs—mere sticks as yet—with which to decorate the rooms. These dry twigs would blossom like Tannhäuser's fabled staff after a few days in the warm atmosphere of the kitchen, if kept in water, and be ready with their Easter message of how life can come out of death and beauty and fragrance out of materials most unpromising.

Our fancy-work for a few days consisted in cutting out butterflies—myriads of them of all sorts and sizes. The little bodies were mere rolls of paper pinched into shape to indicate the heads, and the decoration of the wings required but the most slender talent in water-colour painting.

The preparations were complete when Easter dawned—lovely as sunshine and balmy air full of hints of spring could make it. After the tuneful service at church, our guests assembled. The rooms were all abloom; every twig had seemingly kept its promise.

A little buzz of admiration pleasantly rewarded our efforts upon entering the dining-room. A mass of Annunciation lilies decorated the centre of the long table. A single lily at each place held in its deep cup a bunch of lilies of the valley—like the "bouquet-holders" of our grandmother's day.

At one end of the table a vase held a bundle of dry twigs upon which a chrysalis or two hung like dried leaves. A similar vase at the other end held small apple-boughs covered thickly with their fair white

blossoms, while tiny white and yellow butterflies perched upon or hovered above them on invisible wires.

The cakes and bonbons were in the forms of eggs or flowers.

At each place was a bonbonnière in the shape of a feathered fowl (the shops are full of them at Easter)—hens, roosters, ducks, etc., and wee chicks for the children. On their backs were tied cards inscribed with barn-yard names, supposed to be appropriate to the recipients. "Cock of the walk" was given to the head of the family, and "Pride of the nest" to his gentle consort, "Prize Bantam" to one of small stature, "Speckle-top" for one gray-haired person, and "Silver Crest" for another; a chick was called "Yellow fluff" for a golden-haired lassie, while the planners of the feast reserved for themselves the euphonious names of "Biddy" and "Old-Scratch-gravel."

Upon the reverse side of the cards the grown person read quotations appropriate to the day—such as:

"Sow a seed, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny."

And again:

"Earth cannot long ensepulchre
In her dark depths the tiniest seed;
When life begins to throb and stir
The bands of death are weak indeed."

Another was:

"God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We may not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal their calyxes of gold."

The children found printed upon their cards selections from the classic of "Babyland," "Mother Goose":

"Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She laid good eggs for gentlemen;

Gentlemen came every day—
But the eggs got up and walked away.”

“Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall,” etc.

For the older children, riddles were written, to which
“an egg” answered all:

“I know a little creature,
Of powers manifold,
An undeveloped nature,
But a heart of gold!”

A well-known French riddle was also given:

*“On me jette en l’air
Je monte blanc
Je retombe jaune.”*

Grace was said by the youngest child present, with plump hands folded and with bowed head—suggesting to the elders “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

The “menu” consisted of dishes which carried out the same “colour scheme” as the decorations:

Grape Fruit
Little-neck Clams
Cream of Celery Soup
Planked Shad
Creamed Sweetbreads (*en caisses*)
Cream Cheese and Lettuce Salad
Ice-cream

The cream cheese was moulded into egg-shaped balls and served in a nest of lettuce leaves, and the ice-cream was also in forms of various coloured eggs in a nest of spun sugar.

CHAPTER XVIII

May

A MAY-DAY LUNCHEON

IT was decided to issue invitations for a luncheon to do honour to a fair young bride on the first of May. The day brought its own suggestions, and it was determined to forget none of its merry traditions.

As the ceremonies of May-day were a survival of those held in honour of Flora, it was fitting that the rooms should be as lavishly decorated with flowers as possible. To this end a trusty friend in the country was commissioned to send all the twigs and branches of apple, pear, peach, and cherry that might be procured for love or lucre. Immense fagots of dry-looking sticks arrived by express, looking most unpromising. These were put in warm water, every available receptacle in the house being requisitioned and placed in the kitchen, and the water changed two or three times a day. The result was a miracle of beauty. In four days every stick had burst into bloom and was thickly covered with its own lovely flowers, like "Aaron's rod, that budded"—blossoms, blossoms everywhere—the idea should be canonised!

Our spring-time is usually coy, but it seems possible to compel her to do one's bidding. The rooms were like bowers and at a cost that was merely nominal.

In the centre of the round dining-table was erected a May-pole—in private life it did duty as a mop-handle—wound with pale-green and white ribbons. At its base it was fitted into a block of wood, concealed with green moss, banked up with masses of primroses—pink and white. At the apex were two pennon-shaped flags (one white, one pink), and a foot below was a wreath of white flowers. The invisible support for the wreath was an embroidery frame (a foot in diameter) attached to the pole by stout gilt wires, like the spokes of a wheel to the hub. From each of these spokes hung a rope of flowers, which, sagging a little before falling over the edge of the table, did not intercept the view of one's opposite neighbours at table.

"Ropes of flowers" sounds affluent, but they were of home manufacture, composed of white stock-gillies and the dainty white bells of the deutzia, wound with short lengths of florists' wire about cotton ropes. The flowers are the least costly of their lovely race.

These, with the wreath, were kept in water until within an hour of serving luncheon.

At each cover was a "May-basket," made of straws laid log-cabin fashion, tied with ribbons and filled with arbutus. For more permanent souvenirs of the occasion there were twigs upon which cherry and peach, plum, and pear blossoms bloomed most naturally—evidence of deft Japanese fingers. The name-cards were tied to these, and upon their under side these words:

"Ho! the merrie first of Maie
Brings the daunce and blossoms gaie
To make of lyfe a holiday!"

The menu was as spring-like in its way as the decorations. The first course was of strawberries, served with their hulls on, in tiny flower-pots lined with their

natural leaves. The leaves were also piled in profusion around them on the dish—which suggested their having been freshly gathered in a supposititious garden just outside. Clam bouillon followed, and then brook trout, sweetbreads and fresh peas, asparagus, broiled chicken with lettuce salad and raw tomatoes, and strawberries crushed in cream and frozen (served in flower moulds).

After crowning the bride as "Queen of the May," we left our bit of fairyland with the pleasant thought that ere long every field and hillside, every orchard and meadow would burst into bloom—beauty scattered broadcast by nature's prodigality—and that the loveliness would be free to all!

A FORGET-ME-NOT LUNCHEON

May is the month of partings, and in honour of certain friends who are to go their several ways for the summer months a forget-me-not luncheon would be appropriate. Strange to say, that, although light-blue is the favourite colour of nearly every woman under the azure heavens, I have never seen a table decorated in that shade.

In these days of estheticism, a feast, to be acceptable, must appeal to the eye as well as to the palate, and people of abundant leisure demand novelty. No matter how delicate the fare or fine the surroundings, their taste craves the stimulus of some new thing.

I would suggest for the centre of the table a lamp, either light-blue, white, gilt, or even brass—provided that the silk shade be of the true turquoise blue. Surrounding this, a generous wreath of forget-me-nots, six inches in width. Fortunately, the dainty blossoms are always plentiful, and can be easily arranged by the

merest novice if placed in the low glass troughs that florists keep for hire, and which may be adapted to any form. A large ring-shaped trough made of tin may be had for one dollar and fifty cents, and with a light-blue ribbon tied about it to hide its plebeian nature, where the parting of the flowers may betray its presence, the effect is dainty and pretty. The shape is rather better than that made with the glass troughs. White candles with tiny blue shades (crimped paper ones are effective) at the four corners of the table may be further supplemented with *bobèches* woven of artificial forget-me-nots twisted, as though growing, about the base of the candles. The last are a pretty novelty at one of New York's most famous shops, but so simple are they any one could make them.

If the hostess be so fortunate as to possess a square of linen embroidered with the flowers it will, of course, add much to the completeness of the decoration.

Unfortunately, there are no cakes nor bonbons with the blue colouring, but white ones will replace them acceptably—if cut-glass or silver dishes hold them—banishing all colour but blue and white from the table. A little ingenuity may supply the bit of blue required. Take the ordinary little white-paper cups with crimped edges that caterers use to hold fine bonbons; cut out of turquoise-blue note-paper a five-petalled flower in the shape of a forget-me-not, about two and one-half inches across. Make a hole in the centre, the size of the opening of the paper cup, and fasten it with a little mucilage to the crimped rim. This will make an appropriate receptacle for a pale-pink bonbon, like the heart of the little flower.

The custom of giving “souvenirs” has been vulgarised by exaggeration, but at an entertainment like this they

are certainly in place. The little photograph frames, made of imitation enamelled forget-me-nots, have the merit, at least, of being harmonious with the rest of the decorations, and are, perhaps, prettiest in the shape of small hearts. The menu of the luncheon might temporarily hold the place later to be occupied by the pictured face of some dear one. These little frames have the merit of being inexpensive, and are pretty enough to be their own "excuse for being."

If the hostess has deft fingers and does not mind a little "fussing," a very pretty receptacle may be made for the ice-cream.

A tinman will make a wire netting around an ice-cream tin of the ordinary "brick" shape at a trifling cost. Artificial forget-me-nots may be so interlaced in its meshes as to make the surface all of flowers and occasional leaves. If the wires be twisted so as to form handles at the ends, they may be wound with light-blue satin ribbon and tied with bows.

If the hostess be a bit of an artist, the name-cards may be ornamented with sprays of forget-me-nots, but if her talents lie in other directions a little bunch of the natural flowers, or even the artificial ones of finest quality, may be tied to the cards by little bows of blue ribbon. The stems of the natural flowers should be seen, but if artificial ones be used the ribbon should be wider so as to conceal them.

Under the ladies' names may be written "Forget-me-not," each in a different language, since the little flower never changes its name, except to make its message intelligible to the different nations.

"*Ne m'oubliez pas*" becomes "*Non ti scordar di me*" in Italy. In Germany it says "*Vergissmeinnicht*," and to the Spaniards "*No me olvides*."

On the reverse side of the card might be written some quotation relating to the sentiment of parting, such, for instance, as—

“Though lost to sight, to memory dear.”

“Absence breaks slender ties, but rivets strong ones.”

“I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb’ring my good friends.”

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel’d, fondly turns to thee.”

“Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been;
A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell!”

“Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still in Fancy’s rich domain
Often we shall meet again.”

“I ne’er shall forget the bright visions that threw
Their enchantment around me while lingering with
you.”

“What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?

I’ll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, belovèd one, art far from me.”

This basket, filled with strawberries made of fresh strawberry ice-cream, is exceedingly dainty, but it has the advantage of being decorative enough not to require the ice-cream to be in any special form unless preferred. If the flowers composing the basket be of a

pretty shade one need not be very particular as to their quality.

Such a little reunion will, I think, impress itself on the minds of the guests, and be recalled, during the time of separation, among the "pleasures of memory."

CHAPTER XIX

June

AN OUTDOOR FAN LUNCHEON

ANYTHING more dainty or artistic can scarcely be imagined than an outdoor luncheon recently given by a girl whose home is surrounded by "ancestral acres" of truly English proportions.

Eight young girls were invited to come attired in as sylvan a style as their wardrobes permitted, and, as American girls are not slow to adopt such an idea, eight charming young shepherdesses appeared—some looking like June roses in pink muslin gowns, soft white fichus, and flower-bedecked leghorn hats.

By a "special providence," the day was fine—a real June day when "then if ever come *perfect days*," as Lowell sang in praise of that queen of the year.

Had it rained, the luncheon was to have been served on the piazza—broad and vine-screened, and "the whole thing a failure!" as the young hostess cheerfully prophesied.

The table was laid under a spreading beech-tree, where a view could be had over miles of softly undulating country. The shape of the table was that of a folding fan—not fully opened—the point of which, near the trunk of the tree, was adorned with a large bow of pink satin ribbon, from which radiated other pink ribbons about

four inches in width, which indicated the sticks of the fan and made a separation between the places of the guests, at the same time concealing the seams and other devices for making a table-cloth fit a fan.

The main outer sticks of the fan-table were indicated by masses of pink roses and syringa, two feet wide at the edge, and tapering nearly to a point where they joined the huge pink bow.

The same flowers were repeated in a border just in front of the guests. They were placed in shallow glass-holders about two feet long and four inches wide, which were filled with water, and set in a zig-zag line to suggest the foldings of a fan. At each place was a bona fide fan of finely braided straw, gilded, round in shape, with a handle, and tied to the handle by a bow of ribbon was a spray of roses and syringa which almost covered the fan itself. These fans, placed by the side of the guests, concealed the pink ribbons just where they fell over the edge of the table.

The principal dishes were surrounded with wreaths of flowers which had been daintily woven with the aid of fine florists' wire and kept in water until the luncheon was about to be served, while the lesser dishes were adorned with smilax. Of course, they were placed in rows between the ribbons, and were graduated in size from the edge to the point of the fan.

After luncheon, the grounds offered many attractions for strolling about or sitting in groups on the grass, the girls unconsciously making as pretty pictures of themselves as any Watteau ever painted, until nearly sunset, when they were joined by a party of young men, who were invited to come for afternoon tea, and join the girls in a game of Fan Ball (the game is described elsewhere).

The winner of the prize received a dainty fan of white bolting-cloth with pink sticks. The young hostess, who was somewhat skilled in the use of water-colours, had painted on the white background in letters formed of a succession of tiny pink roses the word "Dârîna"—the name of the place. It is an Arabic word, meaning "Our Happy Home." A long pink ribbon was tied at the end to recall the table effect, and the whole was a charming souvenir of a delightful occasion.

After the exertion of the game they welcomed the suggestion to sit under the trees and have their fortunes told.

The hostess then presented a pink-lined basket, from which each one took a little white extension fan and welcomed its use.

From a similar fan in her own hand she proceeded to read such questions as

"Upon what shall my happiness depend?"

"Have I ever met my fate?"

"In the marriage lottery shall I draw prize or blank?"

Upon opening their fans, they each found thereon their particular answers to the general questions, inscribed in gilt letters.

The bright faces as they took their leave plainly showed that the answers had been satisfactory.

A MUSICAL FÊTE

OUT OF DOORS

The people of a certain picturesque hamlet of New England will long remember a fête given by the Lady Bountiful of the countryside, in her beautiful and extensive grounds, for the purpose of raising the necessary funds to buy a new organ for the village church.

The organist was a musician of real talent, and had

thoroughly aroused the enthusiastic interest of the young people of the church, who diligently rehearsed for weeks under his leadership for the parts which they were to assume at the fête. It was decided that the entertainment should be called "Music Personified," and each should contribute a song or form part of a chorus.

When the important afternoon arrived, apparently all the people of the village, from the oldest inhabitant to the youngest child, seemed to have distributed themselves over the velvet lawns and grassy hill-slopes. The entrance fee was made so small that none had to be deterred from coming. The hostess made all cordially welcome, and her personal friends and those to whom the gods of this world had been indulgent followed her gracious example and realised that in God's beautiful outdoor world there was room for all.

At a signal of a chime of bells falling musically on the still air every one took seats on the sides of the road up which the choristers were expected to come in procession, making unconsciously the effect of flowery borders in their multi-coloured garments, the parasols and fans poised and fluttering above them like butterflies.

First came half a dozen young girls in classic Greek dress, all in white, their heads wreathed with spring blossoms (of Japanese paper), and waving branches of the same with rhythmic motion, while they sang Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

Following them came a contrast in the persons of a band of (apparently) plantation negroes, singing favourite "coon songs," while they amused the company by going through the absurdities of a cake-walk.

After them came a flock of little children, playing on the instruments used in the Kinder Symphony and scat-

tering beaming smiles impartially on the spectators as they passed along the sunny path.

Upon their heels came a noisy, disorderly mob of men and women, roaring forth the "Marseillaise." Each wore the revolutionary "bonnet rouge" and a tricolour cockade, and was made to look as disreputable as disorderly garment, unkempt hair, and red paint could make him. A barrel was rolled forward, upon which a young woman was helped to mount and shouted an incendiary speech amid the tumultuous applause of her companions, whereupon they resumed their march and song.

Next came a procession of white-robed nuns, who chanted a selection from the church music of the fifteenth century.

A band of picturesquely attired gypsies sang to the accompaniment of tambourines, much beribboned, a song of Romany.

One of the most successful effects was the "Christmas Carol" represented by the daughter of the hostess, a beautiful girl, whose white dress covered with mica-dust suggested the glisten and purity of snow. Her hair was wreathed with holly, and among sprays of its leaves upon her shoulders were perched some little snowbirds. She held in her hands a music-book of the old-time shape, that permitted long, unbroken lines on the page, —and sang a quaint carol that was popular in Shakespeare's time.

Tyrolese peasants sang their jodel choruses, and all were much delighted when a Scotchman in full native costume—imported from a neighbouring city for the occasion—played many of the songs of his native land, contriving to coax real music from his curious instrument.

All were feasted by the generous hospitality of the

hostess, and went home to talk and dream of the lovely scene for many a day—one old lady remarking that she felt as though she had travelled by music to “furren parts.”

CHAPTER XX

July

A "FOURTH OF JULY" TEA

IN nearly every happy household in the country, the holiday spirit is rife as we approach the "glorious Fourth," and doors stand hospitably open in welcome to friends and neighbours, as though a common subject for congratulation had made all the world akin.

If Thanksgiving Day is specially set apart for family reunions, the time-honoured traditions of the Fourth of July exact a generous hospitality toward the unfortunate dwellers in cities, the lone bachelors, or other homeless wanderers (?), and after a day spent in noisily demonstrating our sense of independence, it may be fitly closed by an old-fashioned "tea party," adhering to colonial traditions.

An actual experience is always more interesting than a supposititious one, and a few suggestions which are perfectly practicable may not be unwelcome.

If one be more anxious to give pleasure than to discharge social debts, I should advise choosing one's guests from among city friends—belated tourists who have been disappointed, or who have not yet succeeded in finding summer quarters to their liking, professional men whose time is at every one's disposal but their own. These, with a sprinkling of pleasant neighbours, will appreciate

the simple festival, as only they can to whom country life is something of a novelty.

Let the dining-room be decorated with red, white and blue bunting or cheese-cloth, which, bunched at the top of the chandelier in the middle of the room, caught and tacked to the picture-moulding, and then allowed to hang to the floor, makes a pretty tent-like effect and gives a gala appearance to the surroundings. Hanging from the centre of the chandelier—unlighted—a Liberty Bell of red immortelles, with the historical crack in evidence, would be appropriate, and round about it ball-shaped Japanese lanterns glowing like jewels, alternately of the three national colours. These, with white candles shaded by red silk poppies and held in blue *bobèches*, would give all the light required.

The table should be a glory of colour—in the centre a mass of poppies and bluets, which are procurable in July, their colours prettily harmonised by the common daisies of the field. These also add lightness and grace standing upright on their sturdy stems above the other blossoms. Or red and white carnations, verbenas, or geraniums, with the deep-blue larkspur, are effective in combination, and are in season at the time of the nation's birthday.

The name-cards may be fac-similes of the flag on one side.

If one be the fortunate possessor of any of the old blue-and-white china of our grandmothers' time, relegated to the kitchen during our mothers' ascendancy, and afterward brought forth in pride and held in honour when fashion decreed that it was "aristocratic" to have family heirlooms, this is the time to use it.

One blue dish may be heaped high with clusters of red and white currants, another with white and red rasp-

berries, while a third may hold a large ring of tomato jelly enclosing a romaine salad, well-covered with a white mayonnaise dressing. The bonbons may be wrapped separately in white tissue paper to represent torpedoes, and the cakes made in the shape of five-pointed stars with white icing, thirteen of which laid on a blue-laced paper background will recall the starry portion of our flag.

Each lady may find at her place a folding fan of the kind that, when closed, is concealed in its handle.

A piece of scarlet paper glued around this handle and a bit of a hempen string substituted for the usual little tassel make a very fair representation of a fire-cracker. At the men's places, little boxes, also made to resemble fire-crackers (to be bought at any confectioner's), may each contain a choice cigar.

The cigar may be wrapped about with a slip of paper and a similar paper be concealed in the handle of each lady's fan, upon which may be written some bit of information of national interest or a good story of American life, wit, or manners. After each guest has read aloud the selection that falls to his or her lot, the conversation will probably have received an impetus in the direction of patriotic subjects.

As for the menu, the red, white, and blue may be preserved throughout.

Tomato bouillon in blue-and-white cups, creamed codfish garnished with pickled beets, and broiled chickens with the tomato jelly and romaine salad or tomatoes whole with white mayonnaise as an accompaniment—the blue of the china adding the third colour. In July, ice-cream is the most acceptable sweet course before the fruit. I am assured that a cupful of canned blueberry juice, added to vanilla ice-cream, will give the

desired blue colour of the flag, and currant and lemon juices mixed make a very fair scarlet ice. The white is easily achieved by vanilla cream, made without eggs. Each colour is frozen separately, and a slice of each packed in a small mould, covered with ice and salt.

Water-melon, one of the usual Fourth of July dishes, is prettiest if served with the rind removed, cut in half, and each dome of crystalline red on a separate dish.

By way of diversion for the evening, the game of "Military Euchre"—the directions for which are given in this volume—would be appropriate to the occasion as adhering to revolutionary names, or if the weather is sultry or warm the guests may enjoy a small display of fireworks from the shelter of the piazza. With rockets whizzing up in space around them, the traditions of the day thronging their memories, and the smell of powder in the air, they will wax patriotic and probably realise vividly that the spirit of 1776 is not extinct in 1904!

CHAPTER XXI

August

AN INDIAN DINNER

OUR host had rented for the month of August a somewhat primitive little cottage on the borders of Long Island Sound, where his children could "live on the water" and enjoy cool breezes. To supplement the limited accommodations of the cottage, a large tent was used as a dining-room.

It was to a dinner in the tent that we were bidden, and were much surprised and pleased at our entrance to find it tricked out to resemble an Indian wigwam. The invitation was for an "Indian dinner," about which we had wondered and speculated.

The hangings were of rich red, tan, and tawny yellow stuff, and among them was evidently a camel's-hair shawl, which our hostess hastened to explain was *East* Indian, when rallied about her ideas of the luxury of the aborigines.

The table was bare of drapery, but placed lengthwise and crosswise upon it were two beadwork strips half a yard wide, such as are sold in the shops for decorative purposes, and at their intersection in the centre of the table was a low jar of Indian pottery filled with eagle and peacock feathers. Two little birch-bark canoes flanked it on either side, one holding fruit, the other nuts. The

china was blue and white. Fastened around the tent-pole, an arrangement for lighting had been improvised. It was explained to us that it was an old wheel painted dark-green, and on that occasion at least hub and spokes were covered with foliage. At the end of each spoke was a candle-holder covered with sections of pine cones. In these were short, red candles with shades of red and yellow paper, to give the effect of firelight.

The repast began with clams on the half-shell. Corn soup followed, and then a bluefish deliciously prepared by the boatman in our host's service. A fire had been made on a heap of stones, and in the hot ashes the fish had been cooked. It had been first enveloped in thin strips of salt pork, then wrapped in damp seaweed. Seaweed had been heaped over the stones to keep the heat in, and the fish was "done to a turn."

A very savoury fricassee, with baked potatoes and succotash, was next served. Then a course of green corn, roasted, and eaten from the cob, was succeeded by a baked Indian pudding.

We took our coffee out of doors—our chairs having been placed near the water's edge—and our enjoyment of the fragrant bean was enhanced by whiffs of its aroma in advance, since it was made, picnic fashion, very near at hand.

When the moon rose, the silvery pathway of its reflection seemed to end with the lapping water at our very feet.

We were in an appreciative mood, and when our hostess, seated in her chair, very simply but with expressive modulation of voice recited "The Blessing of the Cornfields," from *Hiawatha*, it seemed a fitting climax to a very charming entertainment.

BACK-YARD PARTIES

IN TOWN

Any kind of out-of-door entertainment is preferable, in summer, to staying in the house, so that for that reason several young women have inaugurated what they call "Back-yard Parties" in the spaces in the rear of their homes, which have been made attractive enough to warrant asking their friends to spend the evening there.

There is one house in town of which the yard has been transformed into a really lovely garden. Ivy has been planted along the fences and now completely covers them, the centre has been sown with grass-seed, and all along the sides there is a gay border of bright-coloured geraniums and hardy flowering plants of many kinds. The daughter of the house finds her friends very ready to accept her invitations to meet one another there, and very loath to depart. Benches, garden chairs and tables are placed here and there in groups and pairs, and friends are entertained in a most informal and charming manner. A divan was improvised—a low cot-bed with a mattress covered with a rug and pillows.

The garden is lighted with Japanese lanterns strung across and small lamps hung at intervals among the ivy. The effect is very pretty.

Sometimes they play games, sometimes they have the music of banjo, guitar or mandolin, and sing college songs or those that have caught the popular fancy for the time. The men, of course, have permission to smoke, and long glasses, tinkling coolness, hold a certain innocent but delicious concoction that is very pleasantly welcomed.

Ices, cakes, lemonade, etc., are served upon occasion, and are thought to have an added deliciousness when

enjoyed in such comfortable and attractive surroundings.

The idea is said to have originated with a devoted mother, who was unwilling to leave her young sons in town without a home that was worthy the name and thus withdraw the influences that she thought most conducive to their best interests. The pleasures that came to the rest of the family were incidental, and an occasional trip to the seashore or mountains had all the charm that novelty gives and familiarity so soon destroys.

A "TRIANON FÊTE"

That was a clever woman who first discovered that a costume fête was no more trouble for the hostess than to give an ordinary function, since the guests form the pageant that every one seems desirous of witnessing. No prettier setting than a lawn shaded with trees can be found for such a picturesque entertainment.

A "Trianon Fête" was given last summer upon a pretty lawn that bordered on the waters of Frenchman's Bay. The name indicated the period of Marie Antoinette, and suggested the simplicity of attire assumed by the ladies of her court while playing at being shepherdesses and humble folk during their sojourn at Trianon.

Gowns of flowered chintz, muslin, and cretonne made in the pretty fashions of the period were charming with the powdered heads upon which rose-wreathed, coarse straw hats were set coquettishly askew. A touch of rouge and a patch are legitimate accessories of powdered locks.

There were many varieties of costume, some with side "panniers" looped high over petticoats of harmonising tints, the bodices square-necked, with "Watteau" backs

and elbow sleeves, while others were severely simple, with a muslin fichu crossed and tied at the back, and broad-brimmed hats crowning the powdered hair, which was rolled high.

The men wore ordinary dress.

When the guests were assembled, a procession was formed of those in costume, who threaded their ways in and out between the trees, stepping daintily in time with the music of a small orchestra that played "Amaryllis" and other selections from composers of the period to be recalled.

Next followed a minuet, danced on the lawn by shepherdesses carrying crooks, to which bunches of paper roses were tied with ribbons—a pretty exhibition of stately grace.

After this, a little play was acted in the open air; the performers emerging from and disappearing behind the trees and bushes. The love of a wood-nymph and her despair at being deserted for a mortal formed the subject of the little drama.

Nothing is more charming than such little plays acted on the lawn. There are pretty pastorals that require just such a sylvan setting, and the audience will not be in too critical a mood. If the spot chosen be closed in by trees, the appearance and disappearance of the actors among the foliage make a curtain unnecessary.

Light refreshments were served, and the guests gathered in groups to chat and admire each other, of themselves making pictures that would not have been unworthy of the brush of a Watteau or a Lancret.

The considerate hostess had made her invitations contingent upon the weather. They read that the pleasure of the guest's company was requested upon a certain date, or if the weather proved inclement, "upon the first fine day thereafter."

CHAPTER XXII

September

A HARVEST-HOME DANCE

SOME merry girls gave an entertainment last September which was unique only in its adaptation. The invitations were for a "Harvest-Home Dance," and all were asked to come in costumes representing fruits and vegetables. The rooms were decorated as for a barn dance, the mantels and corners banked with pumpkins, bunches of yellow maize, leaves, wheat, and corn shocks.

When the guests arrived the rooms looked like an animated kitchen garden. One girl was lovely in pale-green cheese-cloth abundantly trimmed with parsley, her head wreathed with the feathery leaves. Another was a veritable Ceres in corn colour and masses of ripe wheat and poppies.

The men wore enormous boutonnières of onions, carrots, and parsley. Their grotesque appearance seemed to inspire a certain humorous contagion in their spirits, and the affair was universally conceded to have been a great success.

A LAWN PARTY BY MOONLIGHT

"Anything for a novelty" is the most quoted of proverbs, and even those who make pleasure their

business are aroused into an exhibition of interest when entertainment takes an unhackneyed form.

One hostess, counting upon the "Harvest Moon's" coöperation, tried with success the experiment of giving a lawn party by moonlight—with the proviso that, if the moon did not put in an appearance, the guests might follow its example and come the first fair evening after the date first named. The guests, upon arrival at her gates, found them spanned by arches of Japanese lanterns, which gala effect seemed to promise pleasure at the outset. And as the invitations had included the request to come in some sylvan costume, each person regarded every other with interest and eager curiosity. Maid Marian, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, and all Robin Hood's "merry men of the greenwood" were there in full force, as well as Flora, Pomona, Ceres, and the dryads. Corydon and Phillis, and Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses jostled gypsies and other out-of-door folk, and the kind moonlight glorified all the scene and transformed the commonplace into the ideal.

The trees and piazzas were hung with lanterns in profusion, and a kiosk was improvised for the musicians by setting up half a dozen posts in a circle, which were connected with a taller one in the centre by poles with the bark on laid to form a roof. These were covered with spruce boughs and other foliage laid across them, and the upright posts wound with orange cheese-cloth, with lanterns strung between them. Dancing on the lawn was much enjoyed, though square dances only were found really practicable.

A gypsy fortune-teller found a welcome, and strolls by moonlight with the accompaniment of strains of

distant music will have a romantic charm as long as youth endures.

Good taste had provided that the guests should be so numerous as to make long *tête-à-tête* walks subject to frequent friendly interruptions, so that the proprieties even in seeming should be preserved.

Croquet was played with phosphorescent balls and hoops, and a contest of archery, at short range, was presided over by St. Hubert, the patron saint of foresters. His costume symbolised his story. A famous hunter turned monk after seeing a vision of the cross between the horns of a deer that he was pursuing. His head was encased in a close-fitting green cap, surmounted by a small pair of deer-horns, with a cross of gilt pasteboard between the branches. A long dressing-gown did duty for a cassock, tied about the waist with a rope, and a bugle-horn in place of a crucifix—to combine the characters of monk and hunter.

The supper was a bountiful one, composed only of cold dishes—iced bouillon, salmon mayonnaise, galantine, salads, berries, ices, cakes, with punch and lemonade—and was served in the house.

The hostess had thought that after supper her guests would enjoy a dance indoors, but the spell of the moonlight was upon them and all eagerly sought the fairyland it made.

A COLONIAL COUNTRY DANCE

The invitations should be sent without envelopes, as was the manner in colonial times—the top and bottom of the paper folded down and up so as to meet in the middle of the sheet. The sides are next folded in the same way, so that one edge overlaps a little, which takes the place of the flap of an envelope and receives the

seal in the middle. If wafers cannot be had, red sealing-wax will do as well. The paper should be in large sheets, and the letter "s" should be written in the old fashion that resembles an "f."

A barn is the ideal place for such an entertainment. So the invitations might be worded thus:

"An ye will come to an old-time partie, ye shall be welcome on ye evening of ye tenth day of October in ye barn of Mistreff ——. All will please appear in old-time countrie dress at ye hour of eight o' the clock."

The floor should be swept clean and waxed for dancing, and walls and ceiling decorated with bunches of unhusked corn, hung in bunches from the rafters, strings of red and green peppers, and of dried apples, together with boughs of maple, sumac, hops, and any other effective things that opulent nature may provide at that season.

Old-fashioned games should alternate with the dancing. A fiddler should furnish the music for the dancers, calling out the figures in the lancers or quadrilles in the old-fashioned way. If the talented violinist is not well informed on the subject, some one else may shout the directions for the guidance of the dance. The music should, of course, as much as possible be selected from the simple old tunes known to our rustic forefathers—"Yankee Doodle" and "Pop, Goes the Weasel" are not to be altogether despised. "Money Musk" and the "Virginia Reel" may alternate with a "Spelling Bee," a contest in "Apple-Paring" and "Corn-Husking." The ancient forfeit to the finder of a red ear—to be kissed by all the young men present—need not be insisted upon, but some penalty may be imposed on the young woman—to be decided by the young men present,

who, having waived their claims, are entitled to sentence the culprit.

A "country" way of reading the future may amuse. A space is cleared and a heap of corn thrown on the floor, within which each maiden who hopes to learn her fate hides a ring. A cock is then admitted and is naturally attracted to the tempting grain. The first ring to be uncovered by his prying beak indicates its owner as the first bride from the bevy of girls.

The guests should dress in as "countrified" a manner as possible consistent with becomingness—the girls in gingham dresses, dainty white aprons, large garden hats (such as a country lass might wear, *not* a lady of Marie Antoinette's court masquerading as a rustic maiden), and sunbonnets, which, when bent back and put on coquettishly, are "vastly fetching." The young men wear knickerbockers, big hats, which may be trimmed with autumn leaves or carry a feather of some barn-yard fowl—lacking an eagle's.

The supper should consist of clam chowder, chicken pot-pie, hot waffles and maple syrup, with apples, nuts, molasses cake, pop-corn, and cider.

CHAPTER XXIII

October

HALLOWE'EN FROLICS

NO holiday in all the year is so merry, informal, and so marked by fun unconstrained in its celebration as Hallowe'en, the eve of All Saints. This is the night when supernatural influences are in the ascendancy, when fairies dance, ghosts are abroad, and witches are in power.

It is the night when charms, spells, and incantations are invoked to read the veiled future, by the young folk, who—perhaps deprecating all credulity—gradually come under the influence of the “creeps” as the ghostly hours advance and the contagious spirit of mystery takes possession as their fortunes are dimly shadowed forth in some occult manner.

Hallowe'en ghosts, however, have the reputation of being cheerfully minded spooks—“blythesome and bonny,” as they say of them in Scotland, the home of Hallowe'en—and so the spirit of fun reigns supreme.

In getting up a Hallowe'en party, make everything as secret as possible, binding each guest to silence concerning the invitation.

Since to tell of a real happening is more convincing and helpful in suggestion than to suppose a case, let me describe a frolic to which I was bidden many years ago:

The cards of invitation were decorated with pen-and-ink sketches of bats, owls, black cats, and brooms, and bore the following doggerel:

“Come at the witching hour of eight,
And let the fairies read your fate;
Reveal to none this secret plot,
Or woe—not luck—will be your lot.”

The address was on the back of the card.

At exactly the time appointed many of the guests stood before the house, full of gleeful and deliciously mysterious anticipations, and were admitted before the ringing of the door-bell by the unclosing of the portals without apparent human agency. The hall was almost dark, and an enormous hand, cut out of black paper, with one finger extended, was glued to the wall and pointed up the stairway. All followed the silent guidance, and wraps were removed in another dark room, indicated by a pumpkin lantern with grinning face, where other shades were seen silently divesting themselves of their cloaks. All spoke in whispers, the solemn attendant maid setting the example. We went down the stairs in twos and threes, feeling the need of friendly support.

The hostess was arrayed as a witch, with high-peaked cap, decorated with a life-sized bat of gray-black paper, elf locks, her face stained with walnut-juice, her clothes of sombre brown, and in her hand the traditional broom of twigs tied to the handle with twine. Two girl friends, who seemed to be her aids, were similarly attired. The large room was lighted only with grotesque-faced lanterns and with alcohol, burning a blue flame, in vessels scattered about.

Again, no one spoke above a whisper, though little

bursts of hysterical laughter, quickly suppressed, startled the silence from time to time.

Suddenly a gong or clock struck, and a curtain at the end of the room was drawn back, revealing a dimly lighted tableau of the "Three Witches of Macbeth" gathered around a steaming cauldron suspended between sticks over a bed of ashes. While the smoke rose from the boiling water—hell-broth, I should say—one of the witches croaked forth the famous lines:

"Thrice the brindle cat hath mewed," etc.

The curtain fell, to rise in a few moments on Hamlet and the Ghost. Hamlet was a comely youth draped about with his mother's black velvet gown, and the Ghost was most effectively livid and "spooky" with his face smeared with phosphorus.

A third tableau gave us our witch-hostess riding her broom, apparently through the air, with what she sought to make "an evil smile," a huge black cat beside her. A black curtain behind her concealed the apparatus that supported her, and the dim light was favourable to illusion.

The three witches next appeared and swept us with their brooms into another room, where little tables were scattered about, each made ready for one of the time-honoured oracles of fortune.

One held a plate of apples, with knives ready for the magic paring. After carefully removing the skin—a broken paring breaks the charm—each inquirer of fate turned three times around, then whirling the apple-skin three times around the head over the left shoulder, dropped it behind, saying:

"By this paring I wish to discover

The letter of the name of my true lover."

Of course it forms upon the ground the initial of the name of one's future husband or wife.

To prevent the waiting for turns at this popular table, other apples were hidden about the room in all sorts of impossible places, with a knife at hand for each, and were hunted for in couples. One venturesome maid tried the ancient spell of eating an apple before a looking-glass, with a view to seeing her future husband peering over her shoulder. So many peeped at her that she was forced to resort to other means to learn anything definite.

Another table held an enormous pie made of flour, in which was hidden a ring to be sought for by those willing to plunge their mouths in it—untouched by mortal hand—and above a third was suspended an apple by a string attached to a portière-rod.

This was set whirling, and the one who would secure special good fortune for the year must snatch a bite of the apple without touching it with his hands. The bite secured, the apple is cut open and the seeds counted, each one standing for the fulfillment of a separate wish.

Apples were also put in a tub half filled with water, and a merry crowd of young men, on bended knees, ducked their heads to seize the stems with their teeth. The one who captured the greatest number was voted the champion, assured of success in love, and was crowned with apple-parings.

At a large open fireplace one of the three witching mistresses of ceremonies was telling fortunes by means of solder melted in a big iron spoon. This, when dropped into water, took odd forms, which, by the aid of a fertile imagination, were construed to prophesy the appearance, occupation, or disposition of the future mate.

A second witch at the fire presided over the Hallowe'en

custom of burning nuts. The girls who wished to know what fate had in store named one nut for herself and the others for the young men whom she favoured with her preference. This in the secrecy of her own mind. If a nut burst or jumped about, that lover would prove unfaithful; if it blazed, he had an ardent affection for her; while the one that burned evenly and slowly, staying near the nut representing the girl, would become her husband.

At still another table, the third witch was brewing tea and presaging fortunes by the grounds in the tea-cups.

Divination had now attained its height, and the most occult mysteries, hitherto shrouded from human vision, were unfolding themselves, when three black cats came into the room, creating a great sensation.

The hostess drew presages from their behaviour, saying:

“If a cat sits down beside you, a peaceful life is in store for you and all domestic joys. If by chance she rubs herself against you or jumps into your lap, all possible happiness will be yours; but if she refuses to make friends or runs from you, beware of evil fortune!”

Before the guests grew tired of questioning fate, the music struck up a merry tune, and all were ordered to dance a witches’ dance—back to back—to be followed by a Virginia reel—after which supper was announced by the drawing aside of the portières, and all trooped into the dining-room.

They were met at its threshold by one of the witches holding out a basket, from which all were to draw for partners. Chance was to decide everything, and every chance had its significance.

Upon the cards drawn from the basket were bats and brooms, black cats in every position, witches’ caps,

snakes, owls, lizards, newts, frogs, and all sorts of slimy, unpleasant things. The matching cards decided the partners.

The supper had some novel features. In the centre of the table, a huge pumpkin, hollowed out, contained and was wreathed about with yellow chrysanthemums. Later on, the flowers were removed and the pumpkin was passed around, and each person drew from it a hollow egg-shell containing a motto or fortune, a stuffed banana, a lemon or orange skin, enclosing a prediction.

A Hallowe'en cake contained a ring, a coin, a thimble, and a button. The first promised speedy marriage, the second great wealth, the last two assigned the fate of spinster and bachelor.

Of a sudden, all the electric lights went out, and the witch-hostess gave into the hand of each an English walnut, saying in sepulchral voice,

“Hold above a candle what is found within,
Careful not to scorch it—that would be a sin.”

Thereupon candles were brought in and passed from hand to hand. When the halves of the walnuts were forced apart, a folded bit of blank paper was all that was found, but held near the candle flame, words began to appear in most uncanny fashion. The trick was done by writing with lemon-juice, which leaves no trace until the heat of the flame makes it clear.

After supper, we gathered about the fire and listened to blood-curdling stories told by the three witches in turn. At the climax of the most gruesome one, the gong pealed out midnight with weird effect, each stroke louder than the preceding one, and all joined hands and went down the cellar in hot haste and up again, out into the darkness, and around the house, until, out of breath but with

merry faces, the guests took leave of their hostess and each other with noisy protestations of having had a "gloriously jolly time!"

FURTHER HINTS FOR HALLOWE'EN

An old-fashioned farm-house is the ideal place for a Hallowe'en frolic. The wide fireplace and the simple furnishings are in harmony with all its traditions.

The most appropriate decorations are boughs of maple, beech, and pine, flaming leaves and berries, rosy-cheeked apples and golden pumpkins, with garlands of ground pine and the feathery wild clematis.

Jack-o'-lanterns and candles set in apples for candle-sticks furnish light enough in addition to the roaring fire.

A closet near at hand might be furnished as a witch's den. Festoons of black or gray tarletan, made very dusty, simulate cobwebs fairly well if hung near the ceiling, and paper bats hanging head downward are easily made with wads for their bodies and wires covered with gray-black paper marking the spines in the wings. Cobwebs, bats and gloom go far toward giving the proper effect.

Moreover, a gypsy tent in a corner is always an attractive adjunct to such an entertainment. A dark-eyed girl, dressed in the garish dress of a gypsy queen, and possessing a personal knowledge of the circumstances and characters of the guests and the wit to use it, may disclose some very mysterious and interesting facts in the telling of fortunes.

While the men "bob" for the elusive apples, merrily floating in a low tub of water, the girls may sail walnut-shells carrying tiny candles in a similar tub, to see whether their ships will have fortune or misfortune. Jumping over twelve lighted candles is another favourite

way of discovering by the one that is put out in what month will one be married.

Suspended from the ceiling may be crossed rods of witch-hazel, at one end of one of which is a piece of bread, at another some favourite sweet, while a third holds a candle-end, and the fourth a red pepper. This is kept twirling rapidly, and the inquirer of fate seizes a bite, seeking to know whether his married life is to be peaceful and commonplace, delightful, disagreeable, or peppery! The face of the questioner leaves the observers in little doubt as to the result.

Three bowls or saucers—one holding clear water, one murky or milky water, while one is left empty—are also consulted, their positions being changed before each trial of the fates.

The empty saucer denotes single blessedness, the clear water married happiness, the murky water domestic infelicity.

Another game associated both with Hallowe'en and Christmas from time immemorial is "Snap-Dragon" (elsewhere described).

A "Witch's Cave" may be improvised by transforming a small room into a forest of greenery, lighted only with blue-shaded lights and Jack-o'-lanterns. The witch, dressed all in red, her gown decked with cabalistic figures, toy spiders and serpents, and wearing a sugar-loaf hat with lifelike (Jap paper) serpent coiled around it, will add to the uncanny effect. She presents to each one who desires to consult her a tall lighted candle and a paper funnel, through which the inquirer must try to extinguish the flame by blowing through the funnel after "making a wish." If the attempt is successful, the wish will surely come true. Before trying, this seems extremely easy, but after the third

attempt one must relinquish all hope. The explanation of the difficulty is, that the funnel must not be held directly opposite the light, as the breath follows the sides of the funnel. To blow out the light the funnel must be held either above or below the candle.

It may here be also explained that where one finds contradictions after consulting the fates in several of the ways herein given, the only way of accommodating the predictions and being *perfectly sure* is where the promised fortune is confirmed by three fates agreeing to the same thing.

Counting the seeds of an apple in order to learn the true sentiments of the beloved is one of the old Hallowe'en customs.

The apple is secretly named, and the seeds counted in the following manner—familiar to many generations of children:

One, I love; two, I love;
Three, I love, I say;
Four, I love with all my heart;
Five, I cast away;
Six, he loves; seven, she loves;
Eight, they both agree;
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;
Eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries.

A further test of fortune is to toss an apple through a horseshoe suspended in a doorway. To the successful one happiness is pledged.

Walking downstairs backward, holding a lighted candle and a mirror before one's face, is said to insure the appearance of one's lover's face in the mirror when the foot of the staircase is reached.

Some obliging swain might volunteer to fill the *rôle* and, perhaps, be of real service in preventing a tumble.

To be strictly observant of Hallowe'en traditions, as the company files out of the door, preparatory to making the breathless tour of the house, each must take a mouthful of water and a handful of salt. These must be carried around the house three times without spilling or swallowing. The successful ones may be assured that the first persons of the opposite sex that address them directly will be their future mates.

If, after all these efforts, he or she fails to materialise or give evidence of existence, one must eat a pinch of salt before sleeping—when, if no water is tasted, no word spoken until morning, the future bride or bridegroom will appear in dreams.

The supper at a Hallowe'en party should be of a somewhat rustic nature—cold boiled ham with vegetable salad, apples, various nuts, popped corn, maple sugar, gingerbread, doughnuts and crullers made in the shape of initials, fruits, and cider.

The bowl of punch or lemonade should be wreathed with vine leaves.

A LEAF PARTY

"All in the gay and golden weather" of a crisp October afternoon a merry company of young men and maidens assembled at the house of a lady whose pleasure it was to gather bright young faces about her and give their owners "good times."

The invitations had been a surprise—the card of the hostess tied by a bit of scarlet ribbon to the stem of a glowing maple leaf. Below the date and hour, in one corner, was written the word "Leaves."

In spite of this suggestion, they were surprised to see

a large section of the lawn covered with fallen leaves, in the midst of stretches of green from which every leaf had been removed with the usual care.

Upon entering the drawing-room, they found it a bower of leaves of all sorts, and carpeted as well with the scarlet, green and gold of maples—each leaf of which seemed to be a gem of its kind.

The young men were asked to go into an adjoining room, the young women to another, where they found numerous wooden rakes tied with bright ribbons which they were evidently expected to appropriate. Upon emerging from the rooms, rakes in hand, it was explained to them that the matching ribbons determined who should be partners in a raking-match out of doors. Each pair, man and maid, was requested to make the largest pile of leaves that they could in half an hour—the successful pair to receive prizes for their industry.

They worked merrily and with a will, and the half-hour seemed all too short. The fortunate pair whose pile overtopped the rest were crowned with leaves, their rakes wreathed with garlands, and they led the procession back to the house, where each received from the hostess a four-leaved-clover pin, enamelled in green.

While resting, after the vigorous exercise, on the piazza, in hammocks, on steps, cushions, and hassocks, they were entertained by a Leaf Contest. An immense basket of leaves, tied up with bright ribbons, was brought, which it was found contained thirty-four varieties of leaves—no two alike. Cards and pencils were distributed and the leaves one by one passed around, and each person wrote on his or her card opposite the number corresponding to that attached to the leaf what the kind of leaf it was thought to be. Strange to say,

the leaf of an apple-tree proved one of the most puzzling to name.

When all the leaves had been examined, the hostess read her numbered list aloud, holding each specimen aloft in turn, and the players corrected their own lists. The one whose observation of nature was proved to have been the most accurate was given the prize of a little etching of a woodland scene, which might recall one described by Victor Hugo's "as rustling as a nest, as fragrant as a bouquet, as dark as a cathedral." The second prize was a "palm of victory," and the booby prize a palm-leaf fan.

An artistic setting was given the little feast that awaited the guests in the dining-room. The table was covered with a cloth woven apparently of leaves. A piece of green tarletan formed the foundation, upon which green leaves were thickly sewn, overlapping each other and radiating from the centre in all directions. A single stitch in the centre of each held it in place.

Upon this were set dishes lined with vine leaves, holding clusters of grapes—purple and yellow—pineapples, filberts in their green sheaths, and apples with glowing cheeks. The salad was served in a nest of lettuce leaves, the ices were of pistache in the form of oak leaves, and each had upon it one or two of the little cakes that are so cleverly made to represent acorns.

The guests took leave with such unconventional and hearty assurances of their enjoyment as left their hostess in no doubt of their sincerity.

CHAPTER XXIV

November

THE TRADITIONAL THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING Day with its peculiar observance stands alone as an American holiday.

It has grown up with the country and is closely interwoven with its history. Indeed, could scenes have been stored and now be reproduced to mortal vision as sounds in a phonograph may be held and preserved, the story of this nation could have no more faithful portrayal than a glimpse of the successive Thanksgiving Days would afford.

We, as "heirs of all the ages," may better celebrate our own day of thanks if, mindful of its traditions, we refresh our memories with its history.

1621

The first picture would be a harvest festival in old Plymouth in October, 1621—"all in the gay and golden weather" when the woods were ablaze and the air made the pulses tingle—glowing accounts of which the Pilgrims wrote home to friends in England.

Anxiously they had watched the seed planted, knowing that their lives during the following winter would depend upon the little harvest; but sunshine and showers had performed their gracious miracles, and in their gladness and gratitude they called upon each other to assem-

ble for a public recognition of God's bounty and to rejoice together.

They were so happy that they actually relaxed their austere dignity a little and let nature have sway!

Four men, their best shots, were chosen to go out and shoot game, with which the forests abounded. The supply lasted nearly a week, and some friendly Indians with their chief Massasoit were made welcome and entertained for three days.

The "bill of fare" was further enriched by the Indians' contribution of some fine deer. Various kinds of seafood were procurable, which, with ducks, wild turkeys, venison, barley bread, cakes of Indian meal, and aromatic wild grapes by way of dessert, made a feast that might well have stimulated their gratitude.

It was eaten off pewter plates, and after the entertainment they and their Indian guests exercised themselves in feats of arms. The rejoicings lasted a week. This was not the inauguration of a continuous series of annual festivals, but it was the national Thanksgiving in promise.

1623

This gala week had no successor. In contrast with the last picture was the Thanksgiving of 1623, which year had been full of hardships.

The accounts sent back to England of the plenty of the New World had induced other colonists to try their fortunes, and several ship-loads arrived but slenderly provided with supplies. These were soon exhausted, their crops failed, a severe drought set in, and starvation threatened. Tradition says that in their extremities, rations of five kernels of corn per day were distributed to each person. A day was appointed for humiliation and prayer. Winslow, in his "Relation," tells us that

though the heavens were clear when they assembled, and the drought as like to continue as ever, yet before their departure the sky was overcast and in the morning came showers of rain continuing fourteen days. A vessel loaded with provisions shortly after came to their relief, and their cup of blessing was full.

Sensitive to the least of God's tokens of favour, this little theocracy, in pure, spontaneous gratitude, at once appointed a day of special thanksgiving.

The modest feast that followed the service of praise in the meeting-house consisted in most instances of little more than a dish of meal, water and salt, boiled together. Ground-nuts (peanuts) and clams were probably added, since these are referred to by the writers of the times as being often their only resources.

1676

Another scene: A day of public thanksgiving and rejoicing was set apart on account of the happy termination of King Philip's war. The little band congregated in the lower part of their fort—which was their meeting-house—every man with his sword and matchlock, while a sentinel on guard paced up and down the flat roof, and a cannon looked ominously from the battlement.

Suddenly Church and his men appeared, bearing the severed head of their late enemy, the Indian chief. The grim trophy was set up on a pole in Plymouth village. Gathered about the great fireplaces in each little kitchen living-room, what tales of hairbreadth escapes from their dusky foes were then told that afterward became valued family traditions, to be rehearsed with delicious horror in the days of peace, plenty, and prosperity that followed!

1783

What a Thanksgiving Day that must have been, when, in 1783, after the treaty of peace was signed between England and the victorious, newly born "United States," each family welcomed home its heroes! Not a flag in the land but waved that day in token of triumphant joy.

In the words of the proclamation itself the day was set apart, "That, at one Time and with one Voice, the good People may express the grateful Feelings of their Hearts and consecrate themselves to the Service of the Divine Benefactor."

It was many years later before they permitted amusement and recreation to find place in the national holiday, but on this joyous occasion a deep and solemn joy, an overwhelming sense of gratitude, made mere amusement seem trivial. Happy people need few pleasures!

FIFTY YEARS AGO

No picture of domestic happiness can outdo that of a thorough-going New England Thanksgiving Day of fifty or sixty years ago. It warms the heart to think of it.

Each homestead gathered its scattered members, from far and near, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings. Everything in house and garden was in perfect order and holiday trim to receive them, and orchard, poultry-yard, garden, cellar, and storeroom were laid under contribution for their best and choicest for the feast.

Grandfather and grandmother were metaphorically pedestalled in honour, and all conspired to do them reverence. Sleighs and carryalls arrived the day before the festal one, laden with uncles, aunts, and merry cousins, who were all tucked away under the elastic roof-tree.

What joy it was for the elders to meet again at home! What interest felt in one another's welfare! What pleas-

ure to recall old times together! It was the apotheosis of family life.

“When the care-wearied man sought his mother once
more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before.”

The youths and maidens enjoyed the pleasant cousinly intercourse that combines the freedom of kinship with the charm of the unfamiliar, and the rollicking youngsters made the rafters ring with noisy glee.

The next morning, after devout and decorous attendance at the meeting-house, they returned to enjoy the bountiful midday dinner, the preparation of which was not left to the uncertain skill of any hired domestic without the intelligent supervision of one of the family.

Happily there are many still living whose memories can furnish the menu on such an occasion.

After a soup of clams or chicken, the turkeys in state were brought in, one boiled, the other roasted. This last was not baked in an oven, as in these degenerate days, but was roasted before the fire. Rutabaga turnips, squash, beans, onions, celery, sweet potatoes, succotash, chicken pie—all were placed on the table at once, after which the children’s eyes sparkled at sight of deep, luscious pumpkin and mince pies, baked in oblong dishes—and the famous “pandowdy.” Grapes, pears, apples, and nuts followed, and then, after a devout “grace” pronounced by the family patriarch, the party scattered in the directions that their several tastes might dictate. The men visited the barns, gardens, and pens; the women chatted in the house and compared recipes, needlework, and children, while the young folk went for

a ride in a straw-filled wagon or sledge, and the youngsters frolicked in the hay, or coasted.

All met again in the evening around the wide hearth after a substantial supper. Old stories renewed their youth, and personal adventures acquired a more vivid interest in that homely, sympathetic atmosphere, while the cider circled round.

The children parched corn, cracked nuts, and ate apples, already oblivious of the Gargantuan banquet with which they had so recently been regaled.

The national holiday was indeed unique—chosen from religious motives and celebrated in the household among those that loved each other.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY THANKSGIVING DINNER

In the year of grace, 1903, a Thanksgiving dinner was given in New York by a descendant of the Puritans, to twenty-four of her kinsfolk—a dinner which was significant of the increase of luxury in our country and its almost boundless resources.

The hostess had been mindful of Henry Ward Beecher's ideal celebration—"A Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that has grown in the lavish summer and all the largess of autumn to make glad the heart of man."

In the centre of the table was a huge pumpkin, hollowed out, filled and wreathed about with yellow chrysanthemums, at either end a sheaf of ripe wheat, in the centre of which bloomed more chrysanthemums, while horns of plenty, made of very fine straw, were at the four corners.

Out of these, among many vine-leaves in overflowing

profusion, peeped hothouse peaches and grapes, pears, Florida oranges, bananas, apples, wild grapes, lady apples, California plums, and green filberts.

At each place was a small bonbonnière covered with strips of red, white, and blue satin ribbon, each containing besides the national nut-candies, five grains of corn, in memory of the starvation times of New England.

The menu was a twentieth-century adaptation of the traditional fare—the “age of ease,” reminiscencing over “the youth of labour” and its arduous and frugal past:

Blue-point Oysters
Terrapin Soup
Lobster-Crabs
Roast Turkey stuffed with Chestnuts
Cranberry Sauce
Boston Baked Beans and onions
Haunch of Venison with currant jelly
Canvas-back Duck with celery salad

The large pumpkin pie was wreathed with golden chrysanthemums, and, besides the cider, only California wines were served.

In contrast to these opulent doings, a merry family party sat at a table—the decorations of which had taxed little besides home talent and ingenuity. The centrepiece was composed of three horns of plenty, placed “back to back,” filled with apples, oranges, grapes, and the little rosy spheres called lady-apples, with laurel leaves, which resemble their natural foliage. The horns were evolved out of green tissue-paper twisted into strands and braided basket-fashion, on frames of picture-wire. Nuts and nut-candies filled four small dishes, and old-fashioned brass candlesticks held candles without shades.

The dinner was simple, but that best of sauces—good

appetite—was not lacking, and “what they wanted in wit, they made up in laughter”:

Oyster Soup

Creamed Codfish in a ring enclosing ball potatoes, dusted
with chopped parsley

Roast Turkey

Cranberry sauce, succotash, sweet potatoes, and onions

Pumpkin Pie

After dinner, a huge tin cup was placed on the table and with much ceremony a white ribbon was laid across it, upon which in gilt lettering one read, “My cup runneth over.” All were invited to compete for a prize—to be given to the one who should write the longest or best and most thoughtful list of God’s gifts for which he or she had cause to be thankful. These were to be written upon slips of paper, signed, and dropped one by one into the cup. It set every one’s mind at work to “count up de marcies,” and the cup was soon crammed to overflowing, while all began to realise the truth of—

“How much the happy days outweigh the sorrowful!”

There was a separate prize for the children, and one small boy headed his list with—

“Glad I ain’t a gurl!”

AFTER-DINNER AMUSEMENTS FOR THANKS- GIVING DAY

The Thanksgiving hostess is not relieved of responsibility after the dinner has been enjoyed, for her guests have still to be entertained, and something must be done to dispel the lethargy that is apt to follow the feast.

A little game that provides occupation and a mild interest without taxing the mind is best to begin with.

Such a game in which all may join is to take the word "thanksgiving" and make from it as many other words as possible, proper names being excepted. After allowing fifteen or twenty minutes for writing down the words, one list is read aloud; any one else having the same words on his or her list must cross them off. Only those words count which no one else has thought of.

Another amusement, quite in accord with the day, is to give out a list of questions such as why, when, and where the first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated? Who issued the proclamation? Who was the English sovereign at that time? and any others relative to the subject. To present these questions in an attractive form, paint upon water-colour paper pumpkin pies about six inches in diameter. Cut these out, and with a bit of yellow ribbon fasten to the back of each two sheets of white paper, upon which the questions are written. Give one of these pies, to which a pencil is tied, to each guest, and allow a certain amount of time in which to write the answers.

One of the children of the household may be *privileged* to look up the questions in advance, and a proud moment will be that in which he or she alone is able to answer authoritatively some questions about which the elders must confess ignorance. Such little triumphs stimulate further research and help to create a thirst for information.

A pumpkin, hollowed out and wreathed with leaves, may be brought in, containing a tiny souvenir for each person present—preferably some cheap little toy having a teasing or at least a personal significance. They should be wrapped in paper. If the seeds of the pumpkin are preserved, washed, and dried, their number may form the subject of a guessing contest.

An appropriate prize for such a contest, which may be withdrawn from the pumpkin itself, would be an Indian made of dried figs and raisins, threaded on wire. The materials necessary are a large fig for the body, a smaller one for the head, a yard of wire, raisins for arms and legs, two black beads for eyes, a bit of chamois for moccasins, a few feathers, crimped brown paper for the skirt, a little red paint for the cheeks, lips, and war-paint lines, fine black sewing-silk for hair, and a broom-straw for a bow, a sewing-thread for the bowstring. A gilt-paper quiver may be on the man's back, and in the quiver wooden toothpick arrows, with feathered ends bound to them with finest wire.

There are many games of which reminiscent thoughts of the Thanksgiving dinner form the theme. One is the following:

MENU FOR THANKSGIVING

Cards are distributed, upon each of which is written a list of objects suggestive of a feast, opposite to which the players write their guesses of what dishes are described. For instance:

1. Soup—Imitation reptile.
2. Fish—"Collect on delivery."
3. Roasts—The country of the Crescent, and Adam's wife—served with a sauce of what undid her.
4. Vegetables—Two kinds of toes ne'er found on man or beast; a mild term for stealing; what your heart does.
5. Puddings—What we say to a nuisance, and exactly perpendicular.
6. Pies—An affected gait, and related to a well.
7. Fruit—A kind of shot.

The answers are:

1. Soup—Mock turtle.
2. Fish—C. O. D.

3. Roasts—Turkey, and Sparerib with apple sauce.
4. Vegetables—Potatoes and tomatoes; Cabbage;
Beets.
5. Puddings—Sa-go, and Plum(b).
6. Pies—Mince, and Pumpkins.
7. Fruit—Grape.

CHAPTER XXV

December

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

"THE HIGH AND HOLY FESTIVAL"

TRADITIONAL SCENES OF CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS

LIKE illustrations on the page of history are the scenes that, through the magic of that marvelous vehicle for thought transference—the pen, have come down to us, so that the things of long ago are almost as vivid to our imaginations as are the remembered incidents of our own past.

More interesting than wars and factions, than doings of kings and statesmen, are the glimpses we get of the life of the people, and, best of all, our view of them in holiday mood, when enjoying themselves. We feel the "touch of nature" that makes the world akin.

Our own pleasure days and holidays are many of them lineal descendants of the old-time festivals, and none more dependent upon ancient precedent than the celebration of Christmas Day.

The celebration of the "return of the sun," which at the winter solstice began gradually to regain its power, was observed with rejoicings in many lands.

THE EARLIEST YULE-TIDE

In pagan times, the Norsemen celebrated their festival of Iol or Yule at this season, and though, strictly speak-

ing, not a precursor of Christmas, yet from it were derived, through their Saxon successors, many of the customs that later became associated exclusively with the Christian festival.

Rude, but picturesque, was the scene of their revels. The banquet-hall was usually a rough arbour, improvised for the occasion in the forest, its sides covered with fir boughs and other foliage, decorated with shields and battle-axes. The feast consisted of oxen, sheep, and goats, roasted whole in pits dug in the hillsides and lined with stones; or joints of these animals, seethed in cauldrons made of their own skins sewed together and filled with water.

Wooden cups and platters were all the table service, except the dirk-shaped knives—each man furnishing his own—and bits of soft moss that did duty for table napkins.

Above the seat of honour was hung a canopy of holly boughs and ivy. The "wassail bowl" was the skull of an enemy, and passed from hand to hand—the most ancient form of "loving-cup." The word is derived from their phrase for pledging one another—"haile" meaning health.

Having eaten and drunk to repletion, they gathered about their blazing Yule-log—the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof—to listen to the Scalds, who recited or sang in praise of the joys of fighting and of the deeds of doughty heroes, which was nearly all that represented literature to these ancient peoples.

The entertainment ended in a wild dance. "Yule" means festival or holy day.

THE SAXON CHRISTMAS

About the year 70, Clemens Romanus directed the commemoration of the Nativity to take place on the

twenty-fifth of December. Some of the apostles were then living and, doubtless, could have furnished the exact date.

The festivals of ancient superstitions had been marked by bloody sacrifices, riotous revellings, and disgraceful practices. They had no conception of a festival of cheerfulness, decency, and kindness.

The Christmas feast was the consecration of gladness, giving glory to God, showing good-will to man.

When Gregory the Great sent St. Augustine to convert the Saxons, he directed him to *accommodate* the ceremonies of Christian worship to those of the heathen, that they might not be too much startled at the change.

They were encouraged to eat the flesh of the sheep and oxen with thanksgiving, omitting their offering to their idols. At the Yuletide, their custom of decorating the places where they assembled for worship with evergreens was authorised, but connected with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when boughs of trees were used in token of rejoicing.

The mistletoe, sacred to their Scandinavian god, Balder, was accepted as a symbol of the Trinity—the berries growing in clusters of three.

The festival gradually assumed a more civilised character. The Christmas fire was still made of the famous Yule-log—which was frequently the root of a large tree, introduced into the house with much ceremony and left in “ponderous majesty” on the kitchen floor, until each had sung his Yule or Christmas carol, standing on its centre.

The word “carol” comes from “cantare,” to sing, and “rola,” an interjection of joy.

It was the custom among the young folk to throw branches and sprigs of laurel on the Christmas fire and

by the curling and crackling of the leaves to presage good or evil fortune.

The "wassail bowl" formed part of every Christmas entertainment. Its contents were wine, spiced and sweetened with roasted apples floating on its surface, but, as Leigh Hunt says: "It was a good-natured bowl, accommodating itself to the means of all classes, and was often made of ale, with nutmeg, ginger, sugar, toast and crab-apples roasted." The Saxons also drank "cyder," and "nut-brown ale" was the national beverage.

THE NORMAN CHRISTMAS

The Anglo-Norman kings were fond of magnificence, and introduced many new forms of amusement into the great festival. Splendid pageants, the interchange of valuable presents, dancing, dice-playing, jousting, tilting, and generous feasting formed part of their Christmas programme.

The accounts of their feasts include many dishes that are strange to us. Cranes were a favourite article of diet at aristocratic tables, and "dillegrout" was an important dish. This was made of chicken minced to a paste with "almond-milk," sugar, and spices. They drank hippocras, morat, mead, and claret or "clarré." There were various wines mixed with honey and spices. The morat contained mulberries.

With all their grandeur, there was little comfort; the floors were strewn with rushes, the furniture stiff, hard, and giving little ease; at table, forks were yet unknown.

In the twelfth century miracle plays were introduced. They were full of anachronisms—Herod swears by Mahomet, and Noah's wife by Mary. To relieve the tedium, comic passages were introduced, and Cain appeared in the character of a low buffoon and the

Devil was the villain of the piece. Mrs. Noah refused to go into the ark without her "gossips," and when forced to do so boxed her husband's ear.

THE ELIZABETHAN CHRISTMAS

It was in the reign of "good Queen Bess" and her immediate successors that the Christmas celebrations took place, with which song and story have made us most familiar.

The festival lasted for twelve days, during which sports of all kinds were enjoyed by high and low. Once a year the poor had their glimpse of plenty.

Immediately after the church services, the nobleman, or country gentleman of that day, stood at his own gates and distributed alms to the aged and destitute, and his servants, tenants, and dependants were feasted in the great hall of his mansion with generous hospitality.

The hall, embowered in foliage—"whatever the yeare afforded to be greene"—was opened at day-break to all. Strong ale was broached and merrily the "black jack" went round.

The great log was then brought in by a merry crew of sturdy youths and buxom maidens. When it reached its destination, before lighting it, they sat upon the huge timber and sang their Yule-song, after which they were given Yule-cakes—in the form of an infant or with an image of the child Jesus impressed upon them—and bowls of "frumenty."

Part of the log was carefully preserved with which to light the one of the following year.

"Part must be kept, wherewith to tend

The Christmas log next yeare,

And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend

Can do no mischief there."

After church and the dole at the gates the great

dinner was served at mid-day—the master, with his family and friends, sitting at a table apart. It was now that the mirth and merriment culminated. As some one has said, “Man’s gastronomic capacity must have been enlarged for the occasion, as energies expand to meet great emergencies.” We read of sixteen courses of meat alone—boar’s head, capons, geese, turkeys, peacocks (in all the bravery of their gorgeous plumage), brawn, neats-tongue, etc., concluding with mince pies and plum pudding. It certainly stimulates the appetite only to read of such plenty.

The boar’s head, wreathed with bays and served on a silver salver, was the most distinguished of Christmas dishes. Its appropriateness was due to the fact that Jews could not eat it. It was brought to the table in great state, accompanied with minstrelsy. The minstrels continued to play for the dancing that followed, while bagpipes furnished the music for the humbler folk.

Sports of many kinds were succeeded by a general assembling in the evening about the Yule fire, where songs, legendary tales and ghost stories went the rounds.

The hall was lighted only with the blaze of the Yule fire and the huge Christmas candles, wreathed with greenery. These last were types of “The Light of the World,” whose coming to dispel moral darkness was the reason for the celebration.

The host mixed the “wassail bowl” with his own hands, and all partook of it, after which it was the custom for every one to join in singing carols, of which the example was the choir of angels heralding the birth of the Redeemer.

An entertainment that shows the rudeness of the times of Elizabeth was a fox-hunt indoors. “A hunts-

man came into the hall with a fox and a cat, both tied to the end of a staff, and with them as many as twenty hounds. The animals were then loosed, and the fox and cat were set upon by the hounds and soon despatched. After which, the guests betook themselves to table."

THE PURITAN CHRISTMAS

The season of Christmas set apart for sacred observance became more and more but the occasion for revelry and excess of all kinds.

In 1625, Parliament prohibited its observance, and ten years later decreed that it should be kept as a fast. The church-wardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were fined for decorating the church with greens. The Puritans overshot the mark. "When the church refused to use her pleasant nets, Satan stole them and made them snares," so, as it was said at the time, "Father Christmas was let in at the back door."

Pepys—that delightful old gossip—describes a Christmas dinner "at night" which concluded with "a flagon of ale with apples, out of a wood cup, as a Christmas draught, which made all merry."

Cards were in great favour as a means of Christmas diversion. The crusade against them began later.

As might be supposed, the Puritans brought with them to the New World their prejudice against festivals, and Christmas was elaborately ignored. As time went on, however, the rules against its observance were relaxed. In New Amsterdam, the Dutch kept Christmas with great spirit and innocent merriment, and the fact undoubtedly had its influence upon New England in causing these festivals to become national, and "moderate festivities and rejoicing after attendance at the place where God is preached" were permitted.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHRISTMAS

There is little need to review our own observance of the great festival, which is familiar to all, but a feast was given last Christmas at a large country house that proves that its traditions are still cherished.

The woods near at hand having been laid under contribution for every sort of evergreen, the vast dining-room was like a bit of the forest itself.

All the colour was massed on the table. Holly and mistletoe formed the centrepiece, and the note of scarlet was repeated in all the decorations and dainties.

The room was lighted only by the glow of the blazing logs in a fireplace (that enlarged forever one's ideas of what a fireplace could be) and with many wax candles.

The dinner began with green turtle soup, followed by a salmon—plentiful in the time of Queen Bess, and called "the king of fish."

Next, a "venison pasty" was served—the nearest approach to an entrée known at medieval banquets—and then a turkey, most successfully cooked with all its feathers on. Our "national bird" was almost as picturesque as the peacock, with advantage on its side as to palatableness.

A trumpet next sounded, and the cook, in full official costume of white linen surcoat and cap, entered, bearing aloft a boar's head, "crowned with bays," with a lemon in its mouth.

Another flourish of trumpets later and the cook again entered, carrying a large round plum-pudding, a sprig of holly atop, and burning with blue fire—followed by the butler with a huge mince pie, and he in turn by his assistants, carrying the ingredients for mixing the "wassail bowl."

The dinner over, all gathered about the blazing logs, whereupon each in turn made a contribution of song or story for the general entertainment, as previously requested to do in the invitation.

One quoted Lady Morgan's authority for saying that in Italy the peasants go about on Christmas Eve and serenade the carpenters' shops, in honour of Joseph, together with many odd Christmas customs in other lands. Another told the story of Beowulf—the subject of the earliest Saxon epic, a favourite Christmas tale at medieval firesides. A young girl sang the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough" in a sweet, vibrant voice, and some one else told a ghost story that held all spellbound.

Before the merry party separated they all joined in singing a carol. The candles had burned low, and in the mellow light of the fire the solemnity of the season and its gracious meaning began to steal into their hearts. The feeling gave expression to their voices as they sang of Him who thought to touch the heart of humanity by sending His message of reconciliation by the hand of a little human child.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST PARTY

FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

The veil that separates the realm of spirits from that of mortals has always been held by reverent tradition—not to say superstition—to be thinner on Christmas Eve than at any other time of the year. Ghosts are said to revisit their old haunts and homes; hence the Christmas custom of relating stories of spectral visitants.

A phantom reunion is therefore appropriate to the day.

The invitations may read:

The Shade of Miss Blank
is requested to be present
at a
Meeting of the Ghosts
at
Apparition Assembly Cave
No. _____ Street
on the eve of the "Holy Night"
at nine o'clock

It is requested that each fair phantom wear
a winding-sheet

The walls of the room in which the spectres assemble should be hung with white cheese-cloth, and all lights screened with white paper shades lined with blue, to give a more ghastly effect, to which burning alcohol containing a pinch of salt will contribute.

The ghosts arrive, draped in sheets, with pillow-cases about their heads, wearing white masks and gloves. At the appearance of each female phantom the hostess says "Sh-h-h!" which all the guests repeat, but upon the arrival of a man spirit a dolorous groan is his welcome, and is taken up by the rest of the company. They move noiselessly about the room, never speaking above a sepulchral whisper. If a "graveyard" cough can be managed at intervals, the effect will be appreciated.

Each apparition must wear a distinctive mark on his or her forehead—a splash of blood-red paint, a bone attached to the top of the mask, the picture of a spade, a skull—anything gruesome. With these they are

solemnly invested as they pass from the dressing-room, and a card, with pencil attached, is given to each.

They are expected to guess one another's identity, in spite of all efforts to foil detection, and the names are to be noted on the card, accompanied by his or her special mark by way of signature.

At the sound of a bell slowly and solemnly tolled the guests add their signatures to their cards, which they then drop into a box draped with black.

If, in placing the cards within it, a slight electric shock could be delivered from a small hidden battery, the uncanny effect would be emphasised.

The one whose card bears the greatest number of correct guesses may have a prize, and another be presented to the one who has best concealed his identity.

An occasional waltz is danced to the slowest possible accompaniment of muffled music, but square dances are most appropriate if walked through with the solemn stateliness befitting the ideal ghost.

A bell is slowly tolled to announce supper, served at eleven o'clock or before, on plain white dishes, the table decorated with white flowers. The menu may keep to ghostly white consisting of clam bouillon or creamed oysters, chicken salad, sandwiches, angel cake, kisses, vanilla ice-cream, peppermints, and other white bonbons.

The guests unmask at supper, return to human, fleshly habitations, and are as merry as they please.

To be so absorbed in frolic as to ignore entirely the great event commemorated on the "holy night" would be to carry fun too far.

Upon returning to the drawing-room (from which all suggestions of gruesomeness are removed) after supper, the lights may be turned down, and after the solemn

tolling of midnight a voice from an unseen singer may thrill the auditors with the stirring notes of Adam's "Cantique de Noël," which seem to be the very utterance of the herald-angel. Or Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" on piano or organ would be most impressive, and with its triumphant proclamation would make an effective climax.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

The accounts that have come down to us of the feasts and revels of the olden days—"giving time a tongue"—are full of suggestions for our own merrymakings.

Good cheer is inseparable from the thought of Christmas, so the fittest form of hospitality is perhaps a dinner, followed by a gathering about a "roaring" wood fire—the nearest approach to a Yule-log available—where songs, stories, anecdotes, legends, and ghostly tales are exchanged and enjoyed in the sympathetic glow. A country house is the ideal setting for such festivities.

The Christmas spirit, however, may find entrance anywhere, and a modern city dining-room may be transformed into a bower with boughs of hemlock, pine, laurel, box, and holly, and with a few small Christmas trees in the windows and corners will give one quite a sense of remoteness from our prosaic century.

"The world is very young for its age," and, like the children, we like to "make believe."

The table should be lighted with candles only—white or scarlet—but without shades. These, with the fire, will give just the soft radiance that pleases both the eye and the imagination.

In the centre of the table, with a generous mass of holly forming a mound at its base, a tiny Christmas tree

may stand, lighted up with many small tapers and hung with little gifts, to be distributed as souvenirs at the close of the feast. Various small articles in silver may be had at trifling cost, and if marked with the initials of the guests, will show a personal thought for each that never fails to please. With crystals the tips of the little boughs may be made to glitter like icicles. The effect is produced by dipping the tips in a saturated solution of alum and allowing them to remain for some hours, when the alum will have crystallised about the branches in a charming manner. Strings of cranberries, or holly berries, gilded nuts, and tiny Japanese lanterns may further adorn the little tree.

Artificial trees, too, cleverly made, may be had, but if preferred a large, round basket filled with holly and tied about with wide scarlet ribbon may be substituted, or a star-shaped centrepiece may be used.

A tiny Yule-log makes a unique and appropriate decoration for the centre of the table. It should be sixteen inches long, the bark lichen-stained if possible, and hollowed out so as to be filled to overflowing with holly. Graceful ropes of foliage may be suspended from the chandelier in festoon effect and held near the edge of the table by a sprig of holly tied with a scarlet bow.

In the "colour scheme" scarlet should be introduced, as much as possible, as presenting the gayest contrast with the foliage. Sugar-almonds are made with the brightest of red covering, and for the sake of their colour may form the top layer on a dish of more toothsome confections. Scarlet icing on cake, though coloured with harmless cochineal, is apt to be regarded with suspicion, but candied or crystallised cherries on the white sugar will give a bright touch of colour.

No fruit more choice than highly polished red apples

may be selected, if we would be true to ancient pattern, and their vivid skins add much to the decorative effect of the table.

A branch of mistletoe with many pearly berries, tied with scarlet ribbon to the evergreen-wreathed chandelier, should have its place at a Christmas feast, though the traditional privileges it confers are not easily attainable in such a position.

The menu, written upon a square of parchment, upon which a sprig of holly or mistletoe, a boar's head, or a peacock on a silver salver might be painted, might read as follows:

	Turtle Soup	
	Sammon	
	Boar's Head	
	Goose-rosted	
	A Neat's Tongue with Sallets	
	Plum-pudding	
	Mince-pies	
	Kickshaws	
Cheese	Apples	Nuts

The spelling is intentional.

The boar's head, always the "*pièce de résistance*" in olden times, is not always easy to procure, though it may be had. A young pig might fittingly replace it.

Tongue, with a vegetable salad, is an appetising dish, when the meat is like velvet and the salad combines many flavours.

The plum-pudding should be of generous proportions, round, and crowned with a sprig of holly. A holly wreath should also encircle the dish. Brandy is always poured over it and set on fire before it is brought to the dining-room.

The mince pies must be oblong in shape, according to the ancient pattern—in allusion to the manger.

A recipe for making the delicious compound, copied from a cook-book written in the sixteenth century, says:

A pound of suet chopped fine
A pound of raisins chopped, stoned
A pound of currants cleaned, dry.

Two eggs, allspice beat fine, a bit of citron, a little salt, sugar to your taste, and as much brandy, cyder and good wine as you like.

The bonbons, cakes, etc., would be called by the Norman-English “quelque choses,” corrupted later into “kickshaws,” and so called by Shakespeare.

Of course, all must gather after dinner around the freshly replenished fire and “tell a tale in turn.”

The half-light is favourable to ventures out of self-consciousness, and the thought may lie warm at the heart that at no time in all the year is the world so full of happy people.

AROUND THE YULE-FIRE

With the best possible intentions, and though fully in sympathy with the Christmas spirit, our wits are not always to be relied upon when we know that something is expected of us.

A little preparation beforehand may spare us embarrassment and enable us to acquit ourselves with credit when asked for our contribution of song or story when gathered about the Yule-fire.

One might tell of the Christmas superstitions, long held as articles of faith—how it was believed that oxen kneel in their stalls on Christmas Eve in adoration of the Nativity, and for one hour have the power of speech. For that one hour, too, on the “holy night,” the lost

spirits have rest. Judas sleeps. Herod ceases to clank his chains. The daughter of Herodias may pause in the dance in which she is condemned to spin forever, and Pilate's ghost ceases its wanderings on Mt. Pilatus. It was believed, too, that the sound of church bells could be heard wherever a church had stood, though no trace of the edifice remain, and that on that pregnant night one sleeping in a manger would see his future in a vision.

Another might entertain the company with an account of the origin of our own Christmas customs. For instance: There is a legend in Germany that, when Eve plucked the fatal apple, immediately the leaves of the tree shrivelled into needle-points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love-gifts; the curse is turned to a blessing by the coming of the Christ-child—and we have our Christmas tree.

St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, was a saint of the fourth century, of fabulous beneficence and goodness. He loved children, and was therefore adopted as the patron saint of school-boys. His was a genial, kindly nature, and a beautiful exception to the asceticism of his age.

The example of the entrance of the good saint into modern homes was first set him by Hertha, a Norse goddess. At the festival held in her honour, the houses were decked with evergreens and an altar of stones set up at the end of the hall where the family assembled.

Hence from Hertha's stones the word "hearth-stone." Upon these stones were heaped fir-branches,

which were set on fire and the goddess was supposed to descend through the dense smoke and influence the direction of the flames, from which the fortunes of those present were predicted.

The good St. Nicholas, once overtaken by a severe storm, took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas, preached to the gentle nuns a wonderful sermon. They begged him to return the following year and teach them again. At his second visit, before going to bed, he asked each of the nuns to lend him a stocking, which he filled with sugar-plums, in requital of their hospitality. This is the origin of our Christmas-stocking.

It was believed that holly composed our Lord's crown of thorns, and that the berries, white before, were stained by his blood.

Mutton was the only meat that originally entered into the composition of mince pies—in commemoration of the flocks watched on the holy night by the shepherds of Bethlehem. The spices were supposed to be suggestive of the Wise Men from the Orient—the land of spices.

From the earliest times, it seems to have been an accompaniment of festival seasons to exchange gifts and make donations to the poor. In the book of Esther, the Jews were enjoined to "make them days of feasting and joy, and of sending of portions to one another, and of gifts to the poor."

The rehearsal of stories that formed the subject of the old songs that were popular at Christmas firesides through the ages would please by their quaintness and interest by their antiquity.

Among the most charming were those of Taliesin, one of the greatest of the old British bards. His "Song of Pleasant Things" has the same out-of-door

freshness that is characteristic of nearly all the great English poets. He makes us see the branches bowing in the wind, the scurrying leaves, the long brambles full of berries of autumn, the ripe luxuriance of the long, slow days of summer, and spring's "blossom-covered trees."

Never, however, could the harpers sing a song too fierce for the war-loving Saxons, who believed that only those who died in battle might find entrance to the Hall of Odin. Best liked of all, therefore, was the song of Beowulf, the hero whose deeds were known to all the Northern races, and interesting to us, too, as being the first poem ever written in the Anglo-Saxon language, though embodying a Scandinavian legend.

The "Song of Crede," the "Song of Bailé the Sweet-spoken and the Princess Aillin," the "Deeds of Urien," and the legendary story of Caedmon, the first writer of Christian hymns—all these are accessible to the reader of early English literature.

Many of the ancient carols, with the notes, may be had, and any one with a pleasing voice may give much delight to an audience already predisposed to appreciation by the spirit of the hour, by singing without accompaniment one of these quaint old songs.

The realm of spirits was always thought to be nearer that of mortals on Christmas than at any other time. Hence the custom of telling around the Yule-fire stories of ghostly visitants. It would be a simple matter for one to choose from our abundant supply of uncanny literature and memorise a story that would furnish the necessary "creeps."

Those who are not fond of tales of the supernatural may appreciate the following "true ghost story":

A young woman, visiting at a country house one

autumn, had been thrilled with delicious horrors by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins told by certain of her fellow-guests about a generous fire just before they separated for the night. The next morning she appeared at the breakfast table, ready for departure, and when pressed to explain her reason for going, confessed that she was afraid to sleep under that roof another night. She said that about midnight she was awakened by a stealthy step, and to her horror saw a spectre all in white at the foot of the bed, and it raised its claw-like hands and deliberately drew the coverlid from off the bed. There was no hallucination about it, for the coverlid was gone!

While the interest was at its height, a belated breakfaster appeared and remarked genially: "How cold it was last night! Knowing that the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of helping myself to an extra covering from there!"

Christmas ghosts are beneficent beings, and no tale that represents them otherwise than as instinct with "goodwill to men" *can* be true.

"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still,
And all the world be jolly!"

OLD CHRISTMAS GAMES, SPORTS, AND DIVERSIONS

To enjoy the ideal Christmas one must spend it in the country in a wide, hospitable house, filled with one's favourite kindred—not forgetting the children—and from the fireside of which no member of the home circle is absent.

It is but a poor imitation of the real Christmas that

city folk have, and it is becoming more and more the pleasant custom for those who have country houses to open them for a few days at the holiday season and take possession with a merry party of friends. In their entertainment they follow as many as possible of the hearty old Christmas customs that helped to give to the "tight little Mother Isle" the name of "Merrie England."

By concerted prearrangement, other house-parties are given at the houses of neighbours, and other friends are encouraged to "stop over Christmas," at an inn, perhaps, by the promise of a share in all the fun.

Such joyous revels lay up happy memories. The main requirements are hearts warm with the genial, generous spirit of Christmas, the right companions, and an open fire.

There are many accessories, however, that add much to the pleasure of the Yule-tide, and to "keep alive the flavour of the honest days of yore" and avail ourselves of its traditional observances seems almost as much a duty as a privilege.

The rooms, of course, should be generously adorned with "pine, laurel, bay, box, and holly," for their pungent, spicy odours belong to Christmas-time as the breath of violets and the smell of young leaves do to the spring.

A review of ancient customs—our heritage of fun and frolic from the ages—gives suggestions for our own merry-makings.

Christmas eve, the holy day itself, and the evening of Christmas—to each belong its own peculiar forms of interest, amusement, and "merrie disport."

CHRISTMAS EVE

The bringing in of the Yule-log was the chief ceremony in the days of our English forebears on Christmas eve.

It was always the largest log procurable, and all the youngsters had to have a hand in carrying it to the fireplace—by means of ropes about the middle and either end—which was made the more difficult in that the favourite joke was for each party to try to drop the end on his neighbour's toes.

Just before it was deposited on the hearth, as many as could find room stood upon it and sang a carol or Yule-song, joined in by every one present. It was then lighted, and every one threw upon it a bit of evergreen, at the same time expressing some wish for a blessing on the roof-tree—all of which we may easily follow. When the great log is ablaze, all other lights are extinguished save the Christmas candles—three great wax tapers among them larger than the rest—their number in honour of the Trinity. They were anciently believed to keep away evil spirits, for, though on Christmas Eve no malicious spirit had permission to be abroad, superstitious faith required to be reinforced by every precaution. As all gathered around the ample hearth, the wassail bowl was often brewed—instead of at the Christmas board—by the head of the house. The etiquette of the occasion required that each contribute a song, story, legend, or recital of personal adventure, after having had a second recourse to the inspiration of the wassail bowl. Its contents are explained in a preceding chapter.

Stories that still enjoy a hearty old age were told at medieval firesides, but as midnight approached, when the children were safe in bed, dreaming of the joys of the morrow, the narration took the form of ghost stories. The spell of the supernatural was upon them on the "holy night." At modern firesides, the custom still survives.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

A thoughtful wit once said that the way to be happy is "to do as you please, and *have done* what you ought." So, the social pleasures of Christmas Day will not have their fullest flavour unless the religious claims of the day are allowed.

"At Christmas be merrie—and thankful withal"; so a service in commemoration of the first Christmas, and the recognition of the meaning to us, are the first of our duties.

The walk or drive to church through the keen frosty air—brightening to the spirits and making one feel thoroughly and delightfully alive—is just the preparation for the appreciation of the Christmas anthems with their notes of triumphant gladness.

If we also have done our part in giving the poor a share in the plenty and pleasure which we enjoy, we shall begin to think it worth while to do good for the pure luxury of the feeling!

At luncheon it adds to the interest of the meal to have old Christmas dishes form part of the menu. One "Fromenty" was made of wheat-cakes boiled in milk, spiced and sugared, with raisins and a dash of wine.

After luncheon some may care for sleighing or skating, others for out-of-door games.

The rural sports at Christmas time in England were chiefly confined to the yeoman class, while the great folk formed the audience. Contests in climbing a greased pole—a prize awaiting the most successful at its top; catching a greased pig, three-legged races, etc., were among the sports that they enjoyed heartily and vigorously.

As the tenantry on our estates are presumably con-

spicuous by their absence, we must e'en follow our sports in person, and thereby probably lose nothing of fun.

A THREE-LEGGED RACE

Some of the energetic youngsters may care to try a three-legged race. Four contestants submit to be tied together in couples, the right leg of one firmly strapped to the left leg of his companion just below the knee and at the ankle. They are carried or dragged to the starting-place, and some one counts the time-honoured formula, "One, two, three—go!" At the word "Go!" they start, or try to; sometimes coming down upon their knees or falling ignominiously flat, to be helped up, amid the cheers of their sympathisers or howls of derision. The two who are able to reach the goal first win the race, and are presented with a burlesque prize.

A SACK RACE

A sack race is very amusing. Stout bags of burlap must be provided, large enough to incase the legs of the contestants up to the waist, and if the whole person is covered to the chin the test will be the more amusing. Any number may enter the lists, and start together at a given signal. They fare onward by a series of leaps, and if they roll over—a frequent experience—they must contrive to pick themselves up, or lie on the ground in hopeless defeat. The one who is still on his legs when all others are worsted wins the race.

LAWN SKITTLES

Lawn skittles may be played indoors or out. To the top of a pole, firmly fixed in the ground or floor, a ball is suspended by a rope. Two places at equal distances from the pole at either side are marked out. Upon one, nine large, heavy ninepins are set up, and the player stands at the other. He takes the ball and

swings it around the pole, aiming to knock down the ninepins. Each player is entitled to six chances. Sometimes sides are formed of an equal number of players, and the competition is the keener. The number in the game, and the counting as well, is determined by the players among themselves.

These games will be an excellent preparation for the Christmas dinner.

The subject of this feast has been considered in detail elsewhere, but at its close the following toast may be given:

“All joie and jollitie
Wait on thy holiday;
True love and friendliness
Hallow thy happiness!”

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

After dinner, the elders gather around the freshly replenished fire. Some may perhaps play round games of cards that usually had part in the old-time Christmas celebrations, while the children indulge in the dear old romping games that have contributed to the joy of childhood through so many generations.

Blindman's-buff is, of course, one of these—anciently called “hoodman blind,” from the fact that at first the blindman wore the loose coat of the period, with a hood like a monk's cowl, which was drawn over the head far enough to cover the eyes.

Blindman's Wand may not be so familiar. Directions for playing it are given elsewhere. It comes to us from the Germans.

The children are usually soon joined in their games by the youths and maidens, and finally even the elders come under the spell of Christmas and frolic with the best.

We have Tennyson's warrant for certain games and amusements as belonging to Christmas. He says:

"Charades and riddles, as at Christmas here," and "What's My Thought?" and "How and When and Where." Charades are an evolution of the "Masques"—which were given in dumb show, no speaking being allowed. One of the forms of pantomime easiest to give impromptu is to represent the titles of books, in which two or three of the company in turn are the actors, and the rest form the audience and try to guess what books the former try to suggest.

The last one might be given by a young man on a step-ladder fastening a bit of mistletoe to the chandelier, a girl holding it firm as the man steps down, suggesting Darwin's "Descent of Man." The mistletoe being now in place, the young men may avail themselves of its traditional privileges.

Mistletoe is sacred because its berries grow in clusters of three—emblematic of the Trinity.

People used to hang bits around their necks as a safeguard from witches, but Sandys says: "In modern times, it has a tendency to lead us *toward* witches—of a more attractive kind."

The maid that was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within the year—so the tradition goes. Brand says that the ceremony was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. When all the berries were gone, the privilege ceased.

Riddles must not be forgotten as part of the Christmas entertainment. A riddle by Sir Thomas Wyatt (age of Henry VIII.) might be given when under the mistletoe:

"A lady gave me a gift she had not,
And I received her gift which I took not,
And if she take it again, I care not."

The answer is peculiarly timely, being appropriate to leap year under the mistletoe.

Young and old join in playing games. Tennyson's couplet, before quoted, refers to one that has never lost its popularity.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Any one may begin the game by asking each person of the company in turn, "What is my thought like?" To which each person answers by mentioning some object—the first that occurs to mind—merely avoiding the repetition of what others have said. The one whose thought has thus been conjectured to be like so many different things keeps the answers in memory or may write them down, and then announcing what his thought really was, proceeds to ask each player how that thought can be made to resemble what he or she said it was like. This taxes the ingenuity of each player, for an answer of some kind must be found, complimentary or the reverse. It is one of the instances where the truth is not insisted upon.

For example: To the question, "What is my thought like?" the first player says a carpet, the second a piano, and in succession they mention a tree, a road, a church, laughter, crying, ice-cream, a clock. The questioner then says: "My thought was of Mrs. —, here. Why is she like a carpet?"

"Because she lets herself be trodden upon and walked over."

"And why like a piano?"

"Because she gives so many persons pleasure."

"Why is she like a tree?"

"Because she helps to make the world pleasant."

"And why like a road?"

"Because she is much travelled."

"Why do you think her like a church?"

"Because her influence is uplifting."

"And why like laughter?"

"Because she is merry."

"And how like crying?"

"Because she brings relief to sad feelings."

"And how does she resemble ice-cream?"

"Because every one likes her."

"And how can she be like a clock?"

"Because she has a face and hands; she can run and strike, and the room is pleasanter where she is."

The answers all made, the leader or questioner may then say: "Now tell me 'What my thought is *not like* ?'"

"Why is Mrs. — unlike a carpet?"

"Because a carpet is all on a dead level, and 'custom cannot stale her infinite variety.'"

"Why does she not resemble a piano?"

"Because it is full of airs and she is most unaffected."

"In what way is she unlike a tree?"

"A tree is green and she is quite '*au courant*.'"

"And why is she not like a road?"

"Because a road is common property and she is most exclusive."

"Why does she not resemble a church?"

"Because no one goes unwillingly to her."

"And why is she not like laughter?"

"Because she has her serious moments."

"And why unlike crying?"

"Because she is happy-hearted and smiles come to her readily."

"Why is she not like ice-cream?"

"Because she is not cold."

"And why unlike a clock?"

"Because a clock reminds one of the flight of time, and she makes you forget it."

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE?

Another diverting game is "How, When, and Where?" One person leaves the room and the others choose some word that has several meanings, so that the answers may confuse and mislead. Upon return of the absent one, he puts the question, "How do you like it?" to each person in succession, some of whom give an answer appropriate to one meaning of the word and others to quite a different one. If not successful in discovering the word, he goes the rounds again, and asks this time, "When do you like it?" and a third time, if necessary, inquiring of each person, "Where do you like it?"

The one whose answer gives him the best clue to the discovery becomes the questioner in his turn. Should one fail to guess the chosen word at the third round, he must go out again unless some one volunteers to take his place.

For example, the word "cord" might be chosen. There is a chord in music, a cord of wood, and cord meaning twine. Or one might take "trunk." There is a trunk of a tree, the human torso, a traveller's box, the elephant's proboscis, and a trunk line of railway.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

"Christmas Candles" is a good old-timer. A lighted candle is placed upon a table. Each player, in turn, is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it. He is then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out.

HOT COCKLES

is always mentioned in old accounts of Christmas festivities, and is probably one of the oldest of games. A player, kneeling down, conceals his face in the lap of another—but on his back places one hand, the palm turned outward. Each person of the company then advances in turn and administers a slap on the open hand, the person kneeling meanwhile trying to guess, without looking, to whom he owes his punishment. If he guess correctly, the one whom he has detected must take his place. There is a famous painting of monks playing at "Hot Cockles" in their monastery garden, called "*Main-chaude*," the French name of the old game.

Certain games belong equally to Christmas and to Hallowe'en, of which one is

SNAPDRAGON

A number of raisins are placed in a dish and alcohol is poured over them and set on fire. The object is to withdraw them one by one. If done very quickly, the fingers will not be burned.

Another is

BOB-APPLE

This game always makes no end of fun. In an accessible place a tub of water is set, into which a number of apples with long stems are thrown. Each contestant in turn kneels before the tub and tries to secure an apple by its stem, between his teeth. The one who captures the greatest number has a prize and is crowned with the apple-parings.

As the evening wears on, the fun waxes fast and furious. Any self-respecting garret in a country house should have the wherewithal to furnish costumes for the "Christmas Mummings." Any bits of old-time

finery—if gaudy, so much the better—are welcome for the burlesque imitation of the ancient custom.

Old “Father Christmas” is the charlatan and “Master of the Revels.” He leads the van, wearing a ruff, short cloak and peaked hat, and in his train come “Dame Plum-Pudding,” “Sir Loin-of-Beef” or “Robin Hood” and his followers. They should carry tin horns and toy drums, and after noisy demonstrations, dance a gay dance, called “The Hobby-Horse.” It resembles an old-fashioned quadrille, danced with the “steps” and “pigeon-wings” in favour among our great grandparents, while each man bestrides a stick with a toy horse’s head at the end.

“Hippocras” should be served, a beverage so like our modern “cup” that it may well masquerade under the old-time name. Of course, music must not be lacking—a harpist and an old fiddler would furnish the ideal accompaniment to the dancing. A “Sir Roger de Coverley”—better known among us as the Virginia reel—in which all take part, always makes a merry ending.

Edward German’s charming music of the “Shepherd’s Dance,” the “Morris Dances,” etc., of Henry VIII.’s time, would be most pleasing and appropriate. All should join in singing a carol before parting for the night—as a fitting close to the great festival of Christendom.

CHAPTER XXVI

Children's Parties

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

IN planning for a children's party, one should begin with the little host or hostess and endeavour to instil into the mind and heart of the budding man or woman the truth that "the pleasure of giving pleasure is the pleasantest kind of pleasure."

Let the child write the invitations with but guidance sufficient to convey clearness without suppressing spontaneity and the childish turn of expression.

The diminutive note-paper adorned with pictures from Mother Goose or other childish classic, at the top of the page, as well as the sense of importance and the novelty, will make the effort less irksome.

It is well to limit the number of guests to twenty or thereabout, and the happiest results follow where the little guests are of about the same age.

It is wisest to ask tiny children—those from two to six years old—in the afternoon rather than in the evening. If they come at three, play until five or half-past, and then have tea and go home, there will be fewer tears shed than if they stay later, when they are sure to be cross, tired, and out of sorts.

From four to eight is the best time for children from seven to twelve years old. This permits supper to

come midway—say about six, and gives time for play after it. When the boys and girls enter their teens their invitations may be from six to ten o'clock, a light supper being served shortly after their arrival and the ice-cream and cake before they leave. Late hours are bad for young people, who have to be up betimes.

An assistant will be found invaluable, and a programme of the games and other features of the entertainment should be made out beforehand, with a reserve fund upon which to draw as necessity arises. The secret of success is not to continue one thing until the guests tire of it.

If the party is in honour of a birthday, the rooms should be made to look as festal as possible, and the birthday flower have distinct prominence.

Such days should be made bright for the children—"memorable with flowers and music, colour and light, so that by-and-by sound and scent, with the subtle force of association, may bring the long-past scenes back again and make the weary man or woman for a moment once more a child.

"There should always be a thought of others in the celebration as soon as the child is old enough to understand the pleasure of giving pleasure. Besides the little guests asked to the feast, something should be done for less fortunate children in the neighbourhood whose luxuries are few. The number of children remembered might correspond with the years of the child's life. Ice-cream and flowers may be sent to the sick, and cake, fruit or candy to those who are well."

To children, one of the chief attractions of a party is to have something to carry home, some tangible evidence of the pleasure that so soon becomes only a memory. Some trifling souvenir should therefore be provided for

each little guest, and if it may be bestowed in some entertaining or amusing way, so much the better.

When the hour for the entertainment has arrived, the older person who receives with the little host or hostess should be so cordial in her greeting that the child may have a very gratifying sense of being warmly welcome.

Give the boys a boisterous reception. They need to be set at ease, and noisy demonstrations are to their taste.

Meanwhile, the pianist should be in place, playing lively airs, and the assistant busily engaged in drawing into some simple ring game the children that have already arrived. The active games and the more quiet ones should be alternated, for each enhances the enjoyment of the other.

If there are any preparations to be made in which the larger boys can help, they will feel honoured and pleased at being depended upon.

When everything is done for children, they lose half the fun. Of course, a Punch-and-Judy show, magic lantern, or sleight of hand performance is always much enjoyed, but nothing should *take the place* of merry, hearty, active games. Look at their faces, if it be doubted which entertainment brings the readiest smiles.

At birthday parties it is customary for the little guests to bring some trifling gifts to their comrade, host or hostess, who will probably need no prompting in the expression of delighted thanks—if the presents come as a surprise, as, indeed, they should.

Prizes and penalties play important parts in the entertainment. The former should be numerous, but inexpensive—the honour of winning constituting their chief value. The forfeits add to the fun, but must be chosen so that the amusement for the rest of the company

shall not be at the expense of the culprit. When the gathering is in honour of a birthday, much emphasis should be placed upon that fact.

While the little host or hostess should not be allowed to forget the courtesy due to the guests, he or she holds for the moment the most prominent place.

A crown may be made from the birthday flowers by cutting a foundation of pasteboard and sewing or wiring the flowers upon it. When supper is ready, this should be placed on the head of the child whose birthday is being celebrated. The other children may be provided with the fantastic paper caps that come in German bonbons, or with grotesque home-made ones of variously coloured paper muslin.

Wearing these, the children should march to the supper-room to the music of a lively march, in groups corresponding to the age of the child—that is, six together, or eight together, according to the number of years of the child in whose honour the party is being given. The birthday flower should be pinned on the breast of each child as a *boutonnière*.

The supper menu should be simple, so that no after-penalty shall mar the memory of “a lovely time.”

Bouillon in cups, chicken patties or croquettes, or creamed chicken in paper cases or with peas, sandwiches of dressed lettuce, rolled and tied with ribbons, cakes, bonbons, ice-cream in flower moulds or any other device, appropriate to any special season—hearts for St. Valentine's Day, Santa Claus, reindeer or sleighs for Christmas, stars for Twelfth-Night, eggs in a nest of spun sugar for Easter, etc.

In the evening, lemonade is the favourite beverage, to which other fruit juices are sometimes added. For

daylight parties chocolate is most liked. "Costume mottoes" must not be forgotten.

At a birthday party the cake with its coloured candles should hold the place of honour. Sometimes it is iced to represent the face of a clock, the hands pointing to the number on the dial that indicates the child's age. The candles are then omitted.

A ring, coin and thimble are often baked within the cake. The child's Christian name and the year of his birth and the present date are often written in pink icing upon the surface of the white—pink candles, set in tiny roses, forming a wreath around its edge. Of course, the number of the candles must correspond to the child's age—one for each year since the lamp of life was lighted. These candles are blown out by the little guests, while each in turn makes a secret wish for the "birthday girl" or boy.

The wax tapers used on Christmas trees are the most suitable, and the colours chosen to harmonise with the other decorations. The small tin holders with little sharp spikes underneath are the usual means of fastening them on the cake. They may be concealed by a wreath of the birthday flower.

A Jack Horner pie covered with paper crust and frills conceals within it a tiny gift for every child present.

It may also be adapted in shape for the occasion—heart-shaped, star-shaped, etc., and a capital imitation of a plum-pudding, with a sprig of holly atop, is one of the new devices for holding gifts. The presents are wrapped in paper tied with ribbons, and ribbons hang from the outside, those for the boys and girls being of different shades.

Each child holds a ribbon, while some one counts slowly, "One, two, three!" Whereupon all pull simul-

taneously, and each one finds a gift at the end of his ribbon.

The caterers have many novelties every year—one of the latest is a pie surmounted by a doll dressed as "Bo Peep," surrounded by her flock of woolly lambs.

A mound of paper roses may form the centrepiece on the table, and when passed around the roses are found to have gifts tied to them for the girls, and the leaves for the boys. A rose-ball is another pretty device to hold little presents, and is formed of a globe-shaped wire frame covered with pink paper roses.

Pink ribbons for the girls and green for the boys, falling from the ball, indicate their gifts. After supper and the distribution of the presents, the good-byes are said.

Grown folk sometimes admit that they have birthdays and celebrate them, particularly when under thirty.

There are cakes to be had at the caterers, iced in wedge-shaped sections, like the divisions of a pie, alternately pink and white, to distinguish those for the ladies from those intended for the other sex.

It is found, when about to cut it, that it is already divided, and each section of cake is held in a separate wedge-shaped box, the cover of which is the iced portion of the apparent cake. The sections contain a ring, signifying marriage for its recipient; a thimble or button, celibacy; coin, wealth; a silver horseshoe pin, good luck; a tiny spoon, an engagement. All the rest may contain some complimentary sentiment, as for instance:

"Gay without folly, good without pretense,
Blest with that rarest virtue—common sense."

"Far richer gems than beauty you possess—
The power of pleasing and the wish to bless."

"So hard to please that, youth's bright season past,
Your fate will be the 'crooked stick' at last."

"One there is who holds you dear,
Whose heart is light when you are near."

"The sweetest maiden of them all,
You'll wed a fellow six feet tall."

The couplets may be adapted to younger subjects, and for girls and boys of from fourteen to seventeen such a cake would probably contribute a pleasing feature for the supper-table.

DECEMBER

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

For a Christmas party an "Ice Palace" or "The Home of Santa Claus" will please the children as the setting for a frolic.

The walls of the room are covered with white cheesecloth, moistened with weak gum-arabic water and powdered with mica-dust.

The draperies should not be arranged with uniformity, but drawn over furniture that is set against the wall, so as to suggest snow-drifts. Sheets cover the floor, and small Christmas trees of various sizes are disposed about the room, each with its load of snow (cotton covered with mica).

Hidden lights, screened with papers, cast cold blue and green reflections, and jagged bits of combed-out cotton, frosted, hang like icicles from various points. Screens, covered with sheets to which sprays of evergreen are attached, help to break up the appearance of indoor uniformity of the room.

Santa Claus, or Father Christmas, dressed in red

gown, with pointed hood drawn over his head, white hair and long beard, may be the leader of the sports.

Two boys may be harnessed with red ribbon reins, covered with folly bells, to a sled and enter the room, prancing and with much merry jingling of the bells. Upon the sled should be a huge snowball, containing for every child present a gift, hidden in the centre of a smaller snowball.

The ball is made of several ordinary wooden hoops, fixed inside one another crosswise so as to give a rude framework of a sphere. It is then covered with common white muslin, leaving a long opening at one side to admit of the presents being put in and taken out again. Over the muslin, cotton batting should be lightly tacked to give it the appearance of snow.

The little hostess, dressed all in white, dusted with mica-powder, might represent "The Snow Queen," or, crowned with holly and with gauzy wings, the Christmas Fairy. She should distribute the presents—each one rolled in cotton, and encased in an outer envelope of white crêpe paper, moistened with mucilage and coated with the frost powder.

A merry peal of sleigh-bells should summon the children to supper.

A very effective climax would be a snow-storm, the machine for making which may be bought at trifling cost.

This, after the supper, will be all the diversion needed until the good-byes are said.

JANUARY

TWELFTH-DAY

Almost any of the suggestions previously given for Twelfth-Night observance would be as appropriate to

children's frolics as to those of their elders. Many would think them *more* suited to those not yet arrived at the years of discretion.

When the little folk have arrived, it would be well to explain in very few words and as dramatically as possible the *reason* for the celebration—a rapid sketch of the star-guided journey of the Wise Men, the custom through the ages of observing twelve holidays succeeding Christmas, the fun culminating on the twelfth and last day in the effort to get all the pleasure possible before the merry season closed.

The special features of the day may be recounted—the cakes, “drawing for characters,” the mimic court, the king and queen determined by the ring and coin, etc. The children will then be prepared for a more intelligent and interested participation in the sports.

At such an entertainment recalled by the writer, the children were ushered into a small room adjoining the drawing-room where they were assembled, which they found in almost total darkness, the only light coming from a tiny star twinkling in one corner of the ceiling where it joined the wall. During the few moments' reverent or curious gazing at the star, the hostess took occasion to make the explanation suggested above. When she reached the point in her narrative in which she told of medieval customs and their “merry disport,” the electric lights were turned on, the star was made to disappear in the billows of white gauze that did duty for clouds surrounding it, and the room was found to be lavishly decorated with greenery and many Christmas trees, which had been procured at a trifling cost, it being after Christmas. In the centre of the room was a round table wreathed in garlands of green, upon which was a large cake, iced smoothly in white, to look like snow.

A fairy with gauzy wings surmounted it, wand in hand, who was supposed to guide the choice of the King and Queen of the Revels—these latter being determined by the chance of ring and coin. The loaf was cut, and besides the fates' selection of their Majesties, one little girl was made happy by discovering in her wedge of cake a bit of paper wrapped in tin foil which she was encouraged to open, finding thereon the words, "The one who gets this may have the fairy doll."

The children then returned to the drawing-room, where they found Father Christmas and his (toy) goat, according to medieval precedent. He was dressed in a long red robe, furred with (canton flannel) ermine, and invited the girls to plunge their hands in his right-hand pocket and the boys in his left, from which each withdrew a card. Every card had upon it a name such as "Herald," "Jester," "Lady in Waiting," "Train-Bearer," "Page," "Maid of Honour," etc. During this ceremony, the little King and Queen had been detained in the "star-room," and now reappeared, arrayed in trailing robes of Turkey red, crowned with gilt paper, and carrying sceptres of croquet mallets, covered with the same rich substance.

The children then one by one retired to the little room and were quickly invested by the hostess with a bit of costume appropriate to the character chosen. The herald wore a paper cap and held a tin trumpet, the jester a parti-coloured cap, with cape falling over his shoulders, cut in points, with a folly-bell on each. The ladies-in-waiting had long trains fastened to their waists or shoulders, and feathered head-dresses, for which the dusters had been despoiled and embroidery hoops utilized, both covered with gilt paper.

The herald blew his trumpet with a flourish, and all

marched in procession around the room, led by the King and Queen, to the music of a lively march, played alternately fast and slow, until, when all were scurrying merrily, the music stopped, and one game after another was played, guided by the King of the Revels, prompted by Father Christmas.

Before supper was served, a hobby-horse quadrille (described among Christmas festivities) was danced to conclude with.

At the little feast that followed, cakes galore adorned the table, in the midst of which was a centrepiece of a large star of white flowers outlined with holly.

To every child was given a "Twelfth-Day Cake" of some unusual pattern—round cakes with pale-pink frosting, surmounted with candied rose-leaves set so as to look like a full-blown rose; daisy cakes iced in pale-green, upon which blanched almonds were set in a circle with the heart of the flower of yellow "fondant." There were violet cakes with lilac icing and candied violets set upon them so as to resemble the flower, and heart-shaped ones, the sugar atop coloured with fruit red, and bordered with French candied cherries, following the outlines. Stars of Bethlehem were baked in star-shaped tins, iced in white with a marshmallow upon each. Every one had some little feature to mark it as different from commonplace, everyday cakes.

The children looked so disappointed at being despoiled of their finery that they were allowed to keep it and take it home "to show mamma."

FEBRUARY

A ST. VALENTINE PARTY

The world improves in common-sense as it grows older, though it may be the fashion to decry the present and talk of the "good old times."

The "outdoor girl" of to-day, with her frank manners, her healthy-mindedness, is a distinct improvement on the Early Victorian young lady with her delicate sensibilities, her "vapours," and affectations.

At children's parties, the change is very marked. Time was when "kissing games" were the only ones favoured, and the wee things played at love and rehearsed personal preferences and jealousies as though to prepare for the larger stage of society. Now even on St. Valentine's Day all such artificialities are eschewed, and while preserving the special character of the day for the sake of novelty, the games have no premature suggestions.

A Heart Hunt makes a good beginning. As is elsewhere explained, red paper hearts, or the little white sugar-and-flour ones with red-lettered inscriptions, are hidden all about the rooms. When the preparation is made for children, it must be remembered not to hide anything beyond the reach of short arms, and an occasional chocolate heart or one of sugar, a heart-shaped peppermint or "cookie" might vary the monotony of the "find."

A prize of a small heart-shaped bonbonnière would be appreciated by the one who finds the most hearts.

A resting game might follow, pads and pencils be distributed, and the children set to work to see which can make the most words out of the letters contained in "heart." A heart-shaped pen-wiper would answer for a prize.

Next they may play at

CUPID'S TARGET

As children are not usually skilful with bow and arrow, and awkwardness or failure causes embarrassment, the following directions will be found useful:

Cut a large heart out of red cardboard two feet square.

Take six small strips of poplar wood and drive pins in their ends to serve as arrows. Make a number of small red paper hearts about two inches wide, one for each person, upon which the names are written, with a pin in each.

Tack up the large heart against a door and ask each guest to throw a dart in turn, being first blindfolded, since "Love is blind," and chance must direct.

From wherever the arrow happens to stick, it is withdrawn and the small paper heart of the archer with his or her name upon it is pinned exactly over the spot that was pierced.

When all have their representative hearts in place on the target, the lady's prize should be given to the one whose arrow is nearest the centre, and another prize awarded to the most successful marksman.

A sugar cupid, two heart-shaped pin-cushions tied together at their widest ends by a true lover's knot of ribbon, a pen-wiper of the same suggestive form, are some of the inexpensive trifles that are easily procurable.

For the closing game the children would not fail to enjoy

HEART-QUOITS

The game requires a little preparation beforehand. Instead of the usual rings to be thrown over a stake, the quoits are in the form of hearts—three for each player. These are easily made of picture-wire bent into shape, wound with tissue paper, and then with scarlet satin ribbon, or red tissue paper will answer as well. Three stakes are then set in as many boxes. Holes made in the lids and bricks inside the boxes will keep the stakes upright and in place. One box is covered with yellow tissue paper, covered with gold paper disks, the stake

being wound with gilt paper. This represents "wealth," and the hearts that are caught upon this stake count five points in the game for each quoit.

The second stake represents "fame," and the box is covered with white crêpe-paper flecked with silver. A new tin fish-horn to represent the trumpet of fame does duty for the stake, the mouth-piece at the top. The hearts caught by this stake count ten points each to the marksman.

The third stake is set within a wreath of roses in a box covered with pink paper. This represents "love," and the hearts that fall upon this stake count twenty-five points each to the player. Love's stake should be higher than the rest—calling for exertion of a higher order—and placed in the middle so as to be given greater prominence.

The little object-lesson may not be thrown away. If it be desired to carry it further, a much higher stake, on a fourth box, might be added to represent "goodness."

The box should be covered with white paper, and a white dove might be placed on the box. They may be bought at the florists for fifty or seventy-five cents, and hired for less.

This stake should be placed behind the one dedicated to love, thus having the central position and being raised much higher. The difficulty increases the honour of success. The hearts that reach this stake count fifty each.

The game may be set at five hundred—or more, if desired. The player whose record shows the highest score may receive some really desirable prize—at the discretion of the hostess. If love be the highest stake, a little girl might be crowned with the wreath of paper roses that lay at its stake; if goodness, the child that

wins might like to own the dove. The boy's prize might be a game of Quoits or Ring-Toss, or a good bow and set of arrows.

Needless to say that at the little feast that follows, everything that can be in heart-shape should be given that form.

A valentine at each place will answer for name-cards. One feature of the supper might be a *tart* for each child, baked heart-shape, "sent with the compliments of the Queen of Hearts, whose tarts are well known to fame."

AN EASTER PARTY

The children were invited to a midday dinner, with games and sports to follow, and were much pleased to find a thoroughly Easter repast. The centrepiece was a large nest of spun sugar in which were "surprise eggs" for every child present.

Perched upon each name-card was a small butterfly—painted upon Watman paper, cut out, its body held to the card by a drop of mucilage and the wings raised as though about to fly. The menu was as follows:

Clear Soup, with Egg-balls

Shad-roe

Roast Chicken (Developed Eggs)

Potato Balls, Egg-shaped in Nest of Spaghetti

Individual Portions of Pease in Spinach Nests

Omelette Soufflée

Ice-cream Eggs

The children found much pleasure after dinner in hunting for coloured eggs which had been concealed about the rooms in all imaginable places. The one who found the largest number won the prize of an egg painted to resemble a baby's face, and which, with cap and flowing robe, made a fairly acceptable doll.

Another, with fool's-cap and grinning painted face, representing a clown, was the "booby" prize.

They then amused themselves with the old game, "Matching Eggs," hitting their ends together to see which was hardest—the one who succeeded in cracking the eggs of his opponents being the winner.

They next tried the "Potato Race," using eggs instead of potatoes, until it was proposed to play an Easter game for which preparation had been made in an up-stairs sitting-room.

Attention was there directed to several small envelopes filled with flower-seeds, and to each package was attached a cord of a different colour. Each person was invited to choose a cord and follow where it should lead—for at the other end would be found the flowers to which the seeds belonged, and the one who should first match seeds and flowers should have a prize.

The cords, of course, were carried in as intricate a manner as possible, under furniture and rugs, around door-handles, wound about tacks in the floor, etc., until finally each person found a potted plant with paper frills or a bunch of the flowers, appropriate to the seed.

The blue cord led to the forget-me-nots, the white to the stock-gillies, the red to carnations, yellow to daffodils, the green to mignonette, etc., the lilac to violets, the purple to pansies, and the pink to primroses.

After the merry scrimmage and the awarding of the prize—a pot of Annunciation lilies—some one proposed music, whereupon all joined blithely in singing Easter carols, accompanied on the piano by one who knew how to inspire a spirited rendering of the praiseful words. Thereafter the little guests went their several ways.

A MAY-DAY PARTY

The festival of May Day has existed from the earliest times. Most nations celebrate the return of spring with some bright and joyous merrymaking, but this one forms part of our heritage from the ages.

If the weather is unfavourable for open-air amusements, the now popular May-party, as an indoor function, is very beautiful and merry in character. As the gift-tree of the Yule-tide finds welcome and place in modern homes, so does the pretty May-pole, flower-wreathed and gay with many bright-coloured hanging ribbons. The flower throne, the royal procession, the coronation of the youthful Queen, the homage of her loyal subjects as holding the bright ribbons they sing and dance around the May-pole, Her Majesty the central figure—forms an exquisite living picture.

If a genuine May-festival of the olden time is presented, the games that follow are very ancient, handed down for many centuries. International and universal proof exists that they have been known as factors in child life in many eras and countries. Simple and nonsensical as are the rhymes and music of these games, they are doubtless a survival of the ancient joyous May-festivals, when the world of adults as well as the children danced and sang around the May-pole or "rose-tree," as it was often called.

Froissart speaks of joining in

"Games that children every one

Love till twelve years old are done."

Included in the list and played to-day without much change by the children of many lands are "Ring Around a Rosie," "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Miss Jennia Jones," "Oats, Pease, Beans," "Tag," and

“Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.” Without question, they are links between the past and present, many of them historic or legendary in origin and to be encouraged for May Day as a departure from the ordinary games of other fête days during the year. Innocent and joyous the May-Day party is or should be.

The first requirement is the May-pole, which should be about ten feet high, six inches thick at the base, tapering toward the top, and fixed firmly in a wooden box for support. This need not be more than a foot or two in height, if the pole be held within the space between four cross-pieces of wood, nailed to the ends and sides of the box, which is then filled with stones and covered with a green cloth, moss, leaves, and flowers.

Within a foot of the top, four-yard lengths of inch-wide ribbons of two harmonising colours should be fastened. Around the pole, concealing the place where these are fastened, a wreath of flowers should be suspended, held on a wire frame, or made to surround a wheel attached by its spokes to the pole. Tie gay streamers or pennons above the wreath near the top, and with potted ferns and daisy plants at the base it will be “a thing of beauty.”

After the little guests have become acquainted and at their ease through the playing of games, and before the dance about the May-pole, the Queen of the May must be chosen. Baskets filled with rose-petals made of pink tissue-paper—each with a bit of white paper folded small at its base—are passed around. A basket holding tiny pink pencils is offered to each guest with which to write his or her vote for the Queen. These are then collected, counted, and the name proclaimed—which should be received with applause.

A throne (wicker chair wreathed in greenery and

natural or paper flowers) is brought in, and the May-queen is conducted to it with ceremony.

The little host or hostess should crown the Queen, reciting—if desired—the following lines:

“Maiden, we hail thee as Queen of the May!
Our love bring as tribute and bow to thy sway.
On no canopied throne do we place our fair Queen,
And no false-hearted countries around her are seen.
But over our hearts, oh, long may she reign,
And only true subjects be found in her train!
When in the dear home which your infancy knew
Or when with your comrades though loving and true,
How little you dreamed of this glorious hour
When subjects bend low to acknowledge your power.
Your power is the power of a virtuous mind,
The power of a heart, ever gentle and kind;
No cold, glittering bauble I bring to you now—
An emblem more fitting I place on your brow.
'Tis a garland of roses, though spotless, I ween,
It is not more pure than the heart of our Queen.”

If the hostess be the one chosen for May-queen, her mother or some older person may crown her and recite the lines. The Christian name may be substituted for the word “maiden.” It seems more personal.

The first act of the May-queen must be to choose her court. The announcement of the ceremony is made by her herald—a boy with a trumpet from which hangs a square of Turkey red surrounded with gilt paper-fringe and bearing on it three *fleurs de lis* of the same material. A large basket is then brought in, from which the Queen takes wreaths of spring (paper) flowers, with which she crowns each little girl who bows before her. The child is called by the name of the flower composing the wreath. To each boy is given a posy

for his hat or coat, and a short stick with bunches of ribbons at one end. With a flourish of a trumpet, the herald proclaims the name of each one, who then advances.

The dance about the May-pole is then in order. The Queen is treated with every honour, and her subjects dance "before her"—or she may join them, as she pleases.

The morris-dance is one of the most ancient of English dances around the May-pole. Shakespeare refers to "a morris for May Day." It chiefly consisted in "capering" and skipping to the sound of lively music, but its chief characteristics were the bells tied about the ankles or knees, and wreaths or posies in the hats, and all carried short sticks tied with bunches of ribbons. These last were substituted for the swords that were anciently carried by the Moors—from whom the dance was derived.

The girls' costumes naturally lend themselves picturesquely to the pretty scene, but that of the boys will owe much to garters trimmed with folly-bells, beribboned wands, and posy-crowned hats. The bells, too, make merry music in the dance.

Dancers dressed to represent Maid Marian, Will Scarlet, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and the Fool or Jester belong to the traditions of May Day, and "merry milkmaids," who danced with their pails filled with flowers upon their heads, had a recognised part in the festivities. All of which may add to the interest and fun of a modern May-Day celebration.

To the accompaniment of some gay or prettily accented music the dances may then follow the pretty and graceful old custom of "plaiting the May-pole."

An even number of dancers take the ends of the

ribbons—half of them holding them in the right hand and half in the left, as they face each other in couples. As the signal to begin is given, each dancer steps daintily in time to the music past the person facing him, passing under the ribbon, and then allows the next person met with to pass under the ribbon he holds—and so tripping along and thus plaiting the ribbons about the pole until it is covered for about two feet, whereupon the order of dancing is reversed and the ribbons are thus unwound.

It will be the more effective if the dancers join in singing some appropriate words in time to the music, though this, of course, could not be expected of very little ones.

If it be desired to give favours, "May-baskets" of pink cardboard tied with ribbons and filled with pink bonbons would be appropriate.

This festal entertainment would be vastly more charming out of doors, but our May is too capricious for us to be able to count upon her smiles.

JUNE

A JUNE PARTY

To a certain small maiden Providence had been so kind as to send a birthday in June, and added yet one more grace to the gift in making a radiant day for its celebration.

Of course the party had to be out of doors, and as roses ran riot in the garden, and acres of daisy-strewn meadows stretched in every direction beyond the grounds, it was determined to give to the entertainment a more festal character by using in the games, decorations, and table appointments as many of the lovely blossoms as possible.

The piazza, made to look as much like a room as

practicable, was charming with bowls and vases of roses wherever they could be accommodated, while daisy-chains were hung from post to post. Here the guests were received.

Hammocks were swung under the trees, rugs stretched upon the grass, with cushions and hassocks in plenty. There were swings, a tennis-court, croquet ground, a putting-clock, and a "gaily caparisoned" donkey—with red-worsted tassels galore—to fall back upon for amusement, should the games begin to pall. A large Japanese umbrella sheltered a table in one corner of the grounds, where a discreet person presided over a bowl of lemonade to which a few cupfuls of fresh strawberry juice were added, while slices of lemon and large, ripe berries floated upon the surface.

Under the trees in a remote part of the grounds little tables were spread, each with its centrepiece of roses and daisies—where the simple little feast was to be spread.

A soap-bubble contest in the tennis-court opened the "ball"—using the net as a barrier between opposing sides. The girls made the bubbles and the boys tried to blow them over the net, which was resisted by the opposing side. The side which could count more bubbles over the barrier won the game, and the prizes—tiny bonbonnières covered with paper rose-petals and furnished with stem and leaves (for the girls), and boxes of the chocolates "Marguerites" (for the boys). Of course, the winning side offered "consolation" bonbons to their late enemies. The contest then took another form, and the one who blew the largest bubble received a little globe of gold-fish—which looked like a bubble.

A flower-hunt was then proposed, and the children

were told that they must hunt for their flowers—those belonging to the month in which they were born, leaving any others which they might find. It was explained to them that in the olden time when superstition ruled the lives of people, the birth-month flower was either worn fresh, or its dried leaves were sewed in a tiny bag and worn about the neck as a safety-charm. From an old English calendar of flowers it was found that the January flower was the snowdrop, February the primrose, March the violet, April the daisy, May the hawthorne, June the rose, July the poppy, August the water-lily, September the morning-glory, October the hop, November the chrysanthemum, December the holly.

Changing the September flower to goldenrod, as more appropriate to our land, and giving asters to October, the children were sent upon their quest, each with a little basket in which to collect them.

Paper flowers—artificial ones—or cards upon which the flowers were painted, were hidden everywhere about the grounds. When the children returned with their trophies, flushed but triumphant, the treasures were examined, counted, and the prizes awarded—which were an artificial rosebush and a daisy-bush, all abloom, set in flower-pots, the one covered with pink paper frills, the other with pale-green, tied about with ribbons matching in shade. These were bonbon boxes, and the covers were lifted off by taking hold of the bushes. The ribbon-trimmed baskets filled with the birth-flowers were valued as souvenirs by the rest.

After the activity of the hunt, a restful game was proposed, and they were invited to return to the piazza—where preparations for a contest in “floral conundrums” had been made during their absence. Articles

of many sorts were placed all about—on chairs, tables, steps, etc—each bearing its number. The children were given cards with pencils attached and told to write on the numbered lines what flower they thought the articles bearing the corresponding numbers were intended to suggest.

A little clock, with the hands stopped at four, was intended to suggest a "four-o'clock"; a cupful of fresh butter was, of course, readily guessed as "buttercup"; a picture of the sun, cut out of gilt paper, proved a "poser," for "daisy" was originally called the "day's eye," as it was thought to be like the sun—a yellow globe with rays extending in all directions. When some one thought the sun was meant to describe a "morning-glory," the answer was admitted as correct, though not the one intended. A pair of slippers belonging to the hostess did not require much thought to guess were "lady's-slippers." A box of pills, marked "quinine," and some homeopathic sugar pills were supposed to represent "bitter-sweet"; and a piece of rose-coloured tissue-paper the "pink." A tin half-pint measure filled with flour, and a saucer of corn-meal were, by setting at defiance all the laws of spelling, expected to suggest a "gillyflower" (gill of flour) and a "cornflower"; and a few shelled peas dusted over with sugar were quickly understood to mean "sweet-peas."

To the winner of this game was given a book about flowers, with plates and plentiful hints of how to recognise the blooms wherever and whenever seen.

It was announced that their fortunes were to be told. They were marshalled under a spreading beech-tree, where they found their little hostess waiting for them—sitting in a chair of green rattan decorated with daisies galore, like a coach at a flower-parade. She wore a

wreath of daisies, and the skirt of her dress was composed of long, narrow strips of white muslin, like the petals of the flower, the waist of green cambric leaves overlapping each other to imitate the calyx. She held in her hand a bunch of large paper daisies, and invited all to come and have their characters read and their fortunes told.

One by one they advanced and pulled off a petal of the first flower—which told what the seeker's chief virtue was. The words were printed on the under side of the petals. The next flower told their greatest faults, the third their favourite occupations, the fourth and last their fates or fortunes.

The little girl represented the daisy fortune-teller, appeal to which in olden days was held in superstitious reverence as being to a true oracle.

The children then trooped off to enjoy a simple little feast, with the added zest of eating out of doors and in each other's company.

JULY

A FOURTH OF JULY FROLIC

The invitations for a children's frolic on the Fourth of July may be written upon long, narrow strips of red cardboard, to suggest fire-crackers. A hempen string should be at one end, and, to conceal where it is attached, it will be necessary to paste two oblong bits of cardboard back to back.

The rooms should be gay with bunting, and an effective decoration is a ball of flags hanging from the chandelier. It is easily achieved by boring holes in a croquet-ball and inserting in them the sticks of many small flags, whittled to a point.

When the children first arrive, there is often a little

feeling of shyness among them. It is therefore a good time for the hostess to assume the responsibility and active leadership. She may gather them in a circle—out of doors, if possible—and announce that they are to play a variation of the old game of stage-coach—that instead of the adventures and misadventures of that obsolete vehicle, she will tell them a story of the woes of Uncle Sam and Madam Columbia, who, like the old woman that lived in the shoe, have “so many children that they don’t know what to do.” She may then give to each child some bit of costume, while assigning to him or her the name of some race or subject owing allegiance to the United States.

To the Indian a row of turkey or chicken feathers, sewed on a band of red flannel, to be worn on his head; to a Porto Rican lady a black lace or tarletan veil and paper fan; to a Hawaiian, paper flowers for her adornment; and to a negress, a bandana handkerchief for her head, and a few dabs with a burnt cork to suggest “the touch of the tar-brush.” The Alaskan Esquimaux may be accommodated with a harpoon—a stick with its barbed head represented by a heart-shaped patty-pan. Chicago is given a large pair of shoes, Boston a book and wire spectacles, New York a conspicuous hat or other article of dress, etc., etc. (the hostess explaining the time-worn jokes), while the foreign nationalities are represented by their respective flags.

It is easy to improvise a story, or, better, to think one out beforehand about the troublesome family and quarrelsome neighbours (foreign nations), the difficulty of keeping dear Chicago in shoes, lamenting the wicked love of display and fondness for dress evinced by New York—who, being one of the elder children, should be an example to the rest—regretting the difficulty of

reducing little Philippino—the youngest of the family—to obedience, and fearing that Boston will ruin her eyes studying “ologies.”

As each name is mentioned the child representing it rises and performs some antic. The Indian dances a wild dance or gives vent to a war-whoop; the negress does a few steps of a cake-walk; the Porto Rican rises, looks over her shoulder, coquettishly half-screening her face with her veil, and flourishes her fan; the Esquimaux makes the motions of harpooning, etc., etc. The representatives of other nations rise and wave their flags. Whenever the words, “family row,” “trouble with the neighbours,” “squabbles among the children,” or anything that means a quarrel or a fight of any kind, all must rise and change places. In the general confusion the story-teller tries to get a seat, and the child that finds himself left out must pay a forfeit before the hostess relinquishes her seat to him. Whereupon she continues her narrative.

When this has been played long enough, and if it should be sufficiently cool, a torpedo-hunt may give scope to active young muscles. The torpedoes should be hidden under bushes, in nooks and shady places, to tempt the children to linger where they will be most comfortable. When they have collected and exhausted the supply of this ammunition, they may perhaps enjoy a guessing-game on the piazza.

A card upon which a silver quarter is glued is given to each player. If the children are so young that it would be an effort to write, they may whisper their answers to the hostess, who puts one point to the account of any one making a correct answer. Older children may write their guesses on the cards.

They are requested to examine the quarter and

see how many of the following articles they can find thereon:

Name part of a river?—Mouth.

A hunted animal?—Hare (hair).

An outline?—Profile.

An Eastern fruit?—The date.

Dutch flowers?—Tulips (two lips).

The edge of a hill?—Brow.

The centre of crime?—Eye (I).

Twinkling lights?—Stars.

Impudence?—Cheek.

Meaning of "understands"?—Knows (nose).

A great country?—United States of America.

An American coin?—Quarter-dollar.

A large bird?—Eagle.

Part of a sentence?—Clause (claws).

What angels have?—Wings.

One out of many?—*E pluribus unum*.

What American citizens enjoy?—Liberty.

A spike of barley?—Ear.

Indian weapons?—Arrows.

By this time the children will probably be ready for supper. Scarlet and white verbenas with blue larkspur will make a pretty centrepiece, the rolled sandwiches may be tied with red, white and blue ribbons, the bonbons wrapped in tissue-paper to look like torpedoes.

After supper each child may be blindfolded, given a cane, and allowed three trials at attempting to hit a huge fire-cracker suspended by its string between two rooms. The top and bottom of the cracker are made of circular pieces of cardboard about five inches in diameter, and to complete the framework these discs are held in position, at a distance of about ten inches apart, by a half-dozen pieces of cord tied securely from

one to the other. The whole is covered with bright red tissue-paper and filled with simple candies wrapped in red, white and blue motto-papers. The fuse, or cord, by which the fire-cracker hangs, must, of course, be knotted in before the frame is covered; but the candies may be put in afterward through holes cut in the top. After two or three good blows are given, the candies come showering down and are eagerly gathered. After this, the small guests take their leave.

OCTOBER

CHILDREN'S HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The best place for a children's autumn party is a big barn or a spacious garret, which should, of course, be decorated with boughs, vines, goldenrod, etc., as prettily as possible—and not the least part of the pleasure to the little hosts will be the “overseeing” of the preparations. If Hallowe'en be the time chosen, there must be a tub half full of water and with apples bobbing about, for the children to seize with their lips, kneeling, with hands held behind their backs, on the floor beside the tub. The successful ones carry their apples to an umpire, who cuts the apple open, counts the seeds, and gives a prize to the one whose apple contains the most. For such prizes there are pincushions made to resemble apples so closely as almost to deceive one into taking a bite.

An apple-paring contest always makes fun. A large basket of apples is brought in, and of these to each player is given the same number, a plate and knife—preferably a dull one, if the child is under twelve years of age, to avoid accidents. “Time ” is called and all set to work. It is the aim to slide the knife round and round so that the paring may be unbroken.

The one who has succeeded in peeling all his or her share of the apples when "time" is again called is crowned with the parings and given a prize. A tin apple-corer, holding a bunch of flowers, might answer for one.

Next follows the ceremony of discovering, by means of the "magic paring," the name of the future husband or wife. Each one takes the longest and best apple-skin resulting from his or her apple-paring, and, whirling it three times around the head, repeats:

"I pare this apple round and round,
My true-love's name to see upon the ground—
I fling the unbroken paring round my head,
Upon the floor, a perfect A is read."

To see which of two persons love one the better, two apple-seeds are secretly named and then stuck upon the cheek. The one that falls off is faithless, but the one that adheres the longer is the one to be trusted.

In the tub of water from which the apples have been withdrawn little balls of corn-meal dough may be dropped, each one containing the name of one of the persons present—written in pencil on a bit of paper. They soon begin to rise, and the first pair are eagerly seized, opened, and the names read, then the next, and so on. If the names of a pair are those of a boy and girl, their fates will be in some way united. If two girls' names come up together they will be fast friends and *perhaps* never marry. Two boys may expect the same fate if their balls come up together.

A "potato race" (described elsewhere) may be next on the programme, followed by a "Spelling-Bee."

A "teacher" and two leaders are chosen. The latter then in turn choose members of the company to be upon their respective sides until all have taken their places in

two lines facing each other. The "teacher" should have a list of words, or may be ready-witted enough to think of them off-hand. Some grown person should fill the office. She suggests the words to the leaders alternately, who propose them to the players of their opponent's line in succession. When any one "misses," he or she must sit down and the word is passed to the next player; or they may play "head and foot." The contest becomes exciting when only two "scholars" remain standing and are thus pitted against each other.

One of the famous "spelling lessons" is the following—adapted for older scholars:

"It is an agreeable business to perceive the unparalleled embarrassment of an harassed peddler, gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear, which an apocryphal sibyl had stabbed with a poniard, unheeding the innuendoes of lilies of carnelian hue and jeopardising the perennial pillars and caterpillars with separate tongues resuscitated from Elysian fields."

For little children, the words should be selected so that the pleasure of success shall be theirs. Short words, to be spelled backward, is another form of test.

At the close of the spelling-match the "teacher" rings the bell for "recess"—and lunch-boxes holding provisions for two are distributed. The partners may be determined by their own choice, or girls and boys in pairs may enjoy the little supper in each other's company, guided by the "drawing" of matching ribbons. The boxes should contain sandwiches of two kinds—and plenty of them—cake, fruit and bonbons, and lemonade may be passed around.

If there are any boys who feel energetic and willing to entertain the company, they may offer themselves in the game of

TRUSSED FOWLS

Two boys having seated themselves on the floor, their hands are tied together with handkerchiefs, their ankles secured in the same manner, their arms made to embrace their bent knees, and a broomstick passed over one arm, under the knees, and over the other arm of each of them. They are placed so that their toes just touch each other, and in that position must try to overturn each other by pushing with their toes only. Sometimes both are upset, and lie helpless on their backs until some one comes to their rescue. The game continues until one succeeds in oversetting his adversary while retaining his own seat.

It usually provokes much laughter and makes a merry conclusion.

A NUT PARTY

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM FOURTEEN TO
SEVENTEEN

The rooms were decorated to look as "woody" as possible, with branches of foliage in all available places, and chestnut-burs and twigs with nuts still adhering were much in evidence.

The hostess wore a green gown, her brown hair wreathed about with oak leaves and many acorns.

As the guests were assembling, some one at the piano played "Sweet Marie," "Annie Rooney," "Johnny Get Your Gun," and other selections supposed to represent "musical chestnuts."

Each guest was given a booklet consisting of one leaf, whereon was a type-written list of questions, with spaces below them for the answers to be written in. This was enclosed in covers made of drawing-paper, coloured to resemble an acorn, a chestnut, almond, or

peanut. The narrow green ribbon that tied the covers together to form a hinge at their place of contact had one long end, to which a small pencil was attached.

Every question was to be answered by the name of a nut. They were:

1. Its first syllable is a spring vegetable.
2. The penalty of tight shoes.
3. A souvenir of South America.
4. A native of a Portugese island, now a naturalised Britisher.
5. Its first part is a barrier of brick or stone.
6. Two-thirds of it makes acceptable our daily bread.
7. Its first half is a beverage.
8. Two boys' nick-names.
9. Part of the human frame forms the initial syllable.
10. A letter of the alphabet and a utensil of tin or copper.
11. The abbreviation of a man's name constitutes the first syllable.
12. Its first syllable is a colour exclusively applied to eyes.

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Peanut. | 7. Cocoanut. |
| 2. Acorn. | 8. Filbert (Phil-Bert). |
| 3. Brazil nut. | 9. Chestnut. |
| 4. Madeira nut | 10. Pecan. |
| or English walnut. | 11. Almond. |
| 5. Walnut. | 12. Hazelnut. |
| 6. Butternut. | |

After the award of some pretty bonbonnières in the shape of papier-mâché peanuts and chestnuts to the winners in the former contest, while the judges were examining the little books in order to determine the winner of the prize, the company was invited to join in

a squirrel hunt for nuts, which were concealed in every available place in the room.

It was explained that a peanut counted one point in the game, a gilded peanut ten, a pecan nut two, a filbert three, an almond four, a hickory nut five, a walnut ten, a gilded walnut twenty, a walnut containing a bit of paper foretelling one's fortune, twenty-five, a chestnut bur fifty, and a cocoanut a hundred.

Ingenuity had been taxed to the utmost to find unsuspected hiding-places for the nuts, and the chase became exciting when the discoverers of the gilded nuts, for instance, were obliged to remove many wrappings of tissue-paper before the "find" could be appraised—then the walnuts to be examined lest a glued specimen might be overlooked—thereby losing time. A huge cocoanut was discovered in a hat hanging on the rack in the entrance hall, and the folds of the curtains, when shaken, yielded a shower of the smaller nuts that called forth exclamations of delight.

Paper bags, made of Japanese napkins glued together, were given to the "squirrels" in which to collect their treasure-trove.

The "squirrels" were invited to display their harvest. The boy and girl whose count was the highest received pen-wipers made of cornucopia-shaped pieces of cloth, alternately scarlet and gray, the points meeting in the centre, whereupon were set heads of little gray squirrels. They were prepared at a furrier's and cost a dollar and a half apiece.

A NUT RACE

was then proposed.

Two large Russian bowls, of the gay red-and-gold ware, containing exactly the same number of hickory

nuts, were placed at one end of the room, and two empty bowls at the other. Captains were chosen, who divided the company into equal sides. The game consisted in dipping into the bowl of nuts with the hand, held flat, fingers extended close together, in order to get as many nuts as possible on the back of the hand. These were then carried across the room and dropped into one of the other bowls by two contestants at a time. Whichever of the pair carried the more nuts to the goal won. Two more contestants followed, and so on until all had had a trial. The winners were then pitted against each other until a single one remained, to whom was given the prize, a copy of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales"—explained as another name for "chestnuts."

The supper consisted of nut sandwiches, nut salad, the marron-filled ice-cream known as Nesselrode pudding, nut cakes, salt nuts, and marrons glacés bonbons.

THE CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING

As Thanksgiving Day is essentially the occasion for family reunion, the time would be ill-chosen for a children's party apart from the elders.

They, however, should have their part in the festival—and they will enjoy it none the less if their efforts to *give pleasure* teach them that "giving is getting."

The Thanksgiving dinner may be represented in charades by the children, the elders playing audience, to whom it is announced that a feast will be served and be seen but not tasted, the menu having to be guessed. An older head should take the direction.

The first couple suggest the soup by one stepping, apparently by accident, upon the toe of the other, who

hops about as though in pain. As the mistress of ceremonies enters as though to dismiss them in favour of the next actor, the sufferer exclaims, "Ma, he stepped on my toe!" They return to their places and "Tomato" is probably guessed.

The next couple appear, dragging a large clothes-basket, in which they seat themselves and sway as though tossed by the waves. They cast overboard a tennis net or hammock and draw it in, exclaiming with glee, "The finest shad of the season!" They then go through the motion of rowing, with canes and umbrellas, and "Shad Roe" is guessed.

A table is next rolled before the company, upon which are a plate of bread and a pitcher of molasses. Two children seat themselves. As they are about to eat, the lady in charge approaches, dressed as an old nurse, and mumbles crossly, "No, no; too much sweet is bad for children." She then removes the molasses, leaving only bread, which they munch in wrathful silence. "Sweet-bread" is, of course, the entrée.

A fierce-looking Turk, with heavily corked eyebrows and mustache, next appears, arrayed in rainbow-coloured garments and turban, holding a key, to which he fiercely directs the attention of his wife, who kneels at his feet, with hair dishevelled, suing for mercy. He sternly answers: "There is blood upon this key. You have entered the forbidden chamber. Prepare to die!" Seizing her hair, he drags her from the room. The horrors supposed to ensue are cut short by the entrance of Bluebeard—and "Turkey" is guessed.

A girl enters next, dressed as a beggar, with a patch over one eye. A boy, with gilt paper buttons and star on his jacket and holding a baton, represents a policeman. He passes the beggar, and when his back is turned

she raises the patch. As he approaches her again on his beat she puts the patch on again, and he suddenly twitches it off her eye, exposing the imposture. She, with a scream, rushes away, pursued by the officer. Sound, if not spelling (eye-scream), will suggest a favourite dish.

A boy with spectacles on nose is next seen seated at a table whereon are many vials to suggest a physician's office. He gravely consults a huge volume when a patient enters, violently coughing. The doctor feels the patient's pulse, listens at his chest and back, and finally produces from a closet an India-rubber ball marked "Magic Pill." This the patient pretends to swallow. He coughs no more, and, after a moment of delighted surprise, takes to his heels, pursued by the doctor, who cries, "My fee; where's my fee?" When the name of the fragrant bean has been guessed the feast has reached its conclusion.

It will act as a stimulus to the histrionic instincts of the performers if it is known that prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who shall be voted the best actor and actress. At the close of the performance a huge pumpkin may be brought in, mounted upon gilt wheels, as Cinderella's coach, drawn by four rats of gray canton flannel, and with a mouse in three-cornered hat as coachman. A cheap toy wagon may furnish the wheels, and the children will not be hypercritical of the anatomy of the rats. The pumpkin should contain all the prizes.

The girl's prize will be, of course, a little doll, dressed in silver tissue or white gauze covered with tiny gilt spangles, to represent Cinderella herself. A boy would be pleased with a pair of white mice in a small cage.

All the other actors should receive prizes as well.

Glass slippers are not always to be found, but it may be explained to the children that "Cinderella," originally written in French, has through a mistranslation been given to English-speaking children as the story of a glass slipper. The word in the original was "*pantouffle de vert*," meaning "*miniver*"—a fur resembling ermine and worn only by royalty. The translator, not knowing the meaning of the word, ventured to take liberties with it.

Bonbonnières, therefore, in the form of slippers, made of white canton flannel dotted with black worsted spots, with red soles, and red silk fitted bag-shape in the interior to hold the bonbons, may be withdrawn from the pumpkin and distributed to the actors.

If the pumpkin seeds be preserved and washed, it may amuse the children to see which can come nearest to guessing their number.

BARMECIDE FEAST FOR THE ELDER CHILDREN

Give to each one a numbered tally-card and pencil. Pin about the room, to draperies and furniture, slips of paper upon which are typewritten conundrums bearing upon a Thanksgiving feast, thoroughly mixed up. A stated time is given for the guessing and a prize awarded to the one whose card shows the most correct answers.

1. Emblems of silence.—Oysters.
2. The penalty of looking backward.—Salt.
3. Made keen by its mother.—Vinegar.
4. Boston diet.—Beans.
5. Forbidden to Jews.—Pork.
6. Emblem of stupidity.—Goose.
7. Universal crown.—Hare.
8. Largest part of the foot.—Sole.
9. To shrink from danger.—Quail.
10. Ludicrous situations.—Pickles.

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11. Tailor's tool.—Goose.
 12. Country of the "Sublime Porte."—Turkey.
 13. One of Noah's sons.—Ham.
 14. Woman's weapon.—Tongue.

CHAPTER XXVII

Special Dinners, Dances and Luncheons

A CHILDREN'S PARTY FOR "GROWN-UPS"

ANY one who has never attended a "children's party for grown-ups" has yet to learn what a merrymaking may be.

A certain young woman—who is qualified to join the Olympians as the "goddess of fun"—decided to observe her birthday by asking her friends to meet at a "Juvenile Party." Her invitations were written upon tiny sheets of note-paper, adorned with three little kittens at play or scenes from "Mother Goose" in colour, sold at the shops for very young correspondents.

Some were addressed to the mothers of the invited guests, in some such form as—

DEAR MRS. SMITH:

Will you please be so kind as to let Johnny come to my party on Tuesday evening, the first of February, at eight o'clock? Please tell him to bring his favourite toy and promise not to *tease*.

Your little friend,

Another received the following:

DEAR SUSIE:

Will you come and play with me on Tuesday evening, the first of February? Bring "Araminta" or any doll you like. My mamma says that we shall have a very good time—and ice-cream. Yours lovingly,

On the back of the sheet was written, "Come in costume of a child under ten."

One six-footer answered:

"My mamma says I may come if I'm good."

Another wrote, "You bet, I'll come," while the girls wrote replies characteristic of children—unhampered by a mother's supervision.

Nothing could exceed the mirth of the party at sight of one another.

The men wore knickerbockers and kilts, lace-embroidered collars, sailor suits, and Lord Fauntleroy costumes, with wigs of long curls. They carried toy horses, penny trumpets, tops, and marbles, which they insisted upon playing with—"for keeps." One wore a single roller skate.

The young women were charming with their hair worn loose and tied above the left temple with bows of ribbon in the present mode. One came as a baby, with cap and bib, carrying a rattle.

New arrivals were greeted with shouts of "Hello, Johnny Smith"; "Oh, Susie, you look perfectly sweet," but when presented to each other they suddenly turned shy; the boys put their hands in their pockets and looked grave, the girls hid their faces bashfully by looking down, or put their fingers in their mouths.

The boys herded together and had to be coaxed to "come and play with the little girls."

"Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows" finally brought them all together in a ring—Lord Fauntleroy in the middle, who chose his "pardner," and was married in the good old-fashioned children's way. However, the salute was given on the hand instead of the cheek. It was not very different from the figures of a cotillion, where the dancers choose one another to bestow the favours.

They played "Going to Jerusalem," "Stage Coach," and other favourite old games of children, and never was fun more spontaneous.

At supper, bibs were used instead of napkins, and nougat pyramids, mottoes, baskets, and canes of striped peppermint candy, a Jack-Horner pie and other dainties dear to childish hearts, were conspicuous features of the banquet.

"Follow the leader"—all joining hands and on a run, winding in and out and around the rooms until all were breathless from running and laughing—concluded this very diverting entertainment, and the guests took leave pleading that their "nurses had come."

AN ANCESTORS' REUNION

An appropriate entertainment for any of our national heydays and holidays would be a costume ball or reception, the invitations for which should request each guest to come in the dress of his or her earliest ancestor in this country.

The idea found expression at a house noted for unique entertainments.

Some took the suggestion seriously, and were glad to parade the evidences of the past splendour of their forebears, appearing in rich brocades, with powdered hair and beautiful old costumes of tints softened and mellowed as only Time can do, for which family treasure-stores

had been ransacked. The men in wigs and gold-embroidered coats of satin and velvet offered snuff from jewelled boxes purporting to be heirlooms.

Others came in the character of emigrants, in the most grotesque guise—some in picturesque rags, others carrying what was supposed to be their worldly all, tied up in coloured handkerchiefs, swung on sticks over their shoulders. One Italian “dago” carried a toy monkey on a small cracked-voiced hand-organ, his wife in attendance, wearing a yellow handkerchief on her head and jingling a tambourine.

Puritan maidens in gowns of quiet tones, with white caps, kerchiefs and aprons, looked pretty and demure—by the men of their kin in wide-brimmed hats and broad white collars. They looked as if they had stepped out of Boughton’s pictures.

The Dutch burghers wore breeches of abnormal size, and their “Vrowen” numberless petticoats under full-gathered skirts. Their hair was decently hidden under close muslin caps, and their cheeks rouged to look as though the blood threatened to burst through.

One who claimed descent from old Peter Stuyvesant was gotten up to resemble that worthy as nearly as possible—wooden leg and all, which was strapped to his bent knee.

The French Huguenot women’s dress was pretty and becoming, with long, graceful skirt, long sleeves puffed at the elbow, and a coif upon the head. Sir John Millais’ famous picture of “The Huguenot Lovers” had evidently served as model for men and maids.

Nothing, however, was more charming than the simplified adaptation of the French fashions that were worn by the colonial dames of Washington’s time—the muslin lace-trimmed fichus, the powdered hair under coquettish

little caps, a bit of velvet ribbon around neck and wrists.

There were Quakers and Cavaliers, Indians, pale-haired Swedes and buxom Germans, but perhaps the one that enlisted the greatest interest and attracted the most notice of all in the room was a young man whose ancestor "had fit in the Revolution," and who wore the bona fide blue-and-buff uniform of the patriot army of 1776.

All hearts seemed to warm and grow more loyal at sight of it, and his merry, *débonair* countenance grew rosy under the fire of good wishes and compliments of which he was the representative recipient. He protested that he felt unworthy to wear it—not having made proof of his prowess—adding jestingly,

"Fe, fo, fi, fum,
I long for the blood
Of an Englishman!"

Family annals, bits of curious early American folk-lore, cherished stories of famous ancestors, were related with gusto and received with flattering interest which gave the entertainment a unique character.

The drawing-rooms were decorated in the national colours, gay with bunting and flags galore, while the dining-room recalled the colonial blue-and-buff in all the table appointments. The ices were served in cocked hats, drums, tricolour boxes, reminiscent of Revolutionary days that made us a nation. The evening closed with a Virginia Reel in which everyone joined, and the friends took leave of each other with mutual congratulations that they were Americans.

A "SUPERSTITIOUS" LUNCHEON

A party of friends meeting at luncheon, the conversation happened to turn upon "pet superstitions," and, to

the surprise of the hostess, each woman present, while contemning those of others, confessed to some small weakness of the kind, to which she acknowledged herself to a certain degree in bondage.

Looking to each other for mutual support, some strange revelations were made.

The hostess was at first mute, but finally exclaimed, "You surely do not believe in the agency of malignant spirits? Then, how is it conceivable that a *Deity* of intelligence, if not of benevolence, should make his dealings with mankind dependent upon the casualty of breaking looking-glasses, seeing moons over right shoulders, walking under ladders, or assembling thirteen at table!"

Her guests acknowledged the absurdity of such views, when one stopped to analyse them, whereupon she continued:

"Come, I challenge you to meet here again at luncheon on the thirteenth day of the month, when that day shall fall on a Friday, and I will have thirteen at table. The breaking of a looking-glass shall summon us to the dining-room, which we will enter passing under a ladder. We will spill salt freely among ourselves, and you are especially requested to wear opals (if you have any), to sing before breakfast, to put on your garments wrong-side out, and do anything else to invite the calamities feared by the superstitious!"

Only two accepted her hospitality.

The lady then made the invitations general among her friends, adding that any who should be so venturesome as thus to "tempt Providence" (heathen expression!) might contribute for the entertainment of the others an account of some superstition's origin, its meaning, or something of interest bearing upon the subject.

At the end of four months of waiting, on Friday, March the thirteenth, 1903, a party of thirteen ladies assembled, some with resolute "do-or-die" expressions on their faces, others with calm, serene assurance of manner, and all with a look of expectancy.

When every one had arrived, in spite of the forewarning of the hostess, many looked a little startled when a sound was heard as of glass being shattered to atoms in an adjoining room, and the hostess answered the look with a mischievous smile, saying:

"Yes, I am sacrificing my looking-glass on the altar of friendship for your emancipation! It is the signal for luncheon."

They found the entrance of the dining-room spanned by a tall step-ladder, wreathed and festooned with evergreen into a very fair semblance of an arch, under which they passed, defying "disappointment."

Each woman seeking her place found her name-card decorated with pen-and-ink sketches of black cats, witch's brooms, bats, etc.

The centre of the table was ornamented with a large black crow, stuffed ("relic of a hat," explained the hostess). The "bird of ill omen" was perched upon a Japanese tree of fabulous age—its uncouth, twisted form and sad-looking olive foliage making an appropriate pedestal.

From the base of the pot containing the grim little tree, peacocks' feathers radiated like the spokes of a wheel. They are credited with bringing misfortune to those who have them.

The hostess, gowned in ominous black, and wearing a magnificent "parure" of opals (loaned for the occasion by a sympathetic and friendly jeweller, she explained), opened the ball by telling that the origin of

the apprehension concerning thirteen at table comes from the Paschal Supper—when the death of One followed so closely, but adding that the same company must have eaten the Passover together before.

The friend at her right suggested, "It is only unlucky to be one of thirteen at table when there is provision made for but twelve!"

Another said: "I have been looking up why salt spilled is accounted a bad omen (to be averted only by throwing a pinch over the left shoulder), and find that the idea comes from the fact that salt being incorruptible was anciently regarded as the symbol of friendship and hospitality. If it was spilled, the persons between whom it fell thought that their friendship would not last," and she, with apparent carelessness, upset the salt-cellar near her.

"It must be a very old superstition," added the hostess, "since in Leonardo da Vinci's painting of 'The Last Supper' the salt is represented as overturned."

Her neighbour volunteered: "I have heard that the idea of Friday's being an unlucky day comes from its having been that of the crucifixion. I have been reading about what used to be known as 'perilous days,' when it was believed that anything begun would not be successful. No man would propose marriage but at 'the waxing of the moon,' nor marry but at that time—the word 'honeymoon' comes from it, and here is a delicious bit: Lord Burghley left to his son a book of precepts in which he cautions him against undertaking anything of moment on the first Monday in April, 'on which day Cain was born and Abel slain.' He does not give his authority for the information."

"I grow more and more pharisaical every moment when I reflect how superior we are to other people who

are under bondage to such nonsense!" remarked a guest who had not yet spoken, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "My contribution to this fund of learning which is being accumulated is that 'knocking on wood' to avert calamity comes from the ancient practice of giving three knocks on the table in the name of the Trinity to scare away evil spirits, supposedly always hovering near, watching their opportunity to bring trouble upon poor mortals. And also that mirrors being formerly used by magicians in their divinations (they pretended to see grave portents in them), made dreadful predictions if by chance one was broken—so we need not fear results from Mrs. ——'s broken looking-glass!"

The left-hand neighbour of the hostess contributed some curious facts.

"Being the wife of a physician," she said, "I was interested in looking up some of the superstitions about cures. I found that according to popular tradition a burn was cured by saying 'Fire, lose your heat as Judas did his colour when he betrayed the Lord!' To cure the tooth-ache we go to a dentist. In the olden time, we should have asked an alms in honour of St. Lawrence, and have been relieved without cost or pain. Previous to the introduction of quinine, the ague was supposed to be cured by dipping in three holy waters in as many churches on Sunday. Imagination counts for something.

"As a security against cowardice, it was necessary only to wear a pin stolen from the winding-sheet of a corpse. Soldiers used to fortify their courage by wearing amulets and talismans—tiny figures of metal, ivory, or precious stones made under the influence of a certain constellation—but I am delivering a lecture," she said, stopping in some confusion.

All hastened to assure her of their interest, but it was reserved to the hostess to "cap the climax."

"On the first page in our Bibles," she said most impressively, "we may read the most adulatory ascription contained in the whole book—'to the most high and mighty prince, James,' and 'dread sovereign.' This most commonplace of men is likened to the 'sun rising in his strength,' after the setting of 'that Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth.'

"This great little man wrote a book on 'Dæmonology' with which I have been regaling myself—'moved thereto,' as he avers, 'by the fearfull abounding of those slaves of the Divell called witches.' He explains that witches were always women, 'because as that sex is frailer than man, so it is easier to be intrapped in those grosse snares of the Divell, as was over-well proved by the serpent's deceiving Eve, which makes him the homelier with that sexe!'

"This wiseacre also asserts that 'the Divell teacheth to make pictures of wax, that by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the names of, may die away by continual sickness.' Of course, we have outgrown such extreme forms of superstitious belief, but as we are often disgusted with our own faults when we see them in others, so I think the consideration of the bondage to superstition under which people used to live may make us ashamed of any lingering feeling of the kind that we ourselves may have."

The friends separated with many assurances of having enjoyed the unusual entertainment, and I am happy to say that all are alive and well up to the present moment.

A JAPANESE DINNER

As "example is better than precept," so the account of a real happening may be more suggestive for imitation, and thus more practical, than the most minute rules and regulations in didactic form.

To the hostess, ambitious of offering her guests an entertainment that shall not be stereotyped, and like those of every one else, the account of a Japanese dinner once much enjoyed may be told, by way of suggestion.

The invitations were in red script on Japanese paper napkins.

Upon our arrival we were requested, much to our dismay, to divest ourselves of shoes and accept in their stead list slippers, which at once gave a feeling of remoteness from our everyday selves as we slid and sluffed our way to the reception-room. Here the walls were concealed behind sliding paper screens and wall-panels (hired for the occasion, it was confided) adorned with flying storks and fiery dragons, its floors covered with mats of straw. There was scarcely any furniture, but some choice bits of pottery were seen, and in the corners were massed branches of artificial cherry-blossoms, recalling the spring festival of the Flowery Kingdom. The light all came from paper lanterns of many shapes and colours suspended from the ceiling.

Our hostess was gowned *à la* "Madame Butterfly" in a richly embroidered kimono of pale blue, with crimson flowers rambling over its surface, tied about with a crimson Obi that might almost have served as wings.

The host, with hands concealed in his large sleeves, joined his wife in a series of calisthenic exercises of graceful bows, drawing in his breath between his teeth with great frequency, and murmuring:

"Kon ban wa" (Good evening). "Yoku oide nasatta" (welcome), while Madame Butterfly smilingly added, "Ikaga de gozarimas?" (How do you do?). "Go so ken de ornedito gozarimas" (I hope you are well).

The more literal translation of her greeting would be: "How are your honourable insides? I congratulate you on your good health."

We were then called upon to admire certain curios which were taken from their place of concealment for our appreciation—according to the Japanese custom. An obliging friend drew our attention to the fact that the contents of the vases had been chosen with hospitable intention, each having its special significance, and conveying complimentary good wishes. A tiny pine tree was there to carry the message that the hosts wished long life and happiness for all. A bamboo implied the hope for their prosperity, and a plum branch for peace and plenty.

These were all in the recess called a "toko no ma," and each guest was expected to bow solemnly in front of this recess, in acknowledgment of the compliments offered by the flower arrangement, and to linger a few moments, presumably for the due appreciation of every branch and stem.

Many of the guests came in Japanese costume, which enabled them with the greater ease to take their places on the mats before the little low, four-legged trays. Each guest was provided with one of these lacquer tables.

The feast began with tea and sweetmeats, the usual prelude to all Japanese good-cheer, accompanied by cakes of rice flour and honeycomb—after which the following "Kordate" or menu was served: A fish soup called "Suomoro" (not unlike a chowder), accompanied with bamboo sprouts, raw sliced halibut with a sauce,

boned turkey with pickled chrysanthemum petals, and a dish of seaweed and rice, chicken cooked in sherry and served with stewed chestnuts, mushrooms, lily roots and rice in bowls, and a shrimp salad, called "sashimi." The repast concluded with confectionery. At each cover was a pair of chop-sticks, split apart for only half their length—the assurance of their newness. All was served in small dishes of lacquer or porcelain, and certain ones were garnished with butterflies and flowers, cut with great skill from vegetables.

Every now and then weak saké was served, and we were instructed how to drink healths according to Japanese fashion—each proposing some one else until all present had been included in the compliment. The cup was rinsed each time, refilled, raised to the forehead and drained while the eyes were fixed upon the recipient of the good wishes implied.

As we rose stiffly to our feet, after our cramped position, we returned in a measure to our natural selves and enjoyed a concession to habitual customs in the serving of ices and cakes, in the form of birds, flowers, butterflies, and odd, grotesque little idols. A small orchestra meanwhile discoursed music, Oriental in character, but happily more pleasing to Western ears than the genuine article.

As in Japan the usual after-dinner entertainment of dancing Geishas and singing girls was not possible, we divided ourselves into groups and played the Japanese game of "Goban" (elsewhere described in this volume). Each victory was marked by a gift from the hostess of a tiny paper fan with very long handle. The women put them in their hair, Japanese fashion, and the men through the buttonhole in their coat-lapels.

A chime of Japanese bells announced that the time-

limit had been reached, and the one whose score was the best received a Japanese fan as a prize—wrapped in white tissue-paper, tied with a red-and-white string, with a tiny red-and-white paper kite attachment, that in Japan marks an article as a gift.

With the Japanese the fan is the emblem of life. The rivet end is regarded as the starting-point, and as the rays of the fan expand, so the road of life widens out towards a prosperous future. The fan's rivet has also for them the signification of security.

A FROLIC COTILLION

In circles where the social conventions are habitually observed, the following manner of dancing the cotillion will not degenerate into a romp, but be found an amusing and enjoyable frolic. It is especially adapted to Leap-Year parties and very informal little dances among friends.

Partners are determined by lot. Cockades of various shades are drawn from two baskets, much beribboned and adorned with folly-bells and flowers—symbolic of gaiety. The men draw from one, the girls from the other basket, and the pair matching colours dance together.

The music plays alternately loud and low, in slow and stately measure and then fast and yet faster, until a furious pace is reached, when suddenly comes a loud crash and then silence. The dancers, of course, must follow the time.

All are supposed to know each other, and may choose to favour strangers as well as acquaintances, according to the European custom, where it is considered that "the roof is an introduction." All, as friends of the hostess, may be regarded as at least one's social equals

and not undesirable acquaintances, but only where an introduction has been solicited and allowed does the recognition continue beyond that evening.

The favours are chiefly tissue-paper articles of grotesque apparel, which must be put on and worn for the rest of the evening, or—if the hostess choose—until the young women shall retire from the ballroom to assume mask and domino, returning to puzzle their former cavaliers as to their identity.

The first of April is an appropriate time for such a merrymaking, as a masquerade gives ample opportunity for April-fooling.

The hostess remains unmasked, as do the masculine guests, but the rest conceal themselves by wearing over their gowns the long capes with hoods known as dominoes—made of light-coloured cambrics. The hoods are drawn over the head, and tiny black velvet or satin masks conceal the upper part of the face, and a fall of lace from the mask, the lower.

Every one is privileged to speak to every one else in the room. A woman may address a man with the freedom that is usually the monopoly of his sex, and the more she piques his curiosity about her identity the better she carries out the spirit and fun of a masquerade.

She may reveal, if she can, a knowledge of his affairs and chaff him upon subjects calculated to increase his mystification—only remembering that she may be discovered, and that a measure of discretion is advisable.

Sometimes girls will exchange dominoes, and all whisper and seek to disguise their voices in order to further puzzle and bewilder their victims.

At supper, the masks and dominoes are removed, whereupon ensue much mirth and excitement in making discoveries. A “sheet and pillow-case mas-

querade," in which these domestic articles are deftly arranged, may replace the dominoes.

A "FOUR-SEASONS" LUNCHEON

It is sometimes a problem how to show special attention to a number of women friends without being obliged to give a "series of entertainments"—which seems a somewhat formidable undertaking.

The most graceful and elegant solution of the matter is a luncheon served at little tables. The trouble is minimised, and, to many, the novelty lends an added charm.

I think the prettiest entertainment I ever saw was such a luncheon, where twenty ladies were served at four small round tables.

Each table, decorated in a different colour and adorned with flowers, represented one of the four seasons, and in the soft light of many wax candles the scene was like a glimpse of fairyland. In the dressing-room the ladies had found their names written on four cards, each about eight inches long and six in width, placed conspicuously, and tied with bows of satin ribbon, which, the maid explained, indicated by their colour the table to which each lady was assigned. This greatly facilitated the finding of places where there were so many guests.

Two round tables, each accommodating five persons, were in the dining-room and two more in the room adjoining.

As congenial friends could be thus grouped by themselves, it had all the coziness of a small gathering, while the numerous guests gave it the brilliancy of a large one.

The "spring table" was decorated in white in com-

bination with the pale yellow-greens of the early days of that lovely season—the centrepiece of Roman hyacinths bordered with maiden-hair fern, though lilies of the valley might replace them, if preferred. The dish was tied about with a wide, green satin ribbon tied at one side.

Two glass candlesticks held white candles, with pale-green paper shades—of the colour of young foliage, which is by no means unbecoming—to temper the light. The bonbons, little cakes, etc., were green and white; the salt-nuts were pistache. Pretty bonbonnières were at each place. These were simple, square green boxes, upon which were tied with narrow ribbons of the same shade bunches of spring violets, their stems encased in tin foil.

The name-cards had each a tiny bunch of violets painted in one corner, which was more novel in effect than a spray or single flowers. The stems were apparently tied together with a lilac ribbon caught by a passing breeze and waving in artistic carelessness over the card, while the names were written in violet ink. Every one was different in some slight particular, if only in the direction of the painted ribbon or the position of the flowers. On the reverse side was written upon each a different quotation appropriate to or descriptive of spring. For instance:

“Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come!”

“Then came the lovely spring, with a rush of blossoms and music;

Filling the earth with flowers and the air with melodies vernal.”

“Storm the earth with odours sweet,
All ye blossoms bright.”

The painting of all the cards, choosing the quotations and fashioning the bonbonnières had charmed away several otherwise tedious hours during the preceding summer.

The ice-cream was in the form of a bunch of asparagus.

The "summer table" was a mass of rose, even the tiny shades over the pink candles looked like some new and gorgeous variety at a little distance. Everything here was soft, blushing pink. The name-cards were rose-petals delicately tinted—no longer a novelty, since one may buy them almost anywhere now—and appropriate at this table. The names were printed with a brush in odd-shaped gilt letters, and on the under side were written quotations:

"The radiant summer with her azure eyes
And flower-crowned head."

"It is the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air."

The favours were round, pink bonbonnières crowned with wreaths of tiny roses, the flowers following the outline of the boxes' edges. The ice-cream was moulded to represent flowers, pink roses predominating—held in a broad garden hat made of pink candy, braided to look like straw and shining like spun glass from which the flowers seemed to be tumbling. The hat was garlanded with natural roses about the crown.

The "autumn table" was a golden glory of chrysanthemums—the month being November.

All the decorations, bonbons, candles, shades, etc., were of pale yellow. The name-cards were autumn leaves (clever imitations may be had in the shops), their stems tied with narrow ribbons and the names boldly written across them with a brush in broad gilt lines.

The surface was not favourable to any elaborate writing of quotations, so on the under side of the leaf was merely the word "Welcome" in gilt lettering.

The ice-cream was in the form of various fruits, held in an oblong basket of braided straw-coloured candy, the small handles at the ends tied with satin ribbons of the same shade. The bonbonnières of this table were intended to represent yellow chrysanthemums—the only ones that at all presented any difficulty in the construction. They were round boxes of pale yellow, about the size of the palm of the hand, and surmounted by a little mound of cotton covered with soft yellow silk. In the centre of this downy cushion was deeply sunk a small artificial yellow chrysanthemum, which merely made the heart of the flower, while innumerable loops of very narrow ribbon graduated in length formed the petals. The loops of ribbon were sewn thickly all over the little cushiony surface, and the outer ones were long enough to conceal the box.

The "winter table" was all white in decoration, with the exception of its centrepiece of holly, the dish concealed by a wide scarlet satin ribbon, and the many candles of the same colour, without shades. Many thought this the prettiest table of all in its chaste simplicity.

The name-cards were white, glistening apparently with frost—the effect produced by powdered mica, and painted in one corner of each was a sprig of bright holly berries.

On the backs were quotations appropriate to the season. For example:

"Fair winter clad in bridal white,
Chaste virgin of the year."

“Bluff old winter, brisk and jolly,
Bringing Christmas in its train,
Crowned with spruce and fir and holly,
Welcome back again.”

The ice-cream represented snowballs, perfectly round and coated on the outside with colourless lemon-ice.

The favours were round boxes, white and glistening, surmounted with sprigs of artificial holly.

The expense of this entertainment was much less than two luncheons of ten covers would have been. The cook's charges did not exceed those made for a fine dinner for twelve persons (the ordinary \$5.00 of the professional). It was served by two men hired for the occasion, assisted by two of the household servants. In this case the extra china, silver, glass, etc., were borrowed from that “banker provided by nature”—a mother. But all these things may be hired at small cost, as were some of the candlesticks and the round tops for the tables, at the time that I am recalling.

The flowers were arranged by the hostess. With the invaluable help of an ox-muzzle over each dish, to hold the flowers in place and make each blossom do its full duty, it was the work of not more than an hour and a half to complete the four centrepieces.

The dishes holding the flowers were the ordinary tins made for the round jardinières, called “epergnes,” their plebeian nature concealed by wide satin ribbons matching the blossoms in colour.

It was not an elaborate luncheon, calculated to impress one with magnificence, but a friendly function, with a background of “sweetness and light.”

A FEAST OF RIDDLES

A unique luncheon was given at the house of a woman whom her friends have named "The Goddess of Hospitality"—from her frequent entertainments and her evident enjoyment in gathering her friends about her under delightful conditions.

The invitations were issued for a "Conundrum Luncheon," and were riddles in themselves; the recipients wondering how such an idea would find expression.

At table, each guest found at her place a sweet-brier blossom about the size of the palm of her hand, painted upon Watman-paper and cut out following the outlines of the flower. A reverse side of the blossom was also painted with its calyx and part of the stem. These formed the covers of a little book, containing about a dozen leaves.

The oysters were already upon the table when the guests assembled, but on each leaf of the little flower-books was a conundrum in verse, the answer to which would give the name of each course in turn, thus furnishing a novel menu. While enjoying one course, the women amused themselves by guessing the next one in order.

The following was the menu selected for this occasion, but it will require but very slender rhyming faculty to adapt the idea to any other choice of dishes:

The bouillon was thus suggested:

"I come of a noble French family,
Godfrey—of Crusader fame
Must be known to you all, I am certain,
And I am the last of the name."

Lobster à la Newburg:

"Black and ugly we lived,
But no sooner are dead,

Than we turn for your pleasure
A beautiful red,
And are martyred by thousands
That you may be fed."

The lamb chops, garnished with a purée of chestnuts:
"Part of an ancient sacrifice
Garnished with something rather nice."

The mushrooms on toast:

"My first is coarse and homely food,
The cotter's fare, but still 'tis good.
My second, you may quick divine
The place in which we sleep or dine.
My whole, when fresh and nicely cooked,
No epicure e'er overlooked."

The ducks:

"I live in the water, I live in the air,
I live on the land, I can live anywhere;
Sometimes I am wild, sometimes I am tame,
Sometimes I'm a 'salmi,' sometimes I am game."

The ice-cream:

"Although cold by nature,
I'm favoured by all,
And there's scarcely a dinner,
Or luncheon or ball
At which I'm not present.
I'm happy to say
There is no house in town
Where I've not the 'entrée.'"

There often comes to both hostess and guests, after leaving the table, a little sensation of blankness, as though things had come to an end, and one is at a loss what to do next. The custom of serving the coffee in another room tides over this feeling. The company

then forms itself into new combinations, and, once seated, the conversation is taken up with renewed interest.

Upon the occasion that I am recalling, the hostess conducted her guests to a second-story library for their coffee, where they found scattered about the room, on book-case and table, a motley array of articles whose "reason for being" was also a conundrum. Each was numbered, and the guests were supplied with cards and pencils, to note their guesses, which, it was explained, must be the title of a well-known book. Photographs of the "Father of His Country" and Martha Washington illustrated "The Virginians." A doll with its head turned quite around stood for Bellamy's "Looking Backward." A bowl of ice for Professor Tyndall's "Forms of Water." A few coins did duty for Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash." The *Times* newspaper for Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." A new tin pie-plate recalled "As in a Looking-Glass," while a drawing of a distracted father trying to quiet a crying baby made an echo of Bulwer's question, "What Will He do with It?" and the music of "Yankee Doodle" answered for Dickens' "American Notes."

A SHAKESPEARE DINNER

A clever woman related to me the following account of a dinner in Shakespeare's honour:

We had been studying Shakespeare all winter, meeting one evening in the week, and securing all the bright and shining literary lights that could be coaxed, bribed, or driven to let us read the great master by the light of their superior illumination.

Each feminine member was alternately hostess, but by the time that the honour fell to my lot there was no one left among the literary lions who could even "roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

All such resources for supplementing my deficiencies in the charming art of entertaining were exhausted. Recalling the remark of a noted caterer, that "if you invite people to eat, they always accept with pleasure," I determined to ask all our little club to a dinner, and to request them to come in costume—Shakespearian, of course.

Women like to "dress up," and enjoy taxing their ingenuity, so I knew that I could count upon them; and, as all the men were married except one—who was a natural dandy—I relied upon wifely influence. Besides which, we had all come to know one another well enough to dare to wear what we pleased, and to depend upon home talent for our effects of costume.

On the evening named, our guests all appeared in gala attire and in high good humour. Our worthy Doctor's rotund proportions were little exaggerated to represent Falstaff. Lady Macbeth was magnificent in a trailing robe of black and a diadem of gilt paper, a toy dagger at her belt. Malvolio came in "cross-gartered hose." Katherine, the Shrew, looked very fierce—when she could remember not to smile, and Ophelia appeared bewitchingly mad, with straw and poppies in her hair, which she insisted upon wearing in a Psyche knot.

Our dandy as Hamlet looked like an undertaker or a hired "mute" at an English funeral, and Othello like a plain, unheroic mulatto, his face stained with walnut-juice and wearing a wig of tightly curled horse-hair.

My husband was gorgeous as Cardinal Wolsey in a cassock of the material known as Turkey red. His tonsure had been the work of time. Lastly, I appeared as Portia in my husband's old college gown and "mortar-board."

The composition of the menu, which was expressed

entirely in quotations from the immortal bard, was a work of no small effort.

To select something appropriate to each guest from the same source was more simple. Having a little skill with my brush, I painted in water-colour a small head of Shakespeare, enclosed in a small ring of gilt, by way of frame and finish, at the top of a bit of bolting-cloth the size of my hand, backed with a pink satin ribbon fringed at the ends.

Below the head was written in gilt lettering the following:

MENU

"This treasure of an oyster."—Antony and Cleopatra.

"Expect spoon-meat."—Comedy of Errors.

"Pretty little tiny Kickshaws."—King Henry IV.

"This fish was well fished for."—Winter's Tale.

"What is this, mutton? No, sheep, sweet lamb."—Love's Labour's Lost.

"'Tis I, the early village cock."—Richard III.

"I have a dish of doves."—Merchant of Venice.

"The queen of curds and cream."—Winter's Tale.

"Thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."—King John.

"A dish fit for the gods."—Julius Cæsar.

"The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet."—King Richard III.

Which, being interpreted, would read:

Oysters
Clear Soup
Bouchées à la Reine
Spring Lamb
Chicken Timbales
Squabs

Cheese-soufflée

Ice-cream

Strawberries

Bonbons

Champagne was described as the "Monarch of the vine."—Antony and Cleopatra.

The quotations were readily traced to their sources by such trained students.

The selections intended to be descriptive of, or appropriate to, the guests, caused much merriment.

For Dr. Falstaff I found:

"If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him!"—Henry IV.

For Hamlet, the dandy:

"He was, indeed, the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."—Henry IV.

For Katherine, the Shrew, whose tongue had honey as well as gall:

"Whose words all ears took captive."—All's Well that Ends Well.

For our pretty Ophelia:

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."—Tempest.

For Lady Macbeth:

"A child of our grandmother, Eve."—Love's Labour's Lost.

For my husband I found a selection most fitting:

"He is the half-part of a blessed man, left to be finished by such as she."—King John.

And for myself I modestly claimed no greater distinction than

"A female, or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman."

Our winter's training had made our wits nimble in using familiar phrases quoted from the greatest of the

poets—as for instance, in offering some dainty, my husband asked:

“Will ’t please you taste of what is here?”—*Tempest*.

To which *Othello* replied:

“Thanks, it is a dish that I do love to feed upon.”—*Taming of the Shrew*.

After dinner we played a game in which we tested one another’s memory to name the sources of familiar quotations. The one most successful received as a prize a daintily bound volume of “*Shakespeare’s England*” by William Winter, humorously described as “*A Winter’s Tale*.”

The climax was reached when *Ophelia* sang for us some of the “*Songs of Shakespeare*” from a book arranged by Edward Edwards, notably: “It was a lover and his lass,” and “Hark, hark, the Lark at Heaven’s Gate,” set to music by no less a person than Schubert.

A LITERARY LUNCHEON

A woman of large experience once said, “Next to the pleasure of spending money is the pleasure of saving it. It is really a fascinating problem to see how much each dollar may be made to do. To have what we want is wealth, to do without it is power.” Women with strong social instincts sometimes sigh to think that almost any entertainment puts too great a strain on the domestic exchequer. One woman’s inventiveness evolved the following menu for a literary club of ten persons without exhausting the resources of a five-dollar bill:

MENU

“Lays of Ancient Rome” . . . MACAULAY
(Stuffed Eggs)

"The Red Skins"	COOPER
(Lobsters Farcis)	
"Lamb's Works"	CHARLES LAMB
(Chops Breaded, Potato Croquettes)	
"Cometh Up as a Flower"	RHODA BROUGHTON
(Mushrooms)	
"Salad for the Solitary and the Social" .	F. SAUNDERS
(Lettuce)	
"The Queen of Curds and Cream" .	MRS. GERARD
(Cheese)	
"Man, and the Glacial Period" . . .	DR. WRIGHT
(Orange Ice Served in the Skins)	
"Coffee and Repartee"	BANGS
(Coffee)	

The explanations in parentheses were omitted in the written menu.

PRICES

One dozen eggs, 35 cts.; one-half pint cream, 10 cts.	45
Salt, pepper and onion	12
Lobsters	70
One egg, 3 cts.; parsley, 5 cts.; shallots, 5 cts.;	
half a pint of milk, 2 cts.	15
Lamb chops, 4 pounds	1.00
Potatoes, 6 cts.; lard, 5 cts.	11
Mushrooms	1.00
Lettuce, 20 cts.; salad dressing, 15 cts.	35
Neufchâtel cheese, with whipped cream	15
Bread, 15 cts.; butter, 15 cts.	30
Twelve oranges	40
Ice and salt	15
Coffee	09
Total	\$4.97

A LUNCHEON FOR EVERY MONTH

The graduating class, at the close of a certain well-known school in the American metropolis, agreed that their separation should have no effect upon their relations to one another, and planned to meet (upon their return to town in the autumn) once in every fortnight at luncheon, each young woman in turn being hostess—that the old ties might not be loosened.

It was furthermore proposed that, as the class numbered just a dozen, each should give to her entertainment some suggestion of one of the months of the year.

SEPTEMBER

Late September found twelve bright faces assembled about a table at which the young hostess seemed to have evolved a most pleasing effect of purple and gold—the dominant note of colour of the month. A low, flat basket of green willow, with high, square handle, held clusters of purple and golden grapes among many vine leaves. The handle was wreathed with the leaves, and from its top two bunches of grapes, one of either colour, were suspended within its arch. A vase of violet glass held a few choice blooms of goldenrod at each end of the table (it was too late for asters), and the bonbons and iced cakes repeated the yellow and purple in their colouring. Vine leaves lined the dishes, and their profusion about the table made it look as if decked for a vintage festival. The place-cards were violet cards, the names in gilt. The golden note was easily suggested in the menu by grape-fruit, a course of eggs, yellow sauces and mayonnaise, and the ice-cream was coloured and flavoured with blackberry juice (canned), which gave it just the desired shade of violet at no sacrifice of flavour.

The table was artistic, and aroused the interest and ambition of the guests to do as well in their turn.

OCTOBER

The hostess to whose lot it fell to give her luncheon in early October had no difficult problem—all Nature offered its bounty.

The mahogany table was decorated only with fruit and nuts, as more typical of the season than flowers. Upon a large silver salver, covered and wreathed about with maple leaves, was heaped the "largesse" of the month—pears, apples, grapes, etc. Fresh filberts, in their pretty green sheaths, filled one small dish, while others held "marrons glacés," "déguisés," and other toothsome bonbons filled with the same confection and cleverly imitating miniature fruits.

Chestnuts played an important part in the menu—in croquettes with the lamb chops, as stuffing for the quail, and as the essential ingredient in the Nesselrode pudding. The guest-cards were artificial autumn leaves.

NOVEMBER

For the luncheon taking place in November, Nature offered little help, so a hint was taken from the chief event of the month, and the severely simple table and menu were intended to recall the early Thanksgiving Day of New England.

The mahogany table was polished so that it could reflect the fair faces gathered around it, and several heirlooms of silver, china, and pewter added interest and quaintness. The table was lighted with wax candles in silver "branches" (as the candelabra were anciently called) without shades. The china was white and gold; the linen of the finest. Plates of thin bread and butter (spread on the loaf), grated cheese, pound-cake,

fruit-cake, jumbles, and "damson" preserves decorated the table—with old-fashioned simplicity.

Clam broth was served in pewter porringers, for which the possessions of friends and family connections had been laid under contribution. Large clam-shells held the creamed codfish, which primitive service was strictly correct, according to tradition of Puritan feasts.

A "chicken pot-pie" did duty for an entrée, and venison steak furnished the *pièce de résistance*. Ice-cream was not to be thought of, the hostess being the proud possessor of an ancient recipe for "pandowdy"—an apple-pudding with delicate potato crust, and eaten with a rich sauce. There were no place-cards, and after luncheon the guests were invited to seat themselves about an old quilting-frame, and were provided with needles, thread and thimbles. Upon it was stretched a quilt made of two layers of pink cheese-cloth with cotton batting between. It was explained that the hostess was making warm coverlids for the children of the very poor, and all joined merrily in tufting and knotting the pretty one before them. The work seemed to have no deterrent effect on the conversation—*au contraire* !

DECEMBER

The hostess who was expected to recall December at her luncheon beamed upon her guests across a table bright with holly, and the light diffused through scarlet candle-shades gave a ruddy glow to everything. Suspended above the centre of the table, from the chandelier (wreathed with Christmas greens), was a bell made of three hoops of graduated sizes hung together with stout cords. This was covered with scarlet tissue paper, thickly covered with holly. The clapper of the bell was a tiny candle-lamp of red glass. From the top of the bell

five long ropes of evergreen dotted with scarlet berries fell over the edge of the table.

Red-cheeked apples and white iced cakes and bonbons completed the table-furnishings. A doll's scarlet stocking, filled with bonbons and a sprig of holly, was at each place, and the ice-cream, in the form of Santa Claus, recalled the chief event of the month.

JANUARY

When the fifth hostess was consulting with her mother about what was specially characteristic of January, her father, overhearing, promptly answered, "Bills!"

A more pleasing suggestion, however, was embodied in a table decorated all in white, typical of frost and snow, and also of the threshold of a new year—its record still unwritten, its possibilities all unknown.

The white cloth was plentifully sprinkled with powdered mica to give the glistening effect of snow. Mistletoe in a low basket crowned a mound of this cotton snow in the centre of the table, and from the chandelier hung a bell of white immortelles with long white ribbon depending. This was to "ring out the old, ring in the new, ring out the false, ring in the true."

The favours were calendars, the ice-cream in the form of snowballs.

FEBRUARY

The table for February recalled the three saints honoured during that month—St. Valentine and our two American saints—canonised, at least, in all loyal hearts—Washington and Lincoln. The centrepiece was a crystal loving-cup filled with red and white carnations, with blue ragged-sailors, at each side of which were outlined two hearts made of the red carnations—the pointed ends in opposite directions. Heart-shaped bits of red cardboard served as name-cards, and the ices

were served in boxes shaped like Continental cocked hats.

The young hostess made a rhyming menu for her luncheon in the form of conundrums—mere doggerel, but productive of a little fun to minds easily disposed to amusement. While enjoying one course, the guests were to guess what the next would be.

Mandarin oranges came first, containing only the juice, in which were Maraschino cherries. These were made to introduce themselves on the first page of a tiny book, the cover of which served as a name-card:

Domesticated Chinamen,
Proud members of this nation;
We came before the law was passed
To stop our immigration.

The next course, "clam broth," recalled the "treasures hid in the sand" that served to keep the Mayflower pilgrims from starvation:

More modest than the violet,
For all her reputation;
I hide myself—and yet I saved
The founders of this nation!

The lobsters complained thus:

Talk of the Inquisition!
Of its ways no longer followed;
Its latest victims are our race—
We're boiled alive and swallowed!

Mushrooms on toast asserted their opinions thus:

Out of obscurity into the light,
Types of the "*nouveaux riches*" are we;
Can it be thought by the proud "*nouveaux pauvres*"
'Tis better to *have been* than to *be*?

Lamb chops took up the story:

The *sacrificial knife* hath laid me low,
 Not less a martyr than when long ago
 My ancestors were butchered in cold blood
 For others' sins—I now die for their food.

The latest descendant of Noah's messenger next:

My Bible name must rhyme with "love,"
 When used as food, with "rob";
 In lovers' phrase a "turtledove,"
 In market talk, a ———."

The universal favourite among sweets was first introduced to American society by the Father of His Country:

At Washington's famous reception,
 No guest was more welcome than I;
 'Twas an era in dietetics,
 To a nation that lived upon pie!

MARCH

The March hostess had a centrepiece of pussy-willows among growing ferns, and because of the renewed greenness of the earth (beginning in that month), green was chosen for the colour of the decorations. The "pussies" had been kept in water for a month and were in full bloom.

Leaves were wreathed about the principal dishes; artificial ones found the candle-shades.

Out of compliment to St. Patrick, the ices were held in small green boxes, with a bunch of "shamrocks" and clover blossoms atop.

On the backs of the name-cards were written such quotations as:

"We come to June by way of March."

"Stormy wind, fulfilling His word."

"Blow ye winds and crack your cheeks!"

"The wind bloweth where it listeth."

And one card read: "What so rare as a day in June?
Those of March are positively raw!"

APRIL

At sight of the April table, the guests clapped their hands merrily in approval as they entered the dining-room.

Above the table hung a large old umbrella-frame, covered with smilax and suspended from the chandelier. From every point drops of water fell slowly from concealed bits of ice into wine-glasses on the table, carefully placed for their reception. The centrepiece was of bright-yellow blossoms, suggestive of sunshine, above which hovered (on wires) tiny yellow butterflies—to recall Easter types. The iced cakes and bonbons were coloured like the seven shades of the rainbow, and old-fashioned candelabra, with pendant prisms, cast tiny rainbows everywhere about the white cloth. There was no artificial light. The name-cards were held by paper dolls, whose dresses were of tissue paper, chemically prepared, so that it was pink in fair weather but turned blue when rain threatened.

The ices were in the forms of animals, served from a nougat Noah's ark.

MAY

The May table was lovely in white and green, a mound of white stock-gillies in the centre. These flowers resemble blossoms, and were obtainable in February (the date of the luncheon), and had the added advantage of being the least expensive of their lovely race. Out of the centre of the mound was erected a May-pole

(in private life it did duty as a mop-handle), wound with pale-green and white ribbons. At its base, it was fitted into a block of wood, concealed by the flowers. At the apex were two white pennon-shaped flags, and a foot below was a wreath of white flowers. The invisible support for the wreath was an embroidery hoop (a foot in diameter) attached to the pole by stout gilt wires, like the spokes of a wheel to its hub. From each of the spokes hung a rope of flowers—stock-gillies and deutzia, wound by short lengths of florists' wire about cotton ropes. These, with the wreath, were kept in water until within an hour of serving the luncheon.

The name-cards were tied to twigs of paper cherry, peach and plum blossoms—blooming most naturally—evidence of deft Japanese fingers. On the reverse side of the cards were quotations in praise of spring—among them Browning's dramatic couplet:

"Such a starved bank of moss, till that May morn—
Blue ran the flash across, violets were born!

"The apple trees in May, whose green leaves make
a little tender night, with flowers for stars."

The favours were bunches of violets, and the ices were served in "May-baskets."

JUNE

The young girl who had the good fortune to have the "June luncheon" made a veritable "feast of roses."

The centrepiece was a leghorn garden-hat, filled with pink roses, suspended from the drop-light of the chandelier by its ribbons of pink satin, and the drop-light wreathed with pink paper roses. Candle-shades and name-cards were of rose petals, and candied ones filled two small dishes.

The ices also were roses with natural stems and foliage.

JULY

The event of July being, of course, the "Glorious Fourth," the young hostess taxed her wits to suggest it at her table, which glowed with the tricolour. The candle-shades were of small paper flags, pleated fan-wise. A nougat cannon was at one end of the table, a plate of round chocolate bonbons piled pyramidally, to represent cannon-balls, conveniently near. Other chocolate sticks were wrapped in red paper to resemble fire-crackers. The centrepiece was of white carnations in a low, flat basket, and among the flowers tiny electric lights—red, white, and blue—were placed as nearly as possible to represent a wheel of fireworks. The white iced cakes were in the form of Liberty Bells, and the ice-cream in that of a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, with a spread eagle at the base—a favourite design with caterers.

AUGUST

August—"ripe summer's queen"—was prettily suggested by soft, maize-coloured table furnishings. A large sheaf of wheat holding a bunch of pale-yellow roses formed the centrepiece, a tiny sickle at its base. Candle-light, filtered through shades of yellow tissue paper, gave an effect of sunshine appropriate to thoughts of August, as were the favours.

At each place was a round fan of gilded straw, to the long handle of which was tied a bunch of yellow rose-buds by a corn-coloured ribbon, upon which, in gilt letters, each guest read her name. The ices in the form of fruit and flowers were held in a horn of plenty, made of the straw-coloured candy that looks like spun glass.

It was decided that the season should conclude with a merry little subscription dance, to which each hostess should invite half a dozen guests. As costume balls

were greatly in favour, their girl friends were requested to come "in character," but they held the men excused, since they presumably would object to the trouble.

The twelve young hostesses appeared as the months of the year, recalling in their costumes what they had tried to do at their tables.

June, rose-crowned; August, in corn colour and wheat; July, in white with field flowers—poppies, bluets and daisies; January, in glistening white tissue; December, in scarlet; May, in pale-green—as they say in France, "Each was prettier than the other!"

ANNOUNCEMENT DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS

The customary way of announcing an engagement in our own day is for the betrothed pair to write personal letters to their intimate friends, asking their sympathy and congratulation in their newly found happiness.

Many, however, feel that this prosaic manner of acquainting their friends with a fact of such transcendent importance and thrilling interest is all too tame and fails to satisfy. Some want to make the announcement with a little *éclat*; others think that it would be a pleasure to see with their own eyes the effect of the news upon those who hear it. Others again fancy it an occasion to call in their friends and neighbours to rejoice with them.

A favourite form of entertainment is a luncheon, given by the engaged girl to a coterie of her intimates.

The flowers, decorations, candle-shades, etc., should all be of blushing pink—the *couléur de rose*—typical of the atmosphere that surrounds the bride-elect and tints her outlook upon life. A tall, slender vase holding a few pink rosebuds makes a centrepiece that for daintiness and elegance is not easily surpassed. Only their own leaves in abundance, or mignonette, should accompany

the roses, unless it be desired to introduce the note of white, when Roman hyacinths may lend their grace and supplement any lack of prodigality—being less costly than the roses. Close under the chandelier may be fastened a white dove with spread wings, and gathered about its feet the ends of narrow, pink-satin ribbons, strands of which are carried over the edge of the table near each cover. The dove may be hired of any florist.

Decorative dainties, such as heart-shaped pink peppermints, little cakes of the same form iced in pink, and the small meringues known as “kisses,” should alone be upon the table. The name-cards, cut out of pink cardboard, should also be in the form of the traditional seat of the affections.

At each cover may be a tiny heart-shaped bonbonnière filled with rice, with the interlaced initials of the betrothed in gilt on its cover. The boxes may be of pink satin or only of cardboard. The shops are full of such things and home talent may easily achieve the initials. For this lettering, a little outfit, with full explanations, may be bought for a trifle at the art shops.

These initial boxes will naturally give rise to comment and speculation among the guests, and when curiosity has reached its height—and its conclusions—the blushing bride-elect may “admit the soft impeachment.”

Instead of the bonbon boxes and place-cards, the visiting-cards of “the happy man” may be used, blank side uppermost. Some one in the secret may turn her card over, or perhaps the unusual size and shape may lead any one of the guests to look on both sides. What may then appear at first entirely as an inadvertence and furnish subject for a bit of teasing will shortly be understood, and the secret will be out!

A very simple little luncheon may be the means of

conveying pleasantly the information that two mortals have found the clew to happiness. A few red carnations for a centrepiece, place-cards of red cardboard with tongues of gilt flames issuing from between the lobes, the names written in gilt, crimson paper candle-shades, like glowing rubies—all together will make a pretty effect on a winter's day; and, red being the colour of the heart's blood, its choice adheres strictly to the traditions of the day.

A ring at the door, and a telegram may be brought to one of the guests, who smilingly imparts to all at the table: "A bit of news that will interest you all. So-and-so is engaged to Mr. ——!"

A dinner is sometimes given by the parents of the girl to the near relatives and dear friends.

The presence of the young man among them, seated by the daughter of the house, prepares the guests for the announcement, which is made by the father at the close of the meal—saying that he has the pleasure of acquainting them with the news of his daughter's engagement to Mr. ——, with the full approval of her parents. He may then propose the health of the young couple, and all offer congratulations and good wishes.

A relative is more often the one who gives a complimentary dinner to the lovers, asking their favourite friends to meet them—which invitation is in itself an announcement. Or the secret may be kept until all are met at table. For this, St. Valentine's Day would be an appropriate choice of date. The decorations, being natural to the season, would not precipitate the news prematurely. The centrepiece may outline a heart in flowers or foliage, or be formed of a heart-shaped mound, transfixcd with a small gilt arrow. If any bits of bric-à-brac of which Cupid forms the decoration can be "begged,

borrowed or stolen"—though intended as receptacles for flowers—they may fitly hold heart-shaped bonbons, cakes, and "kissés."

The menu may be written on the reverse side of the place-cards, and on it tomato soup may figure under the pretty alias by which that vegetable used to be known—"cream of love-apples." The roast may appear upon the menu as "chickens that have lost their hearts." Squabs should be called "turtledoves," and the ice-cream may be in the form of cupids, hearts, or two doves beak to beak, a favourite device on all valentines and obtainable of nearly all caterers.

If it be desired to indicate the happy pair and excite the curiosity of the others, a gilt bow—preferably of classic pattern, not Indian—and a couple of arrows may be attached to the chandelier in such manner that one end comes just over the heads of the betrothed. From this end, a heart may be suspended, or two hearts transfixed by the same arrow—"captives of the bow." The hearts may be made of pasteboard covered with red like the old-fashioned pocket pincushions. The bows and arrows may be found at many of the shops in mid-February.

A MOTHER-GOOSE LUNCHEON

A hostess of the present day no longer feels that her hospitality has found acceptable expression if she offers for her guests' enjoyment only delicious viands, tasteful table appointments, and faultless service.

Like the "little old woman," whose "victuals and drink were the chief of her diet," she feels that mere physical well-being does not wholly satisfy. Some little original conceit must add spice and snap and Attic salt

to the feast, and hence wits are set to work to devise a bit of mental stimulant.

The freedom of a luncheon is favourable to such ventures.

A dozen bright women were bidden to a luncheon at a house famous for unconventional and unique entertainments. The invitation read:

*Mrs. Irving Knickerbocker
cordially requests the pleasure of
Mrs. Brayton Lee's
company at a "Mother Goose" luncheon
on Saturday, January the twentieth
at half after one o'clock.*

No. 15 Bryant Square.

"Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good-will, or come not at all."

The faces of the guests showed most unconventional animation as they entered the dining-room and their eyes rested upon a centrepiece composed of a bank of flowers upon which reposed an enormous goose, made of white cotton-batting (purchased at the Japanese stores). Upon the back of the bird sat Mother Goose herself, crowned with high-peaked hat and adorned with large brass buckle, red cloak, and all. The doll's face was traced in sepia to resemble wrinkles—the nose and chin lengthened with wax and tipped with red. Each name-card had upon it some little painted souvenir of the classic of babyland, and the menu read as follows:

VICTUALS AND DRINK

"She gave them some *broth*, without any bread."

"You shall have a *fish-y*

In a little dish-y."

"Baa, baa, black *sheep*."

"You nor I, nor nobody knows
Where oats, *pease*, *beans*, and barley grows."
"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,
All jumped out a *roasted potato*."
"With a rowley, powley, gammon and *spinach*."
"Hickety, pickety, my pretty *hen*."
"When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the *bread* and *cheese* I got
I put upon the shelf."
"A *bag-pudding* the King did make
And stuffed it well with plums."

FRUIT

"*Oranges* and *lemons*
Said the bells of St. Clemens."
"You shall have an *apple*,
You shall have a *plum*."
"One, two, three, how good you be,
I love *coffee*, and you love *tea*."

Jack-Horner Pie
(with favours)

Most of the guests were mothers, and the familiar saws brought visions of rosy, dimpled little faces and bright, laughing eyes that served admirably the purpose of illustration.

Should other hostesses find the "motif" suggestive, the "menu" may be varied. Mother Goose spreads an abundant table. The plum-pudding might be well replaced by something more seasonable, as, for instance, the dish to the toothsomeness of which appeal was made by the wealthy suitor to the peasant girl who was no longer to work, but

"Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream."
Representative luxuries!

If preferred

“Polly put the kettle on
And we'll all have *tea*”

might replace the other reference to that beverage; and
wines suggested by

“She went to the tavern
For *white wine* and *red*.”

The following couplet also offers suggestions:

“Handy, spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves *plum cake* and *sugar candy*.”

Recitations from Mrs. Whitney's clever little book, “Mother Goose for Grown Folks,” might fitly close the entertainment, or selections from it might be written on the reverse side of the name-cards.

A WINTER PICNIC

Half a dozen girls, fired with housewifely zeal, had been taking a course of lessons in cooking, and so proud were they of their proficiency that they burned to distinguish themselves in the eyes of their friends. Two or three of their number had as an additional spur to their interest and ambition the prospect of a small home-nest of their own at no very distant date. They concluded to have a little feast to which a dozen friends should be bidden, every dish composing it to be cooked by their own hands. It was finally decided that each guest should bring a contribution and the entertainment take the form of a picnic. As the season was mid-winter, the grove had to be improvised within the limits of a city drawing-room. The time set for the merrymaking being shortly after Christmas Day, it was easy to get evergreen trees at nominal prices—the florists having no further hope of selling them. These were disposed about the room in as natural a manner as

possible, all furniture and ornaments removed, and the curtains and pictures draped and covered with forest-green cheese-cloth, upon which sprays and sprigs of laurel leaves had been thickly sewn. The floor was covered with a green-baize drugget, with bits of evergreen plentifully scattered over its surface, while green denim pillows, stuffed with pine balsam, and a fairly ponderous log or two, alone offered opportunity of seats other than that which the ground furnished.

The invitations had requested that the guests come in picnic garb, which was understood by the men to mean suits of tweed and homespun, knickerbockers, and "anything comfortable," and by the girls to make themselves as "fetching" as possible, with a touch of rusticity in their attire whenever it could be made artistic or becoming.

The easy clothing seemed of itself to make things informal, while the requirement of seating themselves in such primitive fashion had its effect in banishing any possible stiffness.

Games, sports, stunts, etc., occupied the time before supper, the fun culminating in a contest in which each man in turn tried to get into a huge clothes-basket, through the handles of which a broomstick was passed, the ends resting upon the seats of two chairs, placed back to back.

If one succeeded in the difficult feat without overbalancing the basket and "coming a cropper" to the ground, he was then shod by a comrade with a pair of very large list slippers. These he was to kick off in turn, while preserving his balance, the jerk, however, usually having the effect of promptly precipitating him to the ground, which has an unaccountable mirth-provoking effect upon the spectators.

The supreme moment arrived when the fair cooks spread a table-cloth upon the ground and invited the company to gather about it.

Each guest then unwrapped his or her own mysterious contribution, which was proudly displayed. One brought a country nosegay for the central ornament of the "spread," composed of flowers stiffly arranged and of a combination of colours that set at defiance all the laws of taste. Another contributed home-made candies, a third, olives and pickles, while the hostesses delighted their friends with an incomparable chowder, fish-balls light as thistle-down, a tongue cooked to velvet, and salads, biscuits, cakes, etc., to please an epicure.

The coffee was made in true picnic fashion in the presence of the company at the wide hearth, which made a fairly good substitute for a camp-fire.

After the feast each guest was given a long, pointed stick which was used for roasting apples and toasting marshmallows—and later on, corn was popped over the bed of glowing embers. Then the banjos were played, and all joined in singing popular songs.

At another winter picnic each young woman guest was requested to bring a box containing luncheon for two and to place her visiting-card within it. The guests arrived wearing duck skirts, straw hats, knickerbockers, etc., and played games, and tried their luck at a fish-pond improvised in one corner of the room, where "fortunes," not favours, were caught on the hook, cleverly adapted to the fisherman by the person representing "Truth, at the bottom of the well"—or pond, in this case.

As the supper hour approached, the young men were given a number of beans, and the "luncheon boxes"

were auctioned off. The cards within the boxes determined the partners of the purchasers.

THE "CORDON BLEU" DINNER

The feasts given by Mme. du Barry to Louis XV. seem like fairy tales, with the marvellous table rising up through the floor, already laden with its dainties. Upon one occasion, they had a discussion about the relative merits of men and women cooks, each defending and advocating his or her own sex.

To prove her argument, Mme. du Barry invited the king to a dinner so perfect in all its appointments, according to the fashions of the day, and so delicious, that the monarch admitted himself beaten and thereupon instituted the order of the "Cordon Bleu," which was at first restricted to women cooks.

A novelty in the matter of entertainments called "Historical dinners" was introduced last winter among the opulent.

One was a duplicate of the dinner given by du Barry when Louis decorated her cook with the blue cord.

A free translation of the menu might read as follows:

Game Soup	
Patties of Chickens' Livers	
Crab farcis	
Salmi of Snipe	
Suprême of Sweetbreads	
Capon with Cress Salad	
Walnuts dipped in sherry and Chopped Brandied Peaches mixed with whipped cream	
Strawberries	Grapes

CHAPTER XXVIII

Tableaux

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

IT is possible to give very effective and interesting tableaux where two rooms are separated by portières or folding doors, but if possible the sides of the one representing the stage should be curtained off by screens, technically called "flies," and foot-lights are almost indispensable.

These may be made of tin, or bottles of uniform height holding candle-ends, and masked by tissue-paper frills on the side next the audience. A strong lamp should be placed at right and left of the stage so as to be screened from sight, but to throw its light full upon the actors.

The shadows are the things that mar successful effectiveness. The lights, therefore, should fall from the top, sides, and at the foot. A dark curtain stretched about six feet at the rear of the place occupied by the actors throws them into relief, and its neutral tone harmonises the colours of the picture.

The illusion of distance and perspective is given if a gauze curtain or one of black tarlatan hang in front of the stage and inside the curtain.

A stage slightly raised above the spectators—about three feet, perhaps—gives great advantage and may be

built very cheaply by laying on squared joists or even old boxes a few boards, which, covered with green baize, will answer for grass-plot or carpet.

If a drop-curtain be desired, a light wooden frame should be made by a responsible carpenter and attached firmly to the front part of the stage. The curtain is nailed to the top piece, while at its lower edge a metal rod should be run through the hem, at the back of which rows of rings are attached. Through these, cords are passed and run over pulleys, attached to the upper part of the frame.

A pyramidal form is usually aimed at in disposing groups for tableaux, and the best effects are the simplest. The more natural the attitude and expression, the more pleasing.

Upon occasion, coloured lights add much to the interest and dramatic illusion. Imagine, for instance, a tableau of Joan of Arc bound to the stake, straw heaped at its foot, her hands clasped upon her breast, her eyes uplifted to a cross held high by a priest or monk, while another man leans over to apply the torch.

Just before the curtain falls, if a red light be thrown upon the straw and then flashed rapidly over the whole scene, the effect will be very striking.

This red fire is easily made. Burn in an iron pan the following mixture, to which is added a little spirits of wine: Five ounces of dry nitrate of strontia, an ounce and a half of sulphur, five drachms of chlorate of potash and four of sulphuret of mercury, all of which are powdered. Mix all thoroughly on paper before transferring to the pan. A polished reflector fitted to the pan will enable one to direct or concentrate the light.

If for such a tableau as the three witches in Macbeth a ghastly look is required, mix common salt with spirits

of wine in a metal vessel and set it over a spirit lamp. The spirits of wine ignites and a weird light is produced. Of course, all the other lights should be extinguished.

The subjects for tableaux are inexhaustible. Famous paintings have been represented with such fidelity that it seemed as if the familiar canvases had been touched into life by some supernatural power. Picturesque incidents from our own early history would be appropriate for any of our national holiday entertainments. "John Alden and Priscilla," "The Burning of a Witch in Salem," "The Marriage of Pocahontas," "The Sailing of the *Mayflower*"—the homesick little group watching it from the shore—are a few suggestions that will readily occur to any one.

One of the most charming entertainments may be given if some one read aloud a poem or a story with well-modulated voice, correct accent, and intelligent interpretation, while the illustrations are given by successive tableaux, as when one turns a page to find a picture.

It has been found by those experienced in trying to win public interest in some benevolent scheme that nothing is so sure to attract as a series of tableaux. Amateur acting often leaves much to be desired and challenges comparison with professional talent, but amateurs of tableaux may have the whole field to themselves and be quite assured of appreciative and sympathetic audiences.

DRESDEN CHINA

There are few prettier forms of the tableau than groups imitating statuettes of Dresden china. The gaily flowered dresses and the daintiness and grace of pose make exceedingly charming effects.

A girl in a flowered chintz gown of the Louis XV. period, her hands thrust in two diminutive apron-pockets, and wearing a coquettish cap, may stand, archly smiling, perched upon a round pedestal at one side of the stage, while a gallant regards her with admiring glances from the other.

A tub inverted, covered with white cheese-cloth, answers very well for a pedestal.

They next may group themselves in a representation of a very popular subject in Dresden pottery. The lady will have removed her apron and cap, given a touch of powder to her hair, and seated herself upon a sofa—just large enough for two. The gentleman sits by her side almost on the edge of the sofa and by look and gesture seems to be pleading a cause very near his heart. His eloquence is met by a look under half-closed eyes, as if questioning his sincerity, while the mouth is relaxed into a smile.

A series of charming poses may be copied from the "Minuet," the curtain falling after each of them and rising upon a new combination. For instance, in one the lady and gentleman stand, each with one foot advanced, body thrown back, his head very erect, hers a little on one side, while their raised hands are joined at the height of her head. She carries a tiny folding fan; he, a three-cornered hat. The scene changes and the lady is curtsying, holding her dress with her left hand, her fan in her right at the level of her chin, with elbow raised. The gentleman bows low, his hat held over the region of his heart. Again the gentleman is kneeling upon one knee, his right elbow resting upon the edge of his hat, which is thus balanced upon his other knee. He holds the lady's left hand with his left, and she with fan in full play is apparently about to pirouette

around him. During these scenes, the effect would be much heightened if in the accompaniment of music some of the charming old "Menuets de la Cour" could be played.

"The Gavotte" belongs to the same period and is equally picturesque, though even more extravagant in pose, while the "Pavane," said to be derived from the word pavon (peacock), is stately and solemn, though graceful. All these may be found in illustrated books on dancing, which will be found very suggestive. The charm of novelty is always sought for and thus may be had in the grouping, but nothing more attractive and bewitching in costume has ever been devised for scenic effect than that of the Louis XV: and XVI. periods.

Powdered hair is becoming to every one and may, with gowns of chintz and hats wreathed with paper roses, make up an effect that will leave no room for regretting the lack of rich brocades, velvets, and satins—though a man's costume is not quite so easily achieved.

It is imperative that he have a wig of white hair—or of bleached flax—knee-breeches, and a coat—with skirts and conspicuous pockets—opening over a long waistcoat of fancy pattern, lace jabot, and ruffles at his wrists. The costume may be hired, but if home talent be invoked it will be found that furniture-coverings of flowered designs make charming coats of the period desired, linen-back satins for upholstering are adapted for knee-breeches at small cost, and four-inch wide Valenciennes lace, at eight cents per yard, may be had at nearly all the shops where such wares are sold, to supply the laces. The same satin as that for the breeches will cover a frame for the three-cornered hat—and the costume will be complete.

“THE SPRING NUMBER OF THE NEW MAGAZINE”

A dozen bright girls, in their pity for the children of the city slums during the summer, desired to raise sufficient money to turn certain vacant lots into playgrounds for them, providing them with swings, games, and hardy plants.

To this end, they gave an entertainment which, attracting by its novelty, made them the proud and happy recipients of several hundreds of dollars.

The entertainment was called “The Spring Number of the New Magazine,” and in a series of tableaux, recitations, songs, and little comedies was supposed to reproduce a typical periodical, presenting its features in living, breathing reality before the audience.

The curtain rose first upon what was intended to represent the cover of the magazine. A young girl, gowned in white and crowned with flowers, stood holding in her extended arms a shallow, round basket filled with daffodils—a picture of girlish freshness—an embodiment of the springtime.

At her back was a large, white screen, on the border of which, at one side, were ornamental letters (painted in spring’s yellow-greens), and with one letter beneath the other, spelling the words, “The Spring Number,” and on the border of the other side the remaining words, “Of the New Magazine.”

Next followed the advertisements in a series of tableaux—some so familiar as to elicit much appreciation and amusement in the audience.

The background in each case gave the text accompanying the illustration, exactly as in the actual advertisements.

The "Frontispiece" came next, and was also a tableau. A young girl was looking with smiling, happy eyes upon her extended hand, where sparkled a ring, the significance of which was evident to all. A young man's photograph and a bunch of roses on the table before her were suggestive touches to the picture, which hardly needed the explanatory word, "Engaged," that was printed on a strip of muslin stretched across the platform before the foot-lights, as if at the foot of the page.

A poem was next recited, and this was succeeded by a "short story," interpreted thus:

The little stage was fitted up as a pretty drawing-room, and the clever little satire called "The Browning Society," from Conan Doyle's novelette, "The Duet," supplied the story, which was acted with great spirit. Three young women meet to study Browning, with the laudable purpose of self-culture. Various interests lead their minds away from the subject until the time has gone and other engagements claim them. As a study of femininity it is admirable and amusing.

A song was next sung and the representation closed—as do magazines—with more advertisements, illustrated by tableaux.

The chief expense of the entertainment was the back-grounds, which carefully reproduced the text of the advertisements in large letters upon muslin two yards wide. These sheets were hung upon rollers—like window-shades—from a cross-piece of wood between two uprights, and the room on either side was curtained off, as was the space to the right and left of the little stage. It is an entertainment that admits of great variety.

TITLES OF BOOKS—ILLUSTRATED

When a company of persons can be induced to fill the rôles of actor and audience alternately, the success of the entertainment is a foregone conclusion.

The representations may be impromptu, or the hostess may intimate in the invitations her wishes that her guests come prepared to illustrate the title of some book in a tableau.

The guests may plan in advance to act together, but no one but the hostess should be in the secret of *what* the book-title is until it is guessed by the audience.

To give unity to the entertainment, the hostess should direct the order in which the tableaux are given, numbering each one for the convenience of guessing their subjects. Few stage "properties" and little preparation will be required.

The audience is supplied with cards with pencils attached, where, upon numbered lines, they chronicle their guesses as to what each tableau, in turn, represents, signing their names at the end and giving them to the hostess. The one most successful in naming the books should receive some little honour or prize.

By way of suggestion, the curtain rises, or the drawn portières reveal a Puritan maiden dressed in sober gray, with close muslin cap, sitting at her spinning-wheel, her hands held idly in her lap, her thoughts apparently far from her work.

A young man, peeping at her from what may appear as the entrance, or approaching from behind her on tip-toe to surprise, may suggest the subject of her thoughts. She is intended to represent "An Old-fashioned Girl," by Miss Alcott.

The same subject might be given a comical turn if the

young woman were dressed in the fashion of a few years ago (than which none ever seems more absurd), being held on a bicycle by an obliging admirer, who is instructing her in the art of balance.

The next tableau perhaps discovers a typical old maid, a packet of letters yellowed with age, and a faded ribbon in her lap. One hand holds a letter, the other a daguerreotype, at which she gazes wistfully. This, to illustrate "Looking Backward," by Bellamy. A very young girl might be sitting on a stool at her feet, apparently listening, with intense interest, to the old maid's tale of her life's romance.

"Vice Versa," by Anstey, may be given by two or three persons, wearing hats, coats, and skirts "hind-side before."

"Madame Butterfly," by John Luther Long, may be charmingly suggested by a lady in Japanese costume at her toilette, her maid adding pins or flowers to her coiffure. This series would lend itself easily to the most unpremeditated representation.

"THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN"

This series of tableaux has the advantage that it requires no "properties" but those that any household may supply, and has for its theme the interests and emotions common to all and that never fail to make appeal to sympathetic appreciation.

In the old cook-books, a standing witticism, handed down through the generations, was that in the preparation of Hare Soup—"You must first catch your hare." So, for the initial tableaux of "Infancy," we must borrow a baby, unless we are so fortunate as to own one of the required age and pattern. A doll might do, but at the expense of all the sympathy, the kindly feeling, that

is aroused in an audience at the sight of a real, live baby, lying in the sleep of innocence that never fails to touch the heart in its tenderest sensibilities.

The baby should be asleep in its cradle, in a room dimly lighted, guarded by an angel bending over it, as one sees in Kaulbach's picture. If the effect of moonlight may be given by an electric light concealed from view, the effect will be the more pleasing.

The chief requirement of the angel is a face that suggests purity and has at least a sweet expression. She should be dressed in the traditional robe that artists have always loved to represent as the garb worn in the heavenly land, and for which white cheese-cloth offers a material that unites many advantages. It falls in pretty, graceful folds, has the clinging property required, and costs next to nothing. The wings should be made on wire frames covered with cotton batting, the threads holding the material in place, if carried in the right direction, aiding the illusion by appearing like the spines of the feathers.

Should the baby awake, its natural motions will not detract from the interest of the scene, but should it begin to cry the curtain should be rung down.

The next scene—"Childhood"—may be represented by a little girl four or five years old playing "tea-party" with her family of dolls seated around a toy table. The more forlorn and dilapidated the doll she holds in her arms as the one entitled to her special favour the better. She need not be required to keep absolutely still, if, unconscious of self, she will pour out imaginary tea in the miniature cups and act quite independently of the audience.

The third scene may follow Shakespeare's order in his "Seven Ages," and show the little heroine of the

series as a school-girl. If the furniture of the room could be covered with white cheese-cloth upon which powdered mica is thrown, so as to resemble snowbanks, the floor covered with the same, the windows concealed by two or three evergreens powdered with artificial snow, the setting would be an effective background. The little girl, with very rosy cheeks, wearing a worsted hood and mittens, her books and slate under her arm, and with one roller skate on, may then cross the stage with a merry look and smile at the audience, pausing midway to regale herself with a bite of a large red apple before she is lost to view in the wings.

"Maidenhood" comes next, and may be represented by a graceful girl dressed in white, a blue ribbon around her waist and a bunch of daisies tucked in her belt. She holds one daisy in her hand, and with body bent forward and with great eagerness she pulls off the petals one by one, to see whether "her love loves her or no." A row of potted plants on the window-sill, a young man's photograph framed on the table, may add suggestive touches.

"Wifehood" may be suggested by a tableaux representing the picture called "*Enfin Seuls!*" A girl in full bridal dress is being clasped tenderly in the arms of the bridegroom, who is apparently rejoicing over the fact that the guests are all gone and that at last they are alone with their happiness! Her head slightly bent, fondly leaning against his shoulder, billows of tulle framing her happy face—offers a picture at which every woman's heart will throb in responsiveness, for it represents the crowning moment of a girl's life.

After such a climax one appears lacking in tact to make the suggestion that a brother is the only one that could fill the rôle of the happy bridegroom without

embarrassment to all and to save the audience from feeling themselves "*de trop*," but that seems the best solution of the matter.

It is reserved for the sixth tableaux to represent what is perhaps the "*summum bonum*" of the woman's life—happy "Motherhood." A young woman may be seated in a pretty, homelike room, gazing with smiling interest at two or three little children building houses with blocks on the floor at her feet. Some bit of baby-finery lying in her lap, her work-basket near at hand, will add a further touch of domesticity.

The last tableau of all should present "Old Age," under the pleasantest aspect. A serene old lady, in snowy cap and with kerchief crossed on her breast, may be sitting in an old-fashioned rocking-chair, with two or three children at her knee, to whom she appears to be telling stories, while her knitting lies upon her lap, and they crowd around her in their eager interest.

Every possible touch of old-fashioned comfort that may be added to the room will greatly enhance the effect. Her open Bible, with a pair of spectacles lying upon it, may be on the table, daguerreotypes standing open on the mantel, framed silhouettes or family portraits on the walls, and a few sweet-peas, marigolds, or other favourites of old gardens may be in a vase within reach of her hand.

A final bear-hug from the children, by way of testimony to the affection of which she is the object, may be the signal for the falling of the curtain.

A musical accompaniment may add much to the effectiveness of the pictures. For the first one, Brahms's lovely cradle-song, "*Wiegenlied*," would be appropriate, and, for the second, some selection from "The Daisy Chain"—than which nothing is fuller of children's glee.

For the third—that of the little school-girl—the popular songs would answer, such as “You Can’t Play in Our Back Yard,” or “Daddy Wouldn’t Buy Me a Bow-wow.” Of course, love songs for “Maidenhood,” and one of the wedding-marches, full of triumphant happiness, for the tableau intended to suggest “Wifehood.” The sentiment of “Motherhood” may be summed up in “Home, Sweet Home,” while “Auld Lang Syne” may fitly accompany the picture of “Old Age.”

A LOAN COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS

A series of tableaux may be given without the usual elaborate preparations, and combine the minimum of effort for the hostess with the maximum of fun for all, if the invitations inclose a request that each guest shall bring a costume or certain “properties,” and come prepared to pose as a portrait. The fact that each has something to contribute and is an exhibitor as well as a spectator has a wonderfully happy effect on the temper and spirit of the guests.

Two rooms, with portières between them; two strong lamps, with reflectors for footlights; and the rest is easily arranged. If it be desired to have a somewhat burlesque exhibition, a large screen of dark wall-paper pasted together may be held with thumb-tacks, so as to be smooth and firm. In this are cut round, square, and oval openings, each surrounded by a gilt paper frame on the side exposed to the audience. Close behind these openings are arranged the subjects of the portraits, some sitting on step-ladders, some on the floor, others midway between on chairs or tables. Criticism is invited; and the faces of the portraits must not evince the slightest emotion. The penalty for a smile is to pose again. The costume required being only partial, it is

the more easily achieved. When the portières are drawn together and the living pictures released, they have then the privilege of naming their successors, who are obliged to pose in their turn and hear the revengeful comments of those whom they had sought to tease by *their* criticism.

If something more artistic and less informal is desired, a dark cloth curtain may be hung as a background and a single portrait exhibited at a time. It will be found that a curtain of black netting or gauze, hung between the portrait and the audience, adds very much to the effectiveness of the former.

CHAPTER XXIX

Wedding Anniversaries

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

A WEDDING anniversary is, in some sort, the most ideal of entertainments, for only those whose married life has proved a happy one care to celebrate the event; and, as a motive for assembling one's friends, nothing could be further from the commercial spirit of give and take that so often spoils hospitality than the impulse that reaches out for the sympathy of friends in one's happiness and that solicits their congratulations. Some unwritten law has dictated that special features belong to each celebration; hence while the invitations for the various occasions may differ so as to suggest these, they are alike in general form.

The date of marriage and the present date should be engraved or written at the top of the sheet of note-paper or large card, separated by a hyphen. Or the interlaced initials of the bride's maiden name and that of the bridegroom may occupy the centre, while the dates are placed on either side an inch or two away.

The usual wording is in the best taste:

1853

1904

*Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson Darby
will be at home
on Thursday evening, December the first,
from eight until eleven o'clock,
Twenty, Fifth Avenue.*

*Joan Holmes.**John Anderson Darby*

This form shows that the invitation is for a wedding anniversary—and the bride's maiden name in lower left corner confirms it. One would disclaim any intention of soliciting a gift when the celebration imposes anything more than paper, wooden, cotton, tin, or leather trifles as presents; so, upon the invitations destined for others than very intimate friends, one may write at the bottom of the page or card: "It is requested that no gifts be sent." It seems more gracious than the usual, "No presents."

The bride should wear her wedding-gown as often as possible at the anniversary celebrations, and in its original form—if she may. When that is not feasible, she should at least wear some souvenir of her wedding finery. The bridegroom, too, if he have preserved his wedding-suit of clothes, should don it by all means.

The gifts should be upon exhibition, accompanied by the cards of the donors.

It is a pretty custom for the bride and groom to repeat their wedding journey.

THE COTTON WEDDING

The after-glow has not faded from the brightness of the wedding-day—half-halo, half-glamour—when the first anniversary dawns.

Thoughts are so busy with reminiscences of the wonderful day that some sort of celebration in its honour

seems fitting and almost urgent. Cotton has been assigned as the special feature to be used for the decorations, presents, etc., and, fortunately for the light purses of the average young householders, the material is not expensive.

One "happy pair" issued, to their former bridal party, invitations for a little dinner, which were written with indelible ink upon pieces of French nainsook—a cotton weave—folded to resemble note-paper.

The centre of the table was adorned with a tiny Christmas tree, its branches laden with (cotton) snow, powdered with mica-dust. It stood on a mound of the cotton batting of the silky, silvery sort, which covered all the table to within two feet of its edge. This mimic snow was bordered with leaves, and upon it were placed the little dishes of olives, scarlet peppermints, and cakes iced in white with candied cherries or bits of green Angelica upon them.

At each place was a large snowball, made of cotton, enclosing a favour, intended to convey some joking or teasing allusion to peculiarities of the recipient—possible where the company is well acquainted.

Soup, fish, a roast, and vegetables, a salad, a sweet dish, and coffee composed the little feast.

Upon returning to the drawing-room after dinner, the hostess placed in the hand of each guest a ball of cotton cord of a different colour—with the injunction to follow where it led—adding that it would give a clue to the fortune of each, or the revelation of his or her character. It was but the well-known Cobweb Game, for each cord led its holder a chase in pursuit of its windings upstairs and down, but every now and then a halt would be commanded by a bit of paper on the string and an injunction written thereon which the

hosts insisted must be obeyed. One young woman, who had a fresh, sweet voice, was ordered to sing a song; a man with a special talent for mimicry paused mid-way in his search to imitate a German brass band of itinerant musicians—according to the command upon a bit of paper that he found upon his string. A third recited a poem, a fourth told a story, a fifth did a “stunt”—the rest pausing in their search to enjoy and applaud.

One fair maiden found at the end of her string a watch-pocket in the form of a slipper, of white satin, with its little rosette made of orange blossoms. These lines accompanied it:

Since your thread of destiny is all of bridal white,
Its interesting significance will not be hard to guess;
In spite of tortuous windings through places dark and
 bright,
It leads to happy marriage and to ultimate success.

The man who was known to be very ambitious had to follow the leading of his red string almost to the top of the house, where, tied to a penny trumpet, marked as “The trump of fame,” he found this doggerel:

“Red is the symbol of courage,
 Red is the colour of flame,
And red is your Ariadne’s thread
 That leads to the temple of fame;
Aglow with the fire of ambition,
 Full of zeal to make famous your name,
The *best* of life’s gifts will be yours with the rest,
 You’ll be *loved* by a beautiful dame.”

Another young woman found at the end of her blue string a coronet of gilt paper covered with gilt spangles, and read:

“The proverb says that ‘blue is true,’
And so this cord of azure hue
Seemed just the one to choose for you;
‘More than coronets’ are hearts so true,
Therefore the fitting mate for you
Will be a man with blood that’s blue.”

When each had found the fate assigned by the hosts in some symbolic article and read the nonsense jingles accompanying it, they all reassembled in the drawing-room to play the game of “Hearts.” The prize to the winner was wrapped within a miniature bale of cotton. The burlap enclosing it was torn in jagged holes, from which the cotton protruded, and the name and address of the victor in the games were hastily marked upon it with shoe-dressing.

THE PAPER WEDDING

For a simple little frolic, such as young householders find at once the most enjoyable and feasible without putting too great a strain on the domestic exchequer, a good choice is an informal little dinner with games and contests to follow during the evening.

The second anniversary of the wedding day involves paper as a special feature of its celebration. The table-cloth may be replaced with white paper—the sheets carefully pasted together to make it of proper dimensions, and trimmed with paper lace, which comes in various patterns on “shelf-paper.” In paintings of opulent feastings, the table-cloth is always bordered with lace.

An oblong mound of large pink paper roses in a low, flat basket makes a pretty centrepiece. They may be bought at incredibly low prices.

In the early days of New York’s social existence,

paper flowers were used extensively for table decoration in winter—hot-houses being almost unknown.

The candle-shades of paper rose-petals, the dishes holding pink bonbons and fancy cakes lined with what are known as "laced papers," and these dainties each held in the usual crimped paper cases, may repeat the suggestion of the title-rôle of the little feast.

Its special character may also perhaps allow the use of Japanese-paper napkins of delicate pinks and greens. If the entrée is served in paper cases and the ices in the hearts of pink paper roses, even the menu may emphasise the paper idea. At the close of the dinner, before the ladies withdraw, the rose centrepiece may be passed around and each guest be requested to take a flower from it. As the flowers are withdrawn, each is found to have attached to its stem, by a narrow ribbon, some trifle in paper—as at children's birthday parties: for the men, packages of cigarettes, which they will shortly have opportunity to prove; for the women, small paper boxes containing any trifle that one pleases to enclose.

After the men have rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, a tray full of the large mottoes, containing paper caps and costumes, may be passed around.

The hostess then explains that, having "pulled" the motto with one's neighbour, each person is requested to "put on the cap" found in the motto, and with its assumption to impersonate some character of history or fiction to whom such a headgear would be appropriate. The impersonation need go no further than the answering of questions put by the others, who try to guess the chosen character of as many as possible—recording their guesses on small paper books presented by the hostess—a prize to the cleverest. For instance, one drawing a woman's nightcap may choose "Mrs. Caudle" for the

puzzlement of his or her questioners. A folly's-cap—"Triboulet," the famous jester of Francis I.

The person to whose lot falls a liberty-cap might be the allegorical figure of America, if a woman; if a man, he may impersonate Louis XVI. (recalling the time when that ill-fated monarch wore it to conciliate the mob). Leo X. for a pope's mitre. A crown—any monarch. A dunce-cap—"Simple Simon," of "Mother Goose" celebrity.

For the prizes, a book of some choice edition for the men; a pretty lamp-shade or paper fan for the ladies' award of honour. A water-colour, an etching, or an engraving would do for either.

If the hostess be willing to take the trouble, she may wear an entire paper costume, which can be bought for a song at the shops for paper fashions—if the model belong to the season preceding the present one. This, basted on her own gown, precludes the danger of tearing.

If the anniversary occur in summer, a garden party may be given, which is only an afternoon tea out of doors. With rugs spread on the lawn, chairs and little tables set in groups, a hammock with gay cushions swung near by, little other preparation is required.

The Japanese game of "Fan Ball," previously described, played with paper balls and paper fans (of palm-leaf shape), will suggest the special character of the anniversary. The ices may be served in paper cases, and paper napkins will be found a convenience—admissible under the circumstances.

THE LEATHER WEDDING

The bride of four years is usually the victim of dismayed perplexity when she learns for the first time that if she desires to celebrate the anniversary of her wedding-

day she is condemned to anything so uncompromising, so little adapted to her purpose as leather! But, as she must not infringe upon the peculiar features and prerogatives of other feasts reminiscent of that day of days, she must cudgel her wits to evolve something that is not too ugly and yet will conform to the rules which have been made by no one knows whom, but which have been accepted long enough to make them in a measure binding.

The choice of entertainments is very limited. A reception would give little opportunity to emphasise the character of the celebration, for whatever leather articles might be added to the room would be accepted as part of its usual furnishing. As all efforts to be effective must be concentrated on the table, a dinner would give the best opportunity for their display.

The centrepiece may be a basket of burnt leather, filled with whatever flowers are in season, or with maidenhair fern, the colour of which contrasts prettily with that of the leather.

The place-cards may be cut from a bit of fine chamois leather and pasted on cards—the names in raised gilt. This lettering, which is so effective, is easily achieved by home talent. A fine white powder is mixed with mucilage-water and is taken up by a little syringe, with the tube of which one writes as with a pen, while pressing the bulb gently with the left hand to make the mixture flow. Upon these moist white letters a fine gold-dust is sprinkled, which adheres so closely that a moment later, when it is dry, one may blow or dust off the superfluous gold powder and the letters stand out in bright relief. The little outfit for this purpose may be bought in the shops for a trifle.

A prettier centrepiece, if less easily achieved, would

be three "good-luck" slippers of white kid, the heels together, the toes pointing outward. These, placed on a round mirror-mat—or, better, surmounting a wedding-cake iced in white—and filled with white carnations, sweet-peas, deutzia, or lilies of the valley, would be at least suggestive of bridal days. The mirror or cake might be wreathed with flowers or only with foliage.

The slipper is a favourite design for flower-holders, and they are made in silver, glass, and fine porcelain—so the precedent is not lacking for such a choice of kid ones. In order to give the desired *tilt*, which a very high heel supplies, a little mound of rice might be placed in the centre of the mirror, or the cake surmounted by some small elevation of the confectioner's art, to serve as support to the slipper's heels and so give the flowers the right direction. The rice has at least the advantage of being white and associated with nuptial customs.

With this central decoration, the place-cards may be smoothly covered with white kid, overhanded at the edges in "buttonhole stitch," with gilt thread, or the stitching concealed by a very slender gilt cord—the names across them in the raised gilt lettering. The kid may be had at shoe stores, at glovers', and at shops where are sold materials for fancy work.

The other table decorations should, of course, be white and green to appear as "bridal" as possible. A small wedding-bell of white immortelles, suspended above the table from the centre of the chandelier, would add to the effect—the flowers composing it suggestive of the perpetuity of the marriage compact and the love that inspired it.

After dinner a fac-simile "mail-bag" of modest proportions might be brought into the drawing-room, and the host, playing postman, deliver a letter addressed to

each guest. Acquainted with the talents and powers of each of her guests to amuse or entertain, the hostess may prepare in advance a charming programme for the evening's diversion. It goes without saying that she would presume upon their coöperation only when entirely assured of their most willing compliance.

At the beginning of each note may be written, "At the request of the Bride." Then follows, perhaps, to one, "Your voice has given us so much pleasure in times past, will you sing just one song for us to-night?" To another, "You have travelled so far and wide, will you tell us of some experience or adventure that especially interested you?" To a third: "Will the lady of the fairy fingers play something for us this evening? A sympathetic, grateful audience is pledged to you." A fourth may be asked to repeat some good story that has been remembered, with flattering appreciation by his hosts, and yet another may be called upon to do some "stunt," or what are called in the *argot* of the day, "parlour-tricks."

The host and hostess should have some contribution to make first, and the simpler and less ambitious it is, the more will the others feel encouraged to do what they can. Then the guests may be called for alphabetically.

Each should be the recipient of some trifling prize—bestowed as a reward of merit, with much ceremony. All should, of course, be of leather—card-cases, pocket-books, cigarette-cases, wallets for the pocket, court-plaster cases, articles in burnt, stamped, or chiselled leather, or a volume of Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales," would make appropriate gifts.

If expense must be closely considered, the lady whose voice had given pleasure might be crowned "the Queen of Song" with paper roses or natural laurel; the

traveller decorated with the red ribbon of the "Legion of Honour"; the story-teller given one of the "Orders of Merit" (that are made for cotillion favours) as a famous "*raconteur*"; the pianist some such decorations as from the Conservatory of Music at Bayreuth; as for the one who obligingly amused the company with his tricks, he may be crowned "the Prince of Good Fellows" with a coronet of gilt paper.

These, of course, have no reference to leather, but the host and hostess may present themselves with "leather medals," the traditional booby prize and reward of failure.

Before parting it may be suggested to "throw the good-luck slipper"—an old one, be it understood, or the charm will not work.

Each one in turn takes the slipper, waves it three times around his head from left to right, makes a wish, and then casts it on the floor, behind his back. If it falls with the toe pointed toward the inquirer of fate, the wish is on its way to fulfilment and good luck advancing to meet him; if with the heel toward him, there is no hope—luck is going the other way; if sideways—

"There's a good time coming,
Wait a little longer."

WOODEN WEDDING

The fifth anniversary, called the wooden wedding, is the one most often celebrated. By that time the young couple have probably a local habitation, a name and position in the community, and the mode of living is established. When the marriage has proved a happy one and a measure of success has crowned the efforts of the young wife to make a pleasant home, and the husband

to maintain it, it is a favourite time to call in friends and neighbours to rejoice with them.

The usual form of entertainment is a little dinner given to the former bridal party and those friends whose presence brings unalloyed pleasure.

Of course, at a "wooden wedding" the aim is to have everything as sylvan as possible. Every opportunity to introduce foliage should be taken advantage of in the decoration of rooms and table.

Fortunately at the season of the anniversary, nature's bounty offers the same possibilities of adornment as at the time of the wedding, which recalls it the better. In winter, nothing is more to be desired than the Christmas greens and the evergreen trees that, after the holiday season, may be had at small expense. In spring and summer, branches and sprays of leaves should be used with prodigality.

The table should have no cloth, so as to show the wood, a mat of leaves laid in circles under each dish, and the dishes themselves lined with them. A rustic basket, formed of twigs laid log-cabin fashion and filled with growing ferns, or a birch-bark canoe, makes an appropriate centrepiece. This last, laid on a circular mirror and freighted with maidenhair fern and wood-violets, arbutus or sweet-peas, is charming, and will accommodate tumblers and finger-bowls filled with water—so that the flowers may be kept perfectly fresh.

The candle-shades may be of artificial leaves, the place-cards of birch-bark with the names written in green ink. The caterers make bonbons that exactly imitate acorns, and chocolates that look like sticks, called "*buches*" (French for log). A dado of masses of green leaves interlaced and held in place on a foundation of "chicken wire," and empire wreaths of oak leaves

are effective on the walls—if one is willing to take a little trouble to prepare decorations.

The invitations may be written in green ink on birch bark or on paper that resembles it.

In the autumn, branches of glowing maples, wreathed about the chandelier like a great Japanese umbrella, would be effective, the other table decorations being kept to the more subdued russets, browns, and tawny yellows, with a dash of scarlet given by the candle-shades, made of natural maple leaves. Artificial ones are sold in the shops for place-cards with all the gay blendings of scarlet, green, and gold, than which nothing prettier for that purpose can be had. The names, done in raised gilt lettering and tied with bright ribbons, make pretty souvenirs of the occasion.

The menu might be composed only of dishes that we owe chiefly to the woodland. A game soup, better known as “*purée de gibier*,” is delicious enough to make one forget that no oysters have been served. Brook trout, or any of the finny treasures of forest lakes, alone should be the choice of fish. A haunch of venison or venison steaks may come next, followed by partridge with watercress salad.

For the sweet course there is a dish called “*Bibesco*,” made by a famous caterer, composed chiefly of chestnuts boiled, mashed, sweetened, and put through a colander, which gives the effect of vermicelli.

This toothsome material forms a ring three or four inches in thickness, the centre of which is heaped with whipped cream filled with nuts of various kinds, which have been previously steeped in sherry or maderia. Wild grapes and green filberts would be the ideal conclusion of this sylvan repast, but if not obtainable the grapes grown in gardens are not very different in flavour.

After dinner, at any time when the conversation begins to flag, a great sawdust pie, in which are hidden wooden trifles for each guest, may enlist their amused interest. The brown paper that forms the top crust of the pie may be charred a little in order to help the similitude and to indicate on which side to find the souvenirs adapted to the gentlemen of the party. Each guest cuts a wedge of the pie, and, fishing with a wooden spoon, finds perhaps an acorn emery bag, a doll penwiper with head made of a hickory-nut, to look like an old crone, a set of jackstraws, etc.

The attention of the company being now concentrated, it is the moment to propose a game or contest of some kind. A version of "Turn About," adapted to the wooden wedding, might be played.

Let the ladies be given bits of wood and knives and requested to fashion toy boats or to whittle any object that they choose—a prize to the one judged to be the cleverest. The men may compete in dressing clothes-pin dolls or in covering large wooden button-moulds. The awkwardness on both sides usually arouses a good deal of mirth. The prizes should, of course, be of wood, a cane perhaps for the men's prize, wooden fans or photograph frames for the others.

Among presents that may be offered to the hosts are etchings of woodland scenes, a wooden book-rack for a table, a practical tool-chest, useful in every household, palms and ferns planted in wooden tubs and pails, etc.. "Braun" photographs framed in wood. I have known of a piano, a carriage, and pieces of furniture to be among the wooden-wedding gifts of one fortunate bride of five years.

The most ideal wooden-wedding feast of which I have ever heard was given in a forest. The table encircled

a great oak, and the guests came in costumes appropriate to the "merry greenwood."

At a recent celebration of the fifth anniversary, the rooms were profusely decorated with shavings, and four wooden tables and chairs were set for a progressive game of jackstraws.

Wooden butter-paddles were used for tally-cards, and in the hall was a wooden wash-tub filled with sawdust in which each departing guest was invited to delve for a small wooden box tied with ribbons, containing a piece of wedding-cake.

A WOOLLEN WEDDING

There are times that are more convenient than others for a merrymaking, and if, when the seventh anniversary of one's wedded happiness comes round one would gladly celebrate the pleasant occasion, the fact that one is condemned to a "woollen wedding" is not at first sight encouraging.

"If it were only something more decorative!" One's mind is prolific of suggestion for every other form of wedding-anniversary entertainment; but one must resign one's self.

If a dinner be chosen to which our friends are bidden, the children's birthday "Bopeep-Cake" would make an appropriate centrepiece. Upon the top of a large, round wedding-cake, a doll, dressed as Little Bopeep, is surrounded by a flock of "woolly" lambs, which may be had at small cost at almost any toy shop. A lamb at each place with a name in gilt on a ribbon tied about its neck, descriptive of, or appropriate to, the person whose seat it indicates, might answer for favours. "Krag" would be a complimentary title for any man who has read Ernest Thompson Seton. "Gentle Jane," "Butting

Billy," "Bell-Wether," "Happy-go-Lucky," "Frolic Nan," "Wool-Gatherer," might be appropriate, and "Mary's Little Lamb" would answer for the son or daughter of a mother of that name. Or place-cards of perforated Bristol-board with the names done in crewels would recall the old "samplers."

Of course, lamb or mutton should form the "*pièce de résistance*."

Here is a suggestion for a game to play for the evening's amusement:

Within the windings of an immense ball of worsted hide a small souvenir for each person. Gather the guests in a circle or in close proximity, and hand the ball to one with the request to relate a story of adventure, unwinding the worsted as the "yarn" is in progress, until one of the hidden gifts is disclosed, which is appropriated by the narrator, and then the ball is thrown to some one else, who must take up the story just at the point of its interruption and continue some sort of narrative, still unwinding the worsted, until another souvenir falls from the ball, when a third player takes up the thread, until the wool is all unwound, and the last gift displayed. This game is an adaptation of a favourite, where a handkerchief or bunch of flowers was used instead of the ball. A knitting-match among the ladies may dispose of the yarn, each one setting up stitches for a muffler, and a prize awarded to the one who makes the longest scarf. Perhaps they may be willing to take them home to finish for the city newsboys and the various missions for seamen, the members of which receive these mufflers with grateful appreciation.

THE TIN WEDDING

The tin wedding commemorates the tenth anniversary, for which the invitations are engraved upon thin tin

plates the size of a large visiting-card, or the lettering has the colour of steel upon the usual card or sheet of note-paper.

If a dinner be given, new tinware upon the table will be found almost as effective as silver, glistening resplendent and pleasing as a novelty, if its commonplace nature be half concealed and half revealed.

Pink roses with deutzia, white and pink carnations, or other combinations of rose and white, would make an attractive centrepiece, if arranged in an epergne, improvised from a fish-horn, fitted at its smaller end into the central opening of an angel-cake tin.

Four dishes holding pink and white bonbons, cakes, etc., may be set in the midst of the deep tin rings (made for baking cakes in circular form), the edges of the plates resting on the tins. These rings filled with flowers will make pretty wreaths around the most prominent dishes.

If an elaborate decoration be desired, any tinsmith can make a flower-holder in the shape of the initial of the groom's name and the bride's maiden name, or the date of the marriage and the present date, one to be placed at each end of the table.

The little round stands of twisted wire, made to set the tea-pot upon, turned upside down and lined with pink laced papers, make really very pretty receptacles for bonbons, salt-nuts, stuffed dates, etc., and if, as is now fashionable, small "individual" dishes are supplied for the salted almonds, new heart-shaped patty-pans will answer the purpose.

Cards of Bristol-board may be smoothly enveloped in tin-foil and the guests' names written upon them with a blunt pencil, to indicate the places at table.

A small tin funnel at each lady's place makes a pretty bouquet holder.

My memory furnishes an instance of a charming tin wedding from which these suggestions were partly derived.

For days before the anniversary, the presents had been coming, recalling to the bride of a decade the pleasant excitement of a former occasion.

Pretty tin candlesticks, painted scarlet, light-blue and pink, with candles to match, a tin box enmeshed in wire net-work through which white satin ribbons were interlaced, filled with sweets, and a brick-shaped ice-cream mould filled with ferns and tied about with a broad scarlet ribbon, were among the prettiest of the gifts.

Shortly before the guests began to arrive, came a tin dipper, filled with roses, the handle wound with pink ribbon finished at the end with a large bow; a dust-pan, with a spray of flowers tied to the handle with ribbons matching the blossoms; an apple-corer holding a bunch of violets, and a wire broiler inclosing a piece of new music.

One friend of practical taste sent some fine canned fruits, the tins beruffled with tissue-paper frills; another a canister of rare tea, much beribboned. The groom was favoured with boxes of fine tobacco.

The bride, arrayed in the carefully treasured wedding-gown—now grown so old-fashioned as to be both interesting and amusing—held her bouquet in a bright tin funnel.

In anticipation of another tin wedding, an obliging friend called upon or wrote to the prospective guests, saying that if they intended sending any trifle in tin to the bride, she asked that it might be wrapped so as to disguise its character, in order that they might use the articles in the playing of a game.

After a little dinner, a huge tin clothes-boiler (hired for

the occasion) was brought into the drawing-room (its handles tied with ribbon bows) containing the gifts, each of which was numbered. These were taken one by one by the person nearest the receptacle into the right hand, passed into the left, then handed to his neighbour. Each one tried to discover what the object was by feeling in its passage through his hands, writing his conjecture on a card with pencil attached, with which all had been provided.

The one whose guesses proved to be most correct was crowned with a circular band of tin, ornamented with a star-shaped patty-pan in front, and was presented with a wire globe-shaped basket such as is used for drying lettuce, lined with pink silk, filled with bonbons, and tied with ribbons.

The article that puzzled the contestants most was a parched-corn "popper," and when a little table-bell of silver was discovered and its giver reproached for breaking the rule imposing a gift of tin on a tenth anniversary, he defended himself by saying that they saw but the *vehicle* for his gift, for the gift itself was what Poe calls the "tin-tin-nabulation of the bells!"

THE CHINA WEDDING

As a variety from the other entertainments given to mark the milestones of married life, suggestions may be taken from a very pretty pageant (which is furnished by the memory of the writer) the occasion for which was the twelfth anniversary of a happy marriage—the China Wedding—which was celebrated as a Chinese reception.

The invitations were written upon rice paper, at the top of which were a few Chinese hieroglyphics in colour, which somewhat prepared the guests for the scene upon arrival.

The drawing-rooms were lavishly decorated with yellow paper chrysanthemums and China asters, and every opportunity to introduce the note of yellow taken advantage of in all the decorations and furnishings.

The host and the hostess, arrayed in the loose garments of large and striking pattern peculiar to the Flowery Kingdom, received their guests under a large Chinese umbrella of kaleidoscopic hues, suspended from the ceiling, at one end of the drawing-room. The handle had been removed and paper lanterns all lighted hung from the end of every rib.

All the other lights were veiled by yellow paper shades.

In different parts of the house Chinese incense was burning, and the music was so oriental in character, with the tom-tom rhythmically beating the time, that one felt very remote from the land of one's every-day experience.

The novelty of the surroundings contributed to the feeling of being agreeably entertained, though, beyond the music and conversation, no further effort was made.

The centrepiece on the supper-table was a Chinese pagoda standing on a mound of flowers. I learned subsequently that it was formed of copper wire bent into shape covered thickly with paper frills that looked like tiny flowers. At each point and projection a miniature paper lantern was hung, each with its light. The main dishes were of Chinese ware, and certain dainties, palatable to the Mongolian taste, were served by way of curiosity, having been procured from the shops that import foreign edibles. All were supplied with chop-sticks, and amused themselves by trying to master the difficulties of their manipulation.

THE CRYSTAL WEDDING

Fifteen years after the wedding day comes the opportunity of celebrating what is known as the "Crystal Wedding," invitations for which may be printed upon thin cards of translucent celluloid, that looks very like glass, without its brittleness. The Old English lettering in gilt shows well upon it.

If the anniversary occur in summer, it may be pleasantly celebrated by an "afternoon tea" out of doors, if the "happy pair" be the fortunate possessors of a lawn and shade-trees. A few small tables in sheltered nooks and a large one to hold the base of supplies, chairs grouped in twos and threes, rugs on the grass, etc., are suggestive of pleasure, at first sight.

A hammock or two with bright cushions add a suggestion of ease that is alluring.

In the centre of the large table a cut-glass dish holding a mass of red roses or scarlet geraniums, or carnations, would be effective, but better still a glass vase, bowl, or other receptacle filled with red blossoms might ornament each of the small tables.

Finger-bowls would hold the flowers in sufficient quantity.

As one is confined to glass dishes for everything at a crystal wedding, its lack of colour is better supplemented by crimson or scarlet flowers than by those of other shades.

It is the custom in Russia to serve tea in very thin glasses in preference to cups, and, as it is taken with lemon instead of with cream, it is much more dainty in appearance. The Austrians also prefer glasses to cups for their coffee, and, the habit once formed, no cup seems thin enough. Any excuse to use glass is admissible.

The lemonade and ices are, of course, served in tumblers and glass saucers. Instead of sugar for the tea and coffee, the crystals of white rock-candy may be used, and are no mean substitute. A profusion of cut-glass on the large table makes, of course, an attractive decoration in itself, but the pressed glass now imitates it very nearly and is wonderfully cheap.

Should a dinner be given in preference, every possible device for using glass should be taken advantage of.

A large piece of looking-glass, bordered with red roses or other flowers, if desired, may be placed on the table, a glass bowl of flowers in the centre. If one be not fortunate enough to own by inheritance or purchase old-fashioned glass candlesticks with long pendant prisms, there are glass ones to be had, some handsome, others very inexpensive and easily procured. The shades may have a fringe of cut-glass beads around them that, catching the light, has a pretty prismatic effect.

For name-cards, small, round, bevelled mirrors, three inches in diameter, may easily be inscribed with the names of the guests in any coloured ink preferred. Wreaths of tiny blossoms painted along the edges would, of course, greatly enhance their beauty. Should these prove too expensive, a simple white card around the edges of which crystal beads are thickly sewn, forming a sort of a frame, may not be an unacceptable substitute.

Endless is the variety from which the presents may be selected—dainty bits of fragile Venetian, jewelled Bohemian, Austrian or Tiffany glass, vases of all sorts, shapes and sizes, glass inkstands, mucilage-bottles for the desk, crystal paper-cutters, magnifying glasses, liqueur stands, "tantalus" sets, cut-glass articles, rock-crystal "bibelots," pretty trifles in glass mounted in

Empire gilt, bottles containing cologne, perfumes, wines—what one will—offer a wide field of choice.

Any of these articles may be selected for a prize, if some game or contest be chosen for the entertainment of the guests.

In a contest that lately afforded much amusement, each gentleman present was requested to write a description of his wife's wedding-gown. The ladies meantime wrote accounts of their own. The man who came the nearest to the truth received a prize, and, of course, the rest professed to have seen nothing but the "lovelight in her eyes."

Among intimates, who know how to take a joke, the "booby prize" might be a small mirror in which the winner is invited to see the "prize booby."

THE LINEN WEDDING

The Linen Wedding may be celebrated twenty years from the "great event" in a woman's life.

It must be confessed that, although it furnishes an excellent opportunity for pretty gifts in embroidered and drawn-work doilies, centrepieces, toilet-sets, tray-cloths, and all manner of pretty napery, it is less suggestive to a hostess as a "theme" for an entertainment.

A dinner offers the best opportunity, perhaps, for the expression of the idea.

The invitations may be written upon squares of linen with indelible ink and enclosed in envelopes of the same material.

The elaborate folding of napkins is no longer in vogue, but the fashion might be revived on such an occasion when linen is to be made the prominent feature. Any pretty drawn-work or embroidered linen may be appropriately introduced. Napkins, folded to represent a

succession of scallop-shells or fans, may surround and conceal the dish holding the flowers in the centre of the table.

No flowers are so suitable for the occasion as the pretty blue blossoms of the flax plant, but they are hardly vivid enough by themselves to be effective, as the table is so severely white. Bright poppies and daisies added to the flax make an attractive centrepiece, but if the flax is not in season, or difficult to get, the blue of ragged-sailors, or larkspur, gives at least the same colour.

Small squares of fine linen with fringed edges, the guests' names in blue or red Kensington stitch in bold English writing, will answer for place-cards, or the linen may cover Bristol-board cards by means of a thin flour paste. Nothing makes a better surface for water-colour painting than linen, so imagination may run riot if the hostess be a bit of an artist.

Round, fringed doilies should line every dish.

A really dainty flower-holder may be made by placing a slender, thin glass tumbler in the centre of a round piece of fine linen, edged with lace an inch or two wide. This should be drawn up, plaited around the edge of the tumbler, and tied with narrow ribbon in many loops.

The lace stands out like a ruffle, making a border around the flowers.

Much will be accepted when a special feature is to be emphasised among friends that upon other occasions would appear far-fetched and not to be desired.

If a contest be desired, each one may be given a lot of coarse linen-twine tied up in many knots. A time-limit is set and the one who first shows his or her skein undone wins the prize.

THE SILVER WEDDING

It is usually at about the period in life when the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage is reached that the family finances are at their highest point of prosperity, which may be one reason why it is more generally celebrated than any other, and usually by a reception or a dinner.

In the decoration of the rooms, flowers and palms are greatly to be desired, in whatever profusion the taste or means of the hosts may dictate. If there are vases of flowers about the rooms, ribbons of silver tissue may be tied about them, just below the blossoms, and the tinsel used so extensively for the decoration of Christmas-trees may be bestowed in places where its effective glitter may suggest the title of the anniversary.

For the table, nothing harmonises so well with silver as rose-colour, particularly by artificial light. Any pink roses (of one variety) make an exquisite centrepiece, but for this occasion American beauties in a silver loving-cup could not be surpassed.

When one has reached the "silver-wedding" day, one has presumably come to the time when one is not indifferent to the advantage of the light's being strained through rose-coloured shades. It thus blends mercy with justice.

Shades of filigree silver may be had, and, lined with pink of the shade of the flowers, are exceedingly pretty. They are also made in plated ware and of silvered paper. Those of artificial rose-petals are always lovely.

The bonbons should be pink, held in the usual little cups of crimped (silver) paper or enveloped in silver foil; the place-cards, also pink and silver-edged, should be

stamped with the interlaced initials of bride and groom and the guests' names written in silver ink.

Or large rose-petals made of Bristol-board and tinted the shade of American beauty roses make a good background for silver lettering, and are more artistic than the usual place-cards.

The hostess may be gowned in silver-gray if her wedding attire is not available, and a bow of silver ribbon in the hair that time has silvered might be worn in recognition of the day.

Only relatives and intimate friends send gifts, and it is considered to be in good taste to intimate upon the invitations that it is requested that no presents be sent.

For entertainment, only music, recitations, tableaux, or something in the nature of a performance, will probably interest a company of mature men and women.

The music from a small orchestra may give only selections of famous love-songs, wedding-marches, and joyous, heart-thrilling harmonies. An accompaniment of silver bells would be effective. The recitations may easily adhere to selections in which love and marriage form the theme, and for tableaux scenes of courtship may be given exclusively—John Alden and Priscilla, Romeo and Juliet, Othello and Desdemona, Zekel and Huldý from Lowell's "New England Courtship."

"Zekel crept up quite unbeknown

And there sat Huldý all alone
With no one nigh to hinder."

When the Mikado celebrated his silver wedding, it marked an era in the civilisation of Japan and of the treatment of women in that country. He sent gifts to

the sick, the poor, and the afflicted, as though trying to draw within the circle of his own happiness as many as possible. The example is worthy of imitation.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

The bride and groom, now grown old, may celebrate the event of their golden wedding anniversary with perhaps less fatigue and excitement, and certainly may include a wider circle of friends, by giving a reception than by any other form of entertainment.

It is to be hoped that, after having reached half a century of wedded life, the aged couple may have many willing hearts and hands of children and grandchildren at their disposal, who will relieve them of any exertion and responsibility in making ready for their guests. The decorations of rooms and table should be gay with golden blossoms. Nature is prodigal of yellow from spring daffodils to the chrysanthemums of autumn, gorse, broom, yellow maple boughs, ripe wheat, buttercups, etc., etc., and when "September waves its goldenrod," it is so lavish of its bloom that the rooms may be made like bowers. If the purse be sufficiently well lined with the precious metal, a golden wedding may be made like a scene from the Arabian Nights.

Florists may deck the rooms, the table be laden with gold plate, or dishes of gilded silver; but for those who would rather spend their money in lifting other people's burdens, or save it for the loved ones who are to come after them, pretty effects may be obtained at little outlay of anything but time, patience, and good-will.

Portières of corn-coloured cheese-cloth, bordered with chrysanthemums of yellow tissue paper mingled with a few natural leaves, may be hung at the doorways.

Any one with the usual complement of brain and fingers may make the flowers by the dozens in a short time, if one have a model.

Over one doorway may be placed the date of the marriage and the present date, in figures a foot long, composed of yellow flowers. These might be tiny paper roses, artificial buttercups, or immortelles.

In another doorway a huge wedding-bell or wedding-ring composed of yellow flowers, close-packed, might hang by a wide satin ribbon.

On the table a gilt-framed mirror may form the central ornament upon which the flower-piece stands. If one end of the mirror differ from the other, flowers may be heaped at both ends, to conceal the lack of uniformity.

A large bowl, vase or loving-cup of golden blossoms should ornament the centre of the table. A sheaf of wheat makes a pretty basket to hold them, and horns of plenty of gilded straw, out of which many fruits appear to be tumbling, would look well at the ends. A yellow satin ribbon, tied around a plain dish, will conceal it. Brass candlesticks make fairly good substitutes for gold ones. Candle-shades of gilt lace-paper are very inexpensive, and yellow crimped paper ones may be trimmed with artificial buttercups. Pretty *bobèches* are made by twisting the stems of half a dozen of these flowers together, so that they appear to be growing around the base of the candle. Gilt lace papers should line every dish whenever possible. Oranges, salads covered with mayonnaise dressing, golden sponge-cake, cakes with orange icing, yellow bonbons—anything of the colour of the precious metal, is appropriate for the table decorations.

It would be less fatiguing for the aged couple if some daughter were to receive the guests, until most of them

were assembled, when the pair might enter the room together to the music of a wedding-march on the piano.

Or the bride may with all propriety receive her guests seated in a chair which may be transformed into a floral throne, after the manner of carriages at a flower parade. A wicker chair is easily decorated. The groom would probably prefer liberty to ease, and after standing near his wife for a time would mingle with the guests.

The bride probably may no longer wear her wedding-dress, but it might be upon exhibition, or perhaps some fresh young granddaughter might, in wearing it, personate the bride of fifty years ago. With a coiffure like that in vogue at the time of the marriage, she would doubtless look quaint and pretty, and have no more hearty admirers than the aged groom and the gentle bride, to whose grandmotherly heart the sight will bring no tinge of jealousy.

Music, from a small orchestra screened by palms, would add much to the festal effect, and if such old ballads as "Ah, believe me if all these endearing young charms," "John Anderson," and others that have tender associations for the bride and groom, were played, it would add peculiar interest to the music.

On such an occasion the heart of every guest worthy to be present should echo Tiny Tim's famous toast, "God bless us, every one!" At the close, all might join in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

A recent celebration of a fiftieth wedding anniversary was given as a lawn-party. The carriages and carryalls that met the guests at the station to convey them to the house were distinguished from other equipages in that each driver's whip was tied with a bow of orange satin ribbon. The aged couple were seated side by side upon wicker chairs, which had been decked as before

suggested with yellow flowers, like the carriages at a flower parade.

The gifts in some cases merely suggested by their colour the title-rôle of the anniversary—articles in silver gilt, ormolu, brass, a sofa-pillow of orange cloth, embroidered in locust blossoms. Then there was an engraving of "The Golden Wedding," by Knaus, and several books suggestive of married happiness. A huge wedding-cake, ornamented with the interlaced initials of the pair in gilt, was cut by the bride.

After the more formal guests had taken leave, a few of the nearest friends were asked to stay and join the family in a little service of thanksgiving that was to be held under the trees. It lasted but a few moments, was very fervent and impressive as the clergyman thanked God for the past and invoked His blessing and favour upon the future of the aged bride and groom.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING

Those to whom a kind Providence has granted the happy companionship of sixty years of married life may celebrate the diamond wedding. They should be spared the fatigue of any more taxing entertainment than a family gathering, which should include all who in other lands and ages would be regarded as the clan acknowledging headship of the aged pair.

Of course, to younger heads, hands and hearts should be committed all the preparations.

The table-cloth at the feast may be sparkling with "diamond dust," as powdered mica is called—the white flowers held in a cut-glass bowl or loving-cup in its centre, and all the white bonbons and iced cakes held also in glass dishes. The old-fashioned candlesticks with

pendant prisms would be the ones most to be desired, but any glass candelabra might replace them.

The candle-shades, made of cut-glass beads, are not beyond the power of home talent to achieve, and they catch and reflect the light prettily, somewhat in the manner of diamonds.

The bride and groom should be marshalled into the dining-room with some little ceremony—to the music of a wedding-march, at least, and at the close of the feast the eldest son may propose their health—which should be drunk standing. It is wiser to aim at merriment rather than to tax the emotions even pleasurably.

The gifts may *suggest* diamonds—bits of cut-glass, Rhinestone photograph frames, crystal in any form may be offered.

One aged bridegroom gave to his wife on the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage a diamond ring in which was inscribed—

“Fulfilment better than promise.”

Another gave a small mirror set in Rhinestones to his bride, with the accompanying rhymes:

Look and see
Why my Love is like a diamond.

Because she is fair and pure and bright,
Because she is precious in my sight.
Not coldly white, but gay and warm,
With many reflections and varied charm.
Great Solomon, too, her price has set,
‘Far above rubies.’ Now, never yet
In all the marts of the world was known
A gem outranking the ruby save one—
The diamond only, so that Solomon

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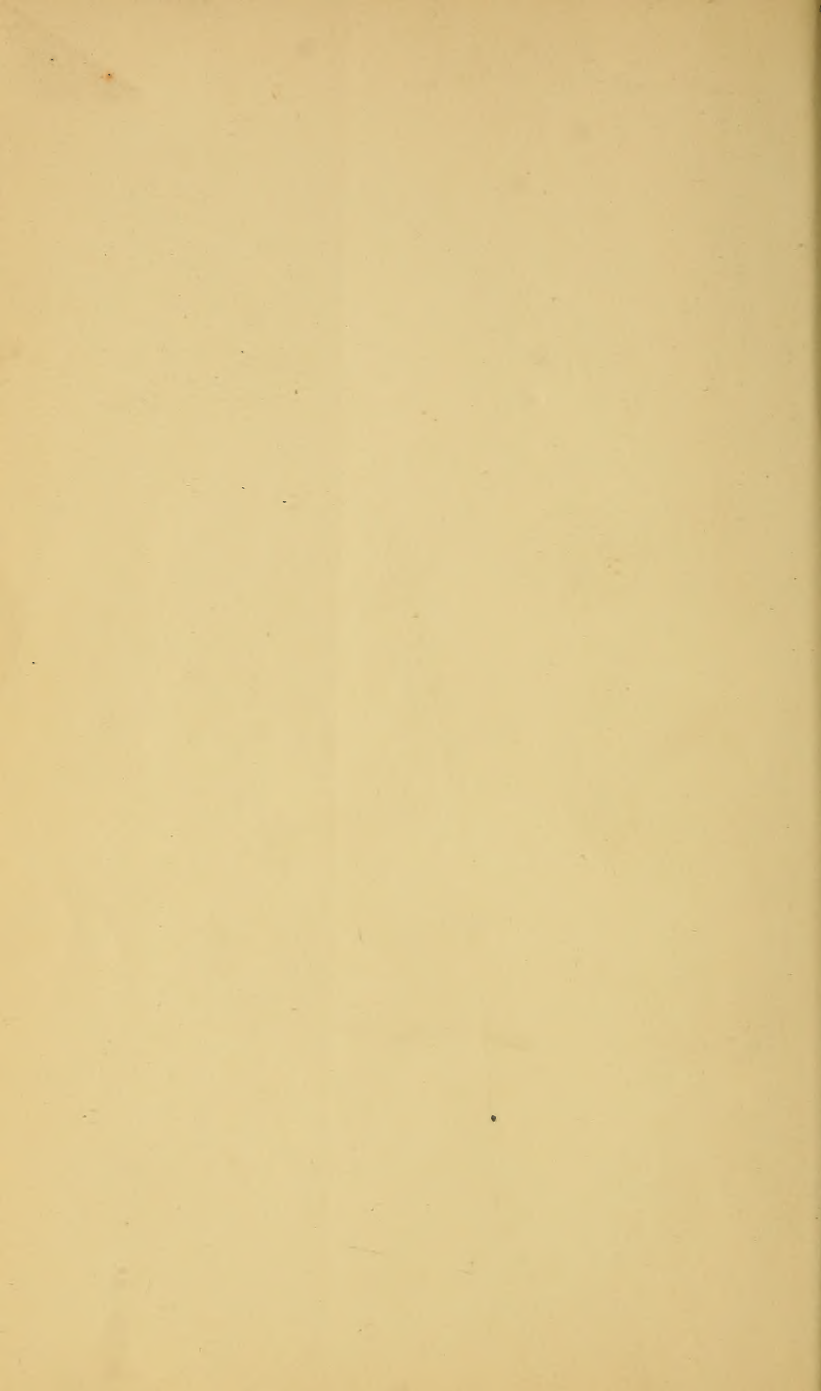
Was first to liken the virtuous spouse
To that peerless gem, and the world allows
That of all the men through the ages whose lives
Made them good judges of jewels and wives,
None surely was better than that old Jew:
We may therefore assume that he certainly knew.

Sometimes it is desired to send a little souvenir of the occasion to distant friends who are unable to be present at the entertainment. A small box of fruit-cake, such as is seen at weddings, tied up with a gold or silver ribbon or cord, with the interlaced initials of bride and groom in gilt or silver on the cover, would not be inappropriate as a gift in honour of a golden or a silver wedding.

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THE END





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